THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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George Allan England—F. W. Bronson—Thomas McMorrow—Guy Gilpatric
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Since croquet days in the early forties Whitman's have been the sweets preferred by sports lovers.

Out-of-doors people today find in THE SAMPLER the perfect touch of pleasure and food-stimulation one needs after exertion at tennis, polo, golf, swimming, boating, riding —all the varied sports of this sports-loving age.

Sold at summer resorts by selected agents, each supplied *direct* with fresh and perfect

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Why ATTILIO *of* Rome

Beauty Specialist to the Italian Aristocracy

advises all his patrician clients to use Palmolive Soap twice daily

"The finest cleansing agents for the skin are, by general consent, olive and palm oils. For that reason, I always ask my clients to improve complexions by cleansing the skin twice a day with Palmolive Soap, which embodies these two soothing oils in their purest form."

Attilio Colla

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA 68, ROMA

The typically Roman marble façade of Attilio's salon on the Piazza di Spagna . . . where the patrician ladies of Italian artistic and social life consult the most distinguished of all Roman beauty specialists.

IN Rome, at the foot of the historic "Spanish Stairs," the Piazza di Spagna is encircled with shops that attract the most brilliant society. Here, some years ago, a Ferrara youth came to establish a beauty shop which, today, is the finest place of its kind throughout beautiful Italy. His name is Attilio Colla . . . better known to his patrons as "Attilio."

For years Attilio worked and studied the art of beauty culture in Paris. He then went to Budapest . . . then to Vienna, to London, once more to Vienna . . . always adding to the invaluable store of information which today sets him apart in his chosen field.

In his shop, at 68 Piazza di Spagna, he receives visits from many highly-placed personages of his own and other lands. Roman patricians naturally seek his advice on care of the skin. So do women of the moving-picture and stage aristocracy.

"I am perfectly certain," says Attilio, "that there are countless complexions which are less lovely than they ought to be, merely because one of the simplest and most natural of all beauty treatments is neglected. I refer to the cleansing of the skin.

"Soap cleanses the skin—cleanses the pores—as nothing else can, and it is the basic essential of successful beauty treatment. Much of the work of the beauty expert is nullified by neglect to follow this simple rule of complexion care. It is, of course, important to use the right kind of soap, because many kinds are not only unsuitable but positively harmful to the complexion. I always ask my clients to use Palmolive Soap, which embodies the finest cleansing agents for the skin."

The lovely Ada Fontanesi, of Attilio's staff, is a perfect type of Italian beauty. She carries out, in her salon work, the theories and practices of her distinguished employer, Attilio, who always recommends Palmolive Soap.

Attilio's distinguished colleagues, in every great capital of Europe, in every smart resort . . . repeat this same advice. Madame Valentin le Brun, Lina Cavalieri, of *Paris;* Pessl, of *Vienna* and *Budapest,* adviser to crowned heads of Europe . . . these and dozens of other experts tell their discriminating clients this easily-performed, twice-a-day treatment: massage a smooth lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin. Allow it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, after two minutes, first with warm water, now with cold. Then—and only then—are you ready for make-up!

If you do not already keep your skin fresh and lovely by the use of this simple home treatment, take the advice of the world's greatest beauty authorities: begin to use Palmolive today!

A priceless formula embodying the precious oils of palm and olive, famous since the days of Cleopatra for prolonging health and beauty.

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WHAT UNIVERSITY MEN WILL WEAR THIS FALL

Both Eastern and Western men will wear this 3-button coat; buttoned as you see it here or rolled to the second button as you see it on the right

Both Eastern and Western men will favor Rust brown (at the left) and Corona brown (in five shades) which is shown above

This peaked lapel suit will be seen on many of the style leaders in some of the Eastern colleges. Bacchus shades will be extremely good

This two-button suit will be worn by many of the men in the Western schools. The color Pyramid grey will be seen in every school

Hart Schaffner & Marx style observers are in touch with every leading University. They know exactly what University men want at all times. Result: Hart Schaffner & Marx University styles are always correct to the last detail

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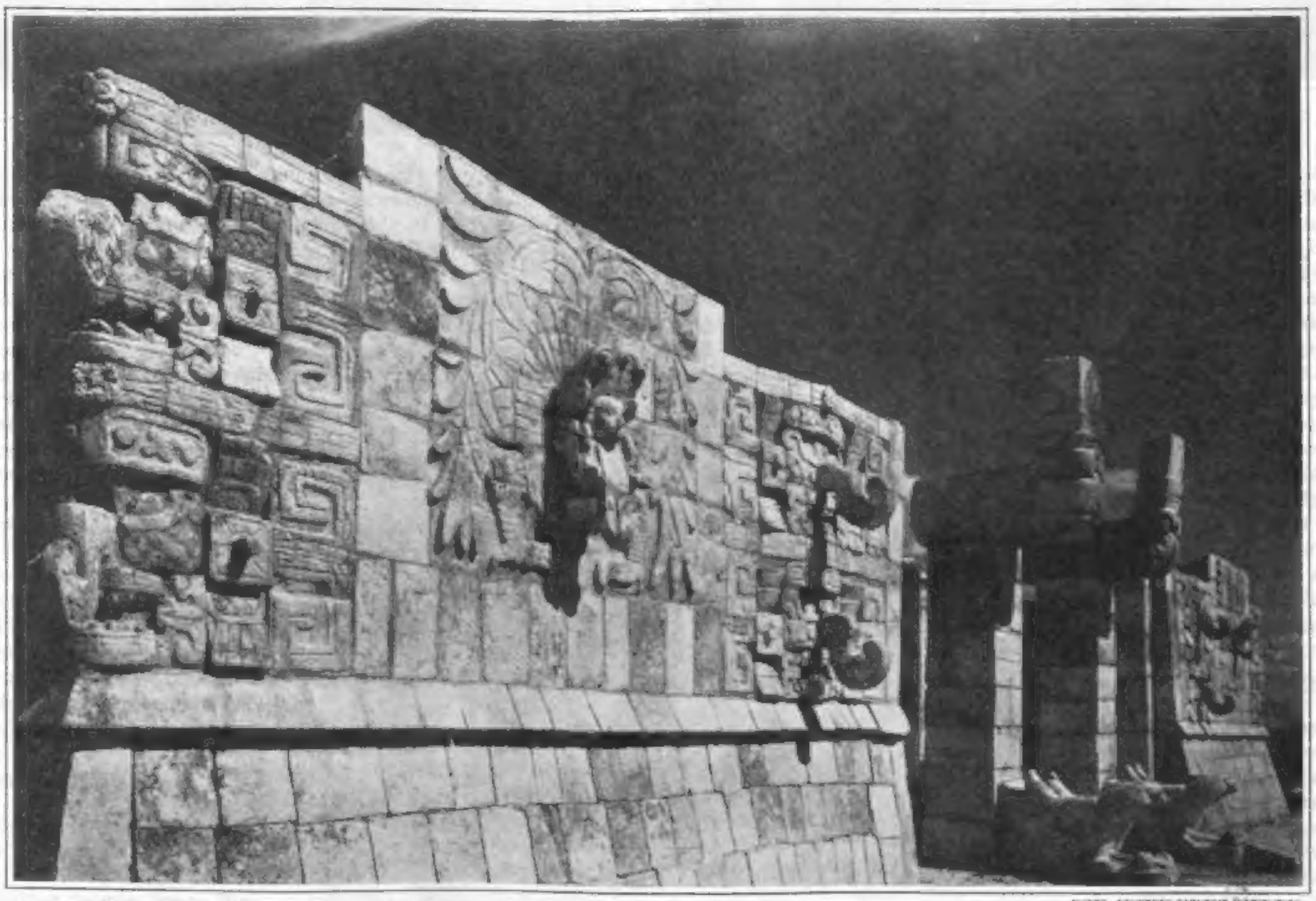
MYSTERIOUS CHICHEN-ITZA



PHOTO, COURTESY CARNEGIE INSTITUTION

The Facade of the Temple of the Warriors, Showing (at Right) Two Feathered Serpents; Also Masks of Kukulcan, and a Snake Head With a Human Head in its Jaws

The Riddle of the Vast Dead City of the Mayas, Buried Amid the Jungles of Yucatan

By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

A CITY of twelve square miles, once swarming with a quarter of a million original Americans; a city of stupendous palaces and temples, just one of which, if built today, would cost thirty-two million dollars! An all-American city that, like sixty others, suddenly died; that lay buried and forgotten half a thousand years, a prey to the Yucatan jungles; a city now being miraculously resurrected, to the amazement of the world—such is Chichen-Itza, holy city of Kukulcan, the God of the Feathered Serpent, capital of the mysterious Mayas.

The moment when I first beheld Chichen was certainly one of the high spots of my roving life. That moment, much anticipated, was worth long waiting and suffering for. I reached the Maya metropolis by several stages of travel. First came an Indian-and-livestock-freighted coasting schooner from Cozumel to Progreso. Then followed a primitive, 1860-style railroad to Merida. Next, a wood-burning train that rolled and pitched heavily for five hours through a parched and dusty limestone wilderness of henequen, dotted with Maya villages. And last of all, a motortruck from Dzitas, along twenty miles of jungle road to the dead city itself. As I precariously clutched the top of a freight load on that swaying, bounding truck, the first vision of Chichen struck me square between the eyes. Talk about your thrills!

To a God of a Dead Civilization

ALL miseries of dust and tick bites, of sweat, of parching sun and thirst, vanished in that supreme moment. I forgot the camera, painfully bumping on my back; my pockets, bulging with film, notebooks, bottles of alcohol-and-tobacco mixture to kill vermin; with "viperol" snake antitoxin, and ligatures in case a yellow-jaw tomigof should get familiar. Nothing mattered save the mighty and mysterious past leaping out of the wilderness as we lurched round a bend. There at last, visibly before me, was Chichen-Itza. There, the Mecca of full many a dream!

A Maya, riding the freight with me, waved a brown hand.

"Behold, *señor*, the Castillo!"

The Castillo, indeed; the stupendous Pyramid of Kukulcan. Far at the road's end I saw something gray and haggard with time beyond all knowing—something vast, inspiring, ominous. Something that, against a bank of silvery dazzling cloud, loomed like eternity. The Great Pyramid of the Plumed Serpent!

Awe and wonder of that revelation, vaster far than anything I had anticipated, still lay heavy on me as the truck rattled into an immense clearing. On every hand I snatched confused impressions of gigantic ruins, piles of tremendous masonry, amazing forests of columns. Then onward we swept down a road into the forest again; a forest lumped with endless mounds, each covering some temple or palace still unexcavated; for only part of this enormous aboriginal metropolis has been brought back to the light of that sun the Mayas once adored.

The Key

WE PASSED sandaled, golden-skinned men with burdens on their backs, hunters with long guns, and presently stopped at a thatched hut of poles, a humble modern dwelling of the same race that once so mightily builded in imperishable stone.

"Here, *señor*, is the house of the Señora Victoria, where you will stay." And there, indeed, I dwelt a while. There I glimpsed the domestic economy of the Maya; the cooking in a Standard Oil tin over three stones; the grinding of meal on a *metate*—made of an ancient carven temple stone—the baking of *tortillas* on a sheet of hot iron; the bucolic familiarity of dogs, pigs and poultry wandering in and out, while black buzzards scavenged in the yard. There I was waited on by a gently beautiful Maya maiden, slept in a still more beautiful and soft sisal-fiber hammock, and was wakened at crimson dawn by the liquid music of blackbirds, the liquid fire of innumerable tick bites.

I also drank warm beer with a big white collar on it—the only white collar to be seen at Chichen—wandered beneath tropical forests, and was altogether exotic. But what are mere details like these, compared to the gigantic and overpowering mystery of Chichen-Itza, sacred city of the race of Mayas?

Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley took me in hand, telling me marvelously much. Doctor Morley heads the Carnegie Institution Project, now, by arrangement with the Mexican Government, excavating the ruins. I found him living, with a large and enthusiastic staff, at the hacienda, or headquarters. His corps of native laborers dwell in a thatched village some kilometers distant. As Doctor Morley turned out to be an old classmate of mine, he gave me the keys to Chichen. But that's saying little. No keys in the world will unlock these puzzles. Modern man, confronted by such overwhelming problems, feels like a child wandering in a land of sphinxes.

Certain basic facts, though, can be grasped. Doctor Morley made it clear that the Mayas were the original, dyed-in-the-wool, 100 per cent Americans—the very first

PHOTOS. BY A. CARRERA

Reconstructed Corner of the Castillo or Great Pyramid of Kukulcan

Temple of the Ball Court. Much of the Facing Has Been Removed by Vandals

Americans ever to establish a true civilization—that in many ways this civilization excelled the culture of the Old World at the time; that these amazing people built up a tremendous state, densely populated and of marvelous culture; and that after a thousand or two years, suddenly and for no reason we can definitely prove, the whole immense and complex fabric crashed.

Whence came the Mayas? Without metal tools or domestic animals, how did they ever create so vast a civilization? Where did they go, and why? Solve those riddles, and great shall be your fame!

The doctor turned me loose with a couple of guides and a merry little boy—Mayas all. The boy tagged along, laughing, chattering Spanish and Maya, having the time of his life with the Americano. Such a friendly youngster! Friendly, too, were the men, but watchful. The Mexican Government simply won't allow souvenir hunting. And here or there you see warnings in Maya, Spanish and English:

MA UOCOL—NO ENTRE—KEEP OUT

There's been looting enough, heaven knows, in the past. Walls along the roads are full of beautifully cut stones from the temples and palaces. As far as Merida, more than a hundred miles away, you find fences, churches, stock pens and watering troughs built of Chichen blocks. Only the fact that the city is too gigantic for modern men to destroy has saved it at all.

"Nearly fifty acres, *señor*, the ancient ones built a platform," one of my guides told me as we trudged the winding forest road. "A platform, fifteen feet high, before they started any temples at all. The platform was stone and cement, all white and polished on top. There the principal buildings stood. *Magnifico!*"

A City on a Pedestal

THE Mayas today are proud of their glorious past, without having any real memories or understanding of it.

"*Magnifico!*" echoed the merry boy, shying a rock at a parrot.

More than magnificent. Epic! Imagine, if you can, Indians with only stone axes and human muscle first clearing some fifty acres of rank, tangled jungle; then building a terrace like that just as a base or foundation for their civic center. All the stones had to be quarried, all the earth brought—perhaps for miles—in baskets on men's backs. So simple a material as earth is a scarce commodity in Yucatan. Try to imagine the cost of merely the preliminary work if reckoned in modern terms, with all our machinery! Hearts ache, muscles groan and expense accounts shudder at the bare contemplation of such titanic labors.

Before we reached the old-time plaza—nucleus of a capital that has left many miles of buildings still undiscovered—we turned aside down a forest path to see where the sacred city got its water. An all-important place in a parched and riverless land like Yucatan. Though nobody today positively knows the real name of the city, the words "Chichen-Itza" mean "Mouths of the Wells of Itza." Settlement was certainly made there—just when, who can tell?—because of the *cenotes*, or deep water pits in the limestone. One such pit, six miles from the center, gives us a hint as to the area of old Chichen.

At the end of the path—likely-looking place for the deadly snakes of Yucatan—we reached a stupendous well named Xtolóc, two hundred feet in diameter and yawningly deep. "Shtolóc," it's pronounced.

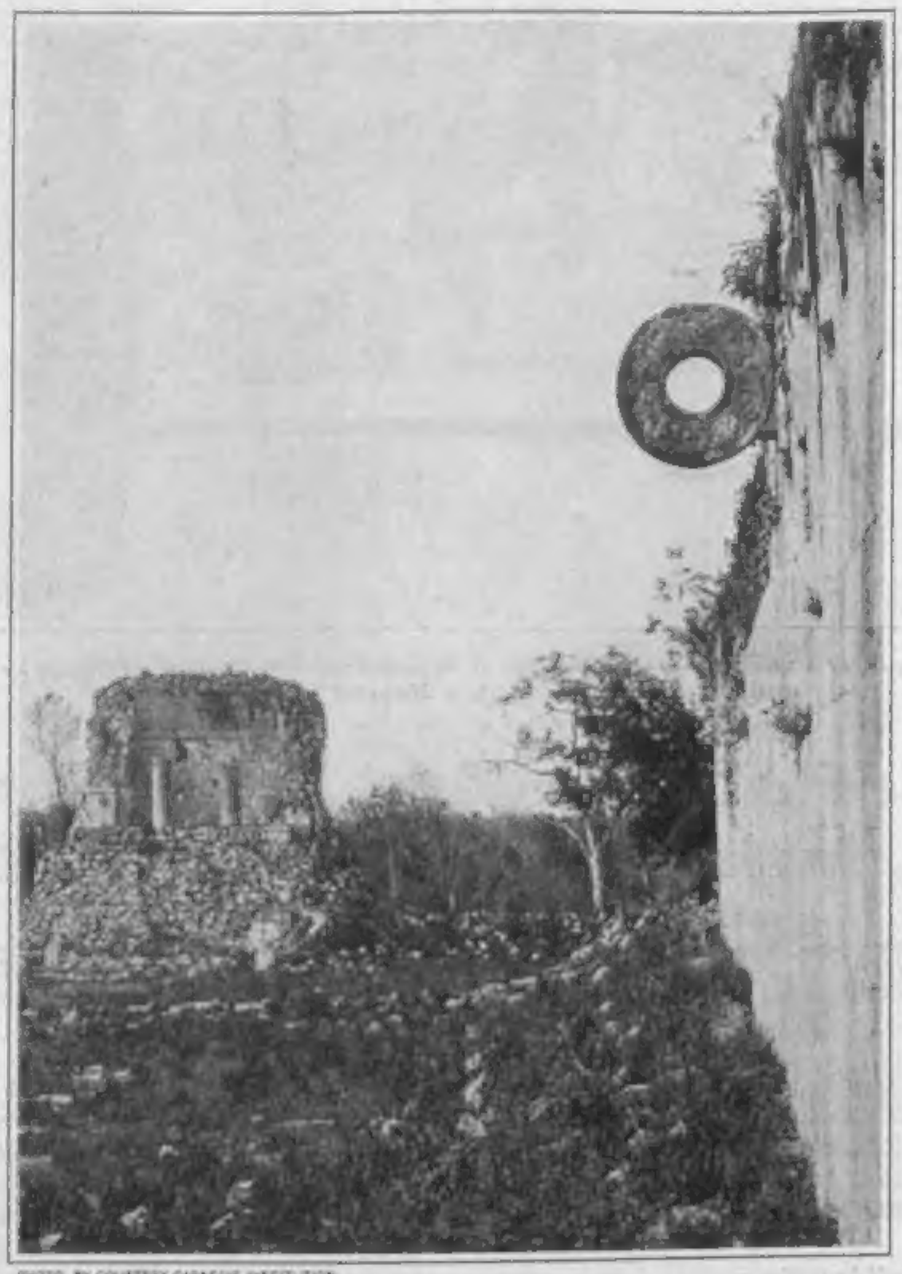


PHOTO. BY COURTESY CARNEGIE INSTITUTION

The Goal of Mayan Handball, a Great Stone Ring Carved With Two Twined Serpents

"Our wells never go dry, *señor*. All these *cenotes* connect with underground rivers. The ancient ones had water enough. You see where the women used to draw it up?"

Deep in the stone lips of the pit, grooves tell their story of labor, many centuries of hauling up rope-hung gourds or jugs. What laughter, what chatters of gossip must once have echoed in this spot where now immense trees tower aloft, dropping a tangle of stringlike roots into the cool, pure, olive-hued waters! Down a path of stone steps worn by ages of sandaled or naked feet, we reached the water level. At that great depth a dim green light filtered down through tangled branches. An iguana scuttered away. Far and faint, shouts echoed as hunters made a clamor in the jungle to scare up the deer. Bats cheeped and flittered in the half obscurity. The remote past seemed to draw a trifle nearer. Imagination peopled those eroded steps with lines of toiling women; brown and golden women with glossy black hair and laughing eyes; women lithe and graceful, ceaselessly carrying their jars on poised heads splendidly erect. A race of Rebeccas!

How, you wonder, did these tremendous populations of Mayas drink when on the trek? Most of Yucatan is absolutely waterless. The ancient cities all lie near water pits. But much of the nebulous history of this amazing race comprises wanderings. Thirty, fifty, a hundred years at a time, communities would be migrating—just why, nobody knows—in the words of their own legends: "Living under the branches of the trees and suffering many things." Without any pack animals, how did they carry water enough? Where did they find water at all for their swarming hordes? No archæologist seems ever to have attacked this mystery. Who can?

At Any Rate, It's Big

THAT day with my guides, and other days, I grew well acquainted with the downtown section of the city. There a dozen great buildings still stand almost perfectly preserved. Ten of them have even kept their massive stone roofs. You could move right in and go to heavy housekeeping any time. "Apartments to Let, All Ancient Inconveniences, Limestone Villa."

Beyond the civic center lie miles of tree-covered mounds, pyramids and columns, awaiting the explorer. Still farther extend immense areas where dwelt hordes of humble slaves and toilers. Naught remains to tell of these lowly folk, save miles of small rectangular foundations. The vastness of this dead metropolis staggers your imagination; and Chichen-Itza was only one of three or four score Maya cities—some authorities say a hundred.

The area is variously estimated at nine to twelve square miles; or again, as "four times the size of Chicago." Big enough, at all events! Dr. Edward H. Thompson, who spent thirty years excavating it, the other day assured me it contained two hundred and fifty thousand souls. Doctor Morley says five hundred thousand. You pays your money and you takes your choice. But when you see the still remaining palaces and temples, you're ready to believe at least a million. For, even judged by modern standards, some of these structures are colossal. Viewing them, your jaw drops, your eyes widen, you murmur:

"This isn't so! It can't be!"

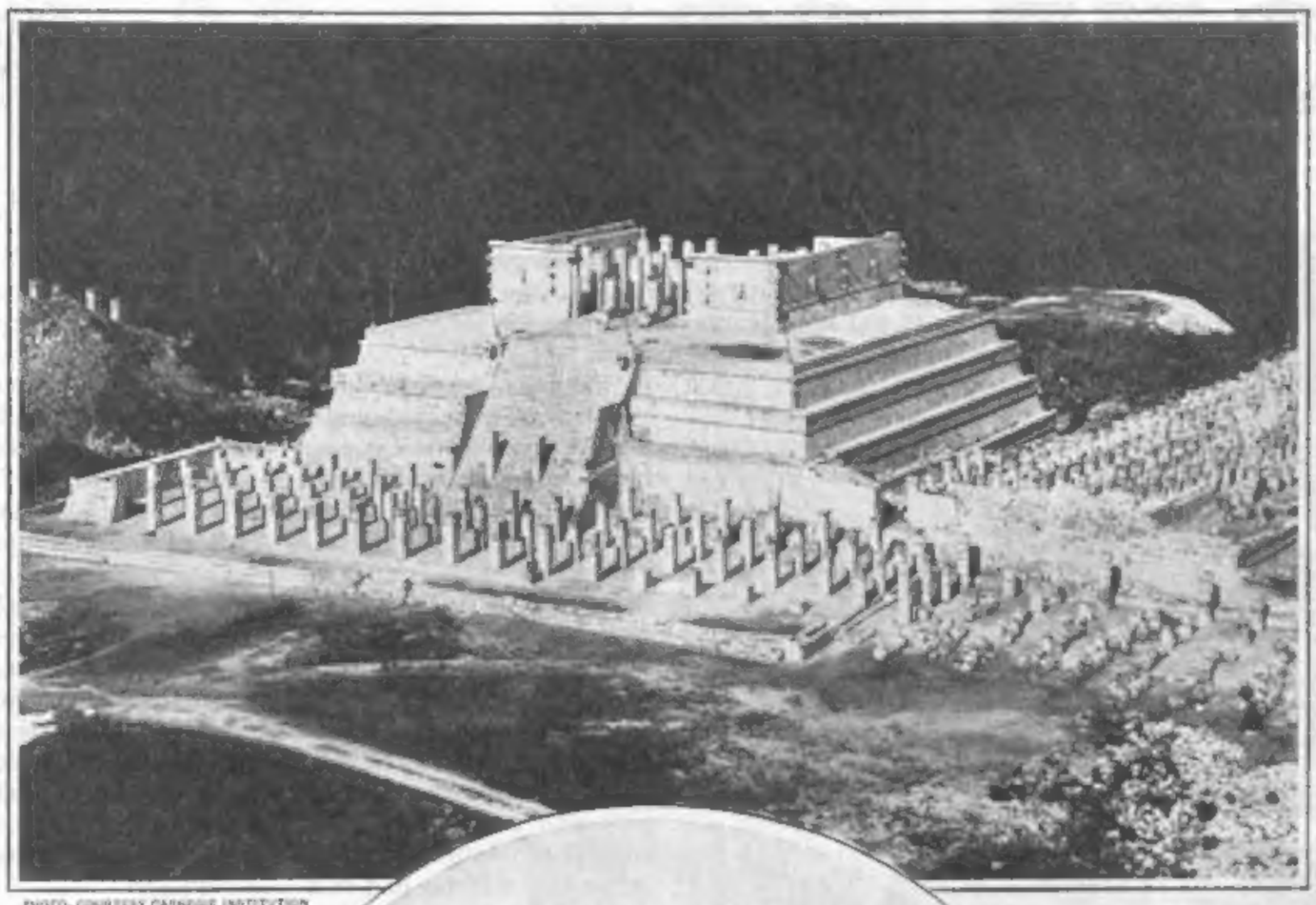
And yet it is; and when you really see it you realize how mistaken are people who still think they have to visit Babylon or Egypt for hoary antiquities—critics who assert, "America has no ruins!"

By the shades of Kukulcan, if you want ruins and whacking big ones, go to Chichen-Itza! You'd be surprised.

It's hard, in mere words, to give any adequate idea of this amazing place, but if you'll work with me, I'll try.

As you stand in a vast clearing, bright with flowers, under a pale blue sky flecked with silver clouds, you find yourself in the one-time plaza or forum where all the immense military, dramatic and religious ceremonies took place. You are surrounded by imposing structures, any complete description of which would fill a good, thick book. You can't see them all at once, because of forest and jungle not yet wholly cleared away. But there they are, and one by one you can visit and appraise them, wonder at them.

These structures are courtyards, temples, towers, palaces, tombs, platforms, pyramids, colonnades, all different—just as modern buildings are different—yet all similar in their grout and smooth limestone-faced construction, all more or less intricately carved into beautiful or fantastic forms; and all the product of high-grade artists.



PHOTO, COURTESY CARNEGIE INSTITUTION

"High-grade" is the very word Doctor Thompson used. Very few modern masons could beat this work. None could, with the stone tools of the Mayas. It amazes one to think of their having quarried these huge blocks, fitted them into place and sculptured them with only rude stone axes, with chisels of flint and calcite.

Yet that's just how the vast pyramid of El Castillo was built, and the Tlachtli Court, the Thousand Columns, temples of the Tigers and of the Warriors, houses of the Deer and of the Dark Writing, the Caracol, Monjas, and all the rest. Thus, by infinite, age-long, sweating toil, these tremendous monuments were in the course of centuries hewn out, and then forever abandoned. Why?

Maya buildings are not hit-or-miss affairs, done by rule of thumb. Their engineering principles are correct, their balance is right, and they were carefully planned by master minds. Working drawings were certainly made and followed. Three-story or four-story structures, in that remote antiquity, and pyramids more than a hundred feet high, certainly rank as skyscrapers. Shall we glance at a few?

Take Las Monjas, for example. Is it not a creation exquisite and incredible? As ornate as the House of the Dark Writing is severe, it stands there, battered, but still lovely—a marvel of profusely rich sculpturing. Everywhere it shows the motif of Kukulcan's face, with long, upturned nose and huge square eyes. Its great height, stepped back in three stories and with an immense grand staircase leading clear to the top, would be impressive even in New York. Architects say it accords with modern ideas of correct design.

Most Modern

AND by the way, this new style of stepped-back building was used by the Mayas a thousand or two years ago. If some daring architect would only try the Mayan decorative motifs—figures of men, serpents, birds, animals and geometric patterns—what a surprise he could spring on the world!

In its prime, Las Monjas, probably some great king's palace, must have been a gorgeous structure, equal to the most lovely creations of the Moors or Hindus. Its vast interior was once adorned by huge mural paintings, their colors still visible. What pigments have we, today, that will survive ten centuries or more of exposure to the elements? These paintings are free of line and splendidly balanced, with tonal combinations surprisingly modern.

The Belled Dog

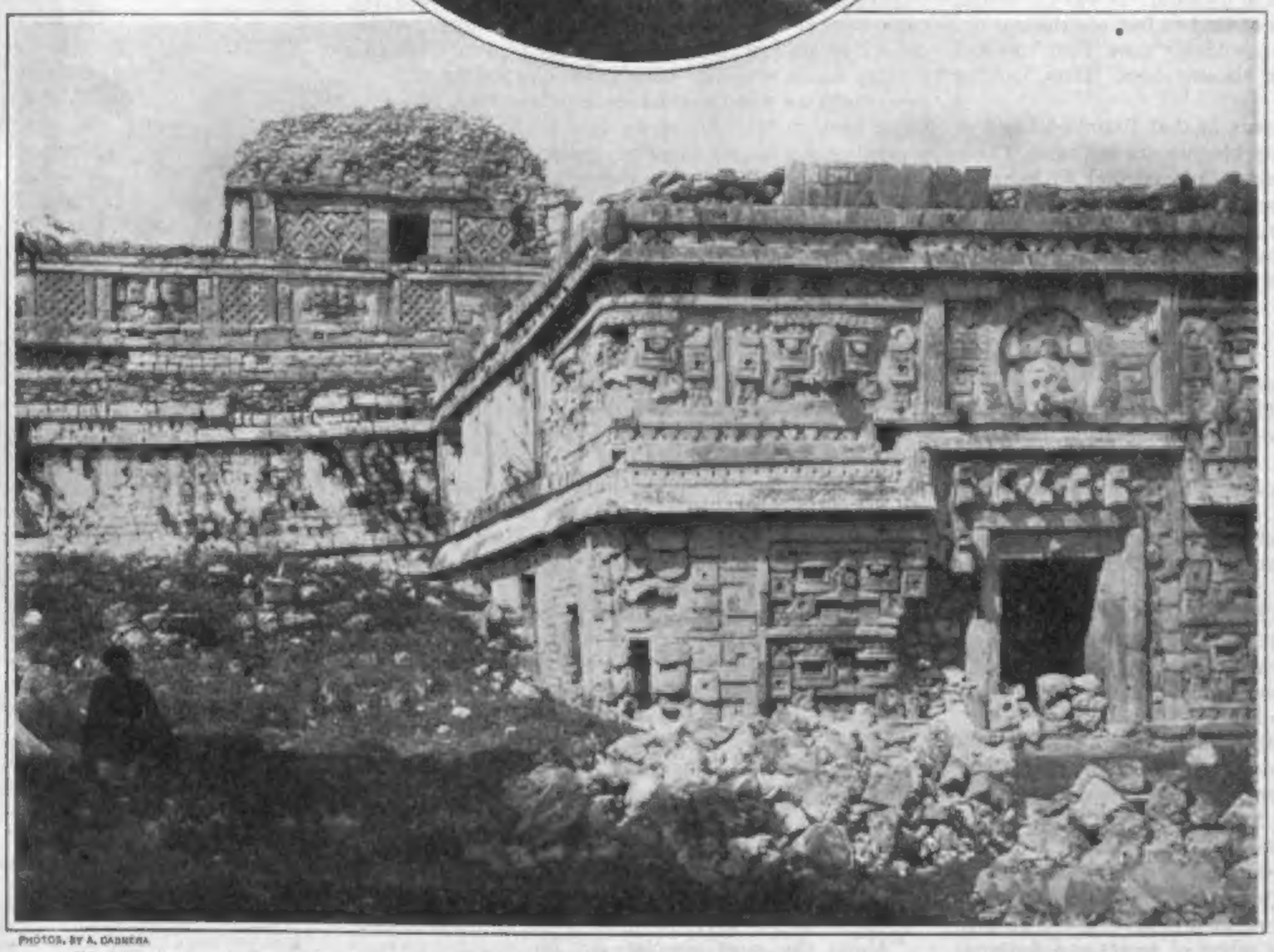
CARVED stone lintels, great doorways where heavily embroidered curtains once swung, floor once polished and gleaming white, made it a palace indeed. Yet it was built by all-American hands, at a dimly remote time when many of our own ancestors in Europe were running wild in the skins of animals and painting themselves blue.

The hook-up of Las Monjas with modernity comes from the fact that, after events too numerous and sanguinary to mention, the Spanish conquistador Montejo was trapped in Chichen-Itza by an army of enraged Mayas. The Spaniards fortified themselves in Las Monjas.

"Yes, *señor*, the ancient ones besieged the Spaniards here," my guide made narrative. "Many of my people were killed by the shooting of what they believed was lightning, but always more kept coming to attack the enemy. We killed many Spaniards, too, and they had no reënforcements. Also, we were starving them. So they decided to retreat. But how? It was a trick they played. One night they tied a bell to a rope, and with the rope hitched a hungry dog just beyond reach of food. In the dark all the Spaniards escaped from the back of this very building. The dog kept ringing the bell, so my people thought the Spaniards were still there. But in the morning the enemy was gone! My people, in a great rage, chased the Spaniards, but most of them got away. Ah, *señor*, if the ancient ones had only caught them all!"

Then, there's the Caracol. Perhaps it was from the lofty summit of this Caracol that the Mayas kept watch for their various foes; especially the dreaded Aztecs, who seem eventually to have conquered them. The Caracol, at all events, looks like a watch tower. Some students say it may have been a fire station or an astronomical observatory. It's one of the only three round buildings the Mayas are known ever to have undertaken. The name means "Snail," because of the spiral staircase to the top, forty feet above its great stone terrace. Some of its sapote-wood beams are still in place, as if laid there but

(Continued on Page 101)



PHOTOS, BY A. CABRERA

The Palace of Las Monjas, an Ancient Ruin When the Spanish Conquistadors Were Besieged in It. At Top—Three Seasons of Excavation Brought the Thousand-Columned Temple of Warriors to This State. In Circle—El Caracol, One of Three Known Circular Mayan Structures

AT YOUR AGE

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

"I am Not Old," He Wanted to Say. "At Fifty I'm Younger Than Most Men of Forty." But She Only Said, "What Kind of Gargle?"

TOM SQUIRES came into the drug store to buy a toothbrush, a can of talcum, a gargle, Castile soap, Epsom salts and a box of cigars. Having lived alone for many years, he was methodical, and while waiting to be served he held the list in his hand. It was Christmas week and Minneapolis was under two feet of exhilarating, constantly refreshed snow; with his cane Tom knocked two clean crusts of it from his overshoes. Then, looking up, he saw the blond girl.

She was a rare blonde, even in that Promised Land of Scandinavians, where pretty blondes are not rare. There was warm color in her cheeks, lips and pink little hands that folded powders into papers; her hair, in long braids twisted about her head, was shining and alive. She seemed to Tom suddenly the cleanest person he knew of, and he caught his breath as he stepped forward and looked into her gray eyes.

"A can of talcum."

"What kind?"

"Any kind. . . . That's fine."

She looked back at him apparently without self-consciousness, and, as the list melted away, his heart raced with it wildly.

"I am not old," he wanted to say. "At fifty I'm younger than most men of forty. Don't I interest you at all?"

But she only said "What kind of gargle?"

And he answered, "What can you recommend? . . . That's fine."

Almost painfully he took his eyes from her, went out and got into his coupé.

"If that young idiot only knew what an old imbecile like me could do for her," he thought humorously—"what worlds I could open out to her!"

As he drove away into the winter twilight he followed this train of thought to a totally unprecedented conclusion. Perhaps the time of day was the responsible stimulant, for the shop windows glowing into the cold, the tinkling bells of a delivery sleigh, the white gloss left by shovels on the sidewalks, the enormous distance of the stars, brought back the feel of other nights thirty years ago. For an instant the girls he had known then slipped like phantoms out of their dull matronly selves of today and fluttered past him with frosty, seductive laughter, until a pleasant shiver crawled up his spine.

"Youth! Youth! Youth!" he apostrophized with conscious lack of originality, and, as a somewhat ruthless and domineering man of no morals whatsoever, he considered going back to the drug store to seek the blond girl's address. It was not his sort of thing, so the half-formed intention passed; the idea remained.

"Youth, by heaven—youth!" he repeated under his breath. "I want it near me, all around me, just once more before I'm too old to care."

He was tall, lean and handsome, with the ruddy, bronzed face of a sportsman and a just faintly graying mustache. Once he had been among the city's best beaus, organizer of cotillions and charity balls, popular with men and women, and with several generations of them. After the war he had suddenly felt poor, gone into business, and in ten years accumulated nearly a million dollars. Tom Squires was not introspective, but he perceived now that the wheel of his life had revolved again, bringing up forgotten, yet familiar, dreams and yearnings. Entering his house, he turned suddenly to a pile of disregarded invitations to see whether or not he had been bidden to a dance tonight.

Throughout his dinner, which he ate alone at the Downtown Club, his eyes were half closed and on his face was a faint smile. He was practicing so that he would be able to laugh at himself painlessly, if necessary.

"I don't even know what they talk about," he admitted. "They pet—prominent broker goes to petting party with debutante. What is a petting party? Do they serve refreshments? Will I have to learn to play a saxophone?"

These matters, lately as remote as China in a news reel, came alive to him. They were serious questions. At ten o'clock he walked up the steps of the College Club to a private dance with the same sense of entering a new world as when he had gone into a training camp back in '17. He spoke to a hostess of his generation and to her daughter, overwhelmingly of another, and sat down in a corner to acclimate himself.

He was not alone long. A silly young man named Leland Jaques, who lived across the street from Tom, remarked him kindly and came over to brighten his life. He was such an exceedingly fatuous young man that, for a moment, Tom was annoyed, but he perceived craftily that he might be of service.

"Hello, Mr. Squires. How are you, sir?"

"Fine, thanks, Leland. Quite a dance."

As one man of the world with another, Mr. Jaques sat, or lay, down on the couch and lit—or so it seemed to Tom—three or four cigarettes at once.

"You should of been here last night, Mr. Squires. Oh, boy, that was a party and a half! The Caulkins. Hap-past five!"

"Who's that girl who changes partners every minute?" Tom asked. . . . "No, the one in white passing the door."

"That's Annie Lorry."

"Arthur Lorry's daughter?"

"Yes."

"She seems popular."

"About the most popular girl in town—anyway, at a dance."

"Not popular except at dances?"

"Oh, sure, but she hangs around with Randy Cambell all the time."

"What Cambell?"

"D. B."

There were new names in town in the last decade.

"It's a boy-and-girl affair." Pleased with this phrase, Jaques tried to repeat it: "One of those boy-and-girls affair—boys-and-girl affairs——" He gave it up and lit several more cigarettes, crushing out the first series on Tom's lap.

"Does she drink?"

"Not especially. At least I never saw her passed out. . . . That's Randy Cambell just cut in on her now."

They were a nice couple. Her beauty sparkled bright against his strong, tall form, and they floated hoveringly, delicately, like two people in a nice, amusing dream. They came near and Tom admired the faint dust of powder over her freshness, the guarded sweetness of her smile, the fragility of her body calculated by Nature to a millimeter to suggest a bud, yet guarantee a flower. Her innocent, passionate eyes were brown, perhaps; but almost violet in the silver light.

"Is she out this year?"

"Who?"

"Miss Lorry."

"Yes."

Although the girl's loveliness interested Tom, he was unable to picture himself as one of the attentive, grateful queue that pursued her around the room. Better meet her when the holidays were over and most of these young men were back in college "where they belonged." Tom Squires was old enough to wait.

He waited a fortnight while the city sank into the endless northern midwinter, where gray skies were friendlier than metallic blue skies, and dusk, whose lights were a reassuring glimpse into the continuity of human cheer, was warmer than the afternoons of bloodless sunshine. The coat of snow lost its press and became soiled and shabby,

"Good Night," He Said, Trying to Keep Any Repulsion Out of His Voice

and ruts froze in the street; some of the big houses on Crest Avenue began to close as their occupants went South. In those cold days Tom asked Annie and her parents to go as his guests to the last Bachelors' Ball.

The Lorrys were an old family in Minneapolis, grown a little harassed and poor since the war. Mrs. Lorry, a contemporary of Tom's, was not surprised that he should send mother and daughter orchids and dine them luxuriously in his apartment on fresh caviar, quail and champagne. Annie saw him only dimly—he lacked vividness, as the old do for the young—but she perceived his interest in her and performed for him the traditional ritual of young beauty—smiles, polite, wide-eyed attention, a profile held obligingly in this light or in that. At the ball he danced with her twice, and, though she was teased about it, she was flattered that such a man of the world—he had become that instead of a mere old man—had singled her out. She accepted his invitation to the symphony the following week, with the idea that it would be uncouth to refuse.

There were several "nice invitations" like that. Sitting beside him, she dozed in the warm shadow of Brahms and thought of Randy Cambell and other romantic nebulosities who might appear tomorrow. Feeling casually mellow one afternoon, she deliberately provoked Tom to kiss her on the way home, but she wanted to laugh when he took her hands and told her fervently he was falling in love.

"But how could you?" she protested. "Really, you mustn't say such crazy things. I won't go out with you any more, and then you'll be sorry."

A few days later her mother spoke to her as Tom waited outside in his car:

"Who's that, Annie?"

"Mr. Squires."

"Shut the door a minute. You're seeing him quite a bit."

"Why not?"

"Well, dear, he's fifty years old."

"But, mother, there's hardly anybody else in town."

"But you mustn't get any silly ideas about him."

"Don't worry. Actually, he bores me to extinction most of the time." She came to a sudden decision: "I'm not going to see him any more. I just couldn't get out of going with him this afternoon."

And that night, as she stood by her door in the circle of Randy Cambell's arm, Tom and his single kiss had no existence for her.

"Oh, I do love you so," Randy whispered. "Kiss me once more."

Their cool cheeks and warm lips met in the crisp darkness, and, watching the icy moon over his shoulder, Annie knew that she was his surely and, pulling his face down, kissed him again, trembling with emotion.

"When'll you marry me then?" he whispered.

"When can you—we afford it?"

"Couldn't you announce our engagement? If you knew the misery of having you out with somebody else and then making love to you."

"Oh, Randy, you ask so much."

"It's so awful to say good night. Can't I come in for a minute?"

"Yes."

Sitting close together in a trance before the flickering, lessening fire, they were oblivious that their common fate was being coolly weighed by a man of fifty who lay in a hot bath some blocks away.

II

TOM SQUIRES had guessed from Annie's extremely kind and detached manner of the afternoon that he had failed to interest her. He had promised himself that in such an eventuality he would drop the matter, but now he found himself in no such humor. He did not want to marry her; he simply wanted to see her and be with her a little; and up to the moment of her sweetly casual, half passionate, yet wholly unemotional kiss, giving her up would have been easy, for he was past the romantic age; but since that kiss the thought of her made his heart move up a few inches in his chest and beat there steady and fast.

"But this is the time to get out," he said to himself. "My age; no possible right to force myself into her life."

He rubbed himself dry, brushed his hair before the mirror, and, as he laid down the comb, said decisively: "That is that." And after reading for an hour he turned out the lamp with a snap and repeated aloud: "That is that."

In other words, that was not that at all, and the click of material things did not finish off Annie Lorry as a business decision might be settled by the tap of a pencil on the table.

"I'm going to carry this matter a little further," he said to himself about half-past four; on that acknowledgment he turned over and found sleep.

In the morning she had receded somewhat, but by four o'clock in the afternoon she was all around him—the phone was for calling her, a woman's footfalls passing his office were her footfalls, the snow outside the window was blowing, perhaps, against her rosy face.

"There is always the little plan I thought of last night," he said to himself. "In ten years I'll be sixty, and then no youth, no beauty for me ever any more."

Tom Realized With a Shock That He and Her Mother Were People of the Same Age Looking at a Person of Another

In a sort of panic he took a sheet of note paper and composed a carefully phrased letter to Annie's mother, asking permission to pay court to her daughter. He took it himself into the hall, but before the letter slide he tore it up and dropped the pieces in a cuspidor.

"I couldn't do such an underhand trick," he told himself, "at my age." But this self-congratulation was premature, for he rewrote the letter and mailed it before he left his office that night.

Next day the reply he had counted on arrived—he could have guessed its very words in advance. It was a curt and indignant refusal.

It ended:

I think it best that you and my daughter meet no more.

Very Sincerely Yours,

MABEL TOLLMAN LORRY.

"And now," Tom thought coolly, "we'll see what the girl says to that."

He wrote a note to Annie. Her mother's letter had surprised him, it said, but perhaps it was best that they should meet no more, in view of her mother's attitude.

By return post came Annie's defiant answer to her mother's fiat: "This isn't the Dark Ages. I'll see you whenever I like." She named a rendezvous for the following afternoon. Her mother's shortsightedness brought about what he had failed to achieve directly; for where Annie had been on the point of dropping him, she was now determined to do nothing of the sort. And the secrecy engendered by disapproval at home simply contributed the missing excitement. As February hardened into deep, solemn, interminable winter, she met him frequently and on a new basis. Sometimes they drove over to St. Paul to see a picture or to have dinner; sometimes they parked far out on a boulevard in his coupé, while the bitter sleet glazed the windshield to opacity and furred his lamps with ermine. Often he brought along something special to drink—enough to make her gay, but, carefully, never more; for mingled with his other emotions about her was something paternally concerned.

Laying his cards on the table, he told her that it was her mother who had unwittingly pushed her toward him, but Annie only laughed at his duplicity.

She was having a better time with him than with anyone else she had ever known. In place of the selfish exigency of a younger man, he showed her a never-failing consideration. What if his eyes were tired, his cheeks a little leathery and veined, if his will was masculine and strong. Moreover, his experience was a window looking out upon a wider, richer world; and with Randy Cambell next day she would feel less taken care of, less valued, less rare.

It was Tom now who was vaguely discontented. He had what he wanted—her youth at his side—and he felt that anything further would be a mistake. His liberty was precious to him and he could offer her only a dozen years before he would be old, but she had become something precious to him and he perceived that drifting wasn't fair. Then one day late in February the matter was decided out of hand.

They had ridden home from St. Paul and dropped into the College Club for tea, breaking together through the drifts that masked the walk and rimmed the door. It was a revolving door; a young man came around in it, and stepping into his space, they smelt onions and whisky. The door revolved again after them, and he was back within, facing them. It was Randy Cambell; his face was flushed, his eyes dull and hard.

"Hello, beautiful," he said, approaching Annie.

"Don't come so close," she protested lightly. "You smell of onions."

"You're particular all of a sudden."

"Always. I'm always particular." Annie made a slight movement back toward Tom.

"Not always," said Randy unpleasantly. Then, with increased emphasis and a fractional glance at Tom: "Not always." With his remark he seemed to join the hostile world outside. "And I'll just give you a tip," he continued. "Your mother's inside."

The jealous ill-temper of another generation reached Tom only faintly, like the protest of a child, but at this impertinent warning he bristled with annoyance.

"Come on, Annie," he said brusquely. "We'll go in."

With her glance uneasily averted from Randy, Annie followed Tom into the big room.

It was sparsely populated; three middle-aged women sat near the fire. Momentarily Annie drew back, then she walked toward them.

"Hello, mother . . . Mrs. Trumble . . . Aunt Caroline." *(Continued on Page 79)*

A LILY OF THE FIELDS

By F. W. BRONSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

HER ability to live in extravagant splendor on an income of nothing a year was a charming and instructive thing to see. It was more than that; it was the apotheosis of a talent that I have often observed, envied and marveled at in a particular class of people. One meets them at Palm Beach, Deauville, Cannes, Newport, Saratoga—these idlers of whom I speak—and no one can tell you how they support themselves or whether they have ten dollars or ten thousand in the bank. Nearly all are socially prominent. Some, of course, are supported by wealthy relations. Others have raised the bridge table to the dependable status of an industry. Still others know how to get tips on the market, and how to cash in on them. But these things are in the nature of lucky breaks; and how, I've often wondered, do they keep the ball rolling on and on, year after year, when relatives die or grow impatient, when no one will lose at bridge, and when the bears take charge of things in Wall Street? A drudge like myself would break under the strain. But to look at Julia O'Shay last summer you would have thought that her life was a prolonged carnival.

You know the O'Shays. They fit in somewhere among the Belmonts and the Vanderbilts and the rest. When Norton O'Shay led Julia O'Dowd from the footlights of the Columbia Burlesque to the altar of St. Patrick's, society looked for a row. The row followed in due time, but, contrary to the laws of fiction, Julia started it. Norton she adored—and her taste was good—but the rest of the family, she thought, were simply terrible. And in her serene confidence she trod all over the sacred stodginess of the O'Shays, and Norton loved her more than ever, and the rest of them whetted their knives for her in a way that gave me the creeps. But Julia didn't care. And while Nort was accumulating his pile in Wall Street, Julia was bringing up their daughter Mazie with a truly edifying finesse. I had even heard rumors, at the time this story opens, that on their last trip to England she had stolen the young Earl of Cumberford from Mazie's cousin Barbara—of the Philadelphia-Palm Beach branch—and that she had appropriated the young earl for Mazie.

This rumor was true. I don't know how she did it. But any fool could see that Julia had committed the unforgivable sin, and that the knives of the O'Shays were at her throat.

Then one morning last June I read in the Times:

> Among those landing from the Aquitania yesterday was the Earl of Cumberford. Rumors of the young earl's engagement to Miss Mazie O'Shay have been in the air for some time. The earl will be the guest of the O'Shays while in this country. . . .

And on the same page, under adequate headlines:

> Norton O'Shay, society man and stock manipulator, it was learned last night, was shot and killed more than a week ago while on a fishing trip in the Adirondacks. Mr. O'Shay was alone at the time, and suicide is indicated not only by the manner of his death but by the secrecy with which the family has surrounded it. . . . Mr. O'Shay is survived by his wife, Julia, and by one daughter, Mazie, whose engagement to the young Earl of Cumberford has been rumored. Mrs. O'Shay said over the phone last night: "My husband had no financial or other worries. It was an accident, pure and simple."

The shock of this news stunned me. Then I thought: "Accident? No financial worries? My hat! Julia—she's in a mess!"

For fifteen years I had been one of Norton O'Shay's brokers. His account with us had been wiped out three weeks ago. None of us had worried about him; he was a gambler, with spectacular ups and downs. "Evidently they gave him an awful trimming," I thought, "or he wouldn't have let Julia down like this."

But I didn't realize how bad it was until I stopped in at Julia's for tea that afternoon. She was alone in the small brick house on upper Park Avenue. All the sunlight of the living room was imprisoned in her copper-golden hair. She lay on a sofa, draped in something filmy and blue, with one girlish leg swinging over the edge. Julia was forty-one and looked thirty. She had blue-black eyes and a husky Maryland voice as full of sunlight as her hair. There were pale freckles on her nose and between the knuckles of her crisp white hand.

"Mazie and the earl are out," she said. "Anything to escape the phone. Harry, it's been dreadful—dreadful!" Julia had loved Norton O'Shay—how much, perhaps, I'd never known until this moment. "It was good of you to come. But there's really nothing in the world you can do."

"You Can't Get Off That Easily, My Poor Dirk! You've Trifled With My Affections. The Least You Can Do Is to Pay for the Damage to My Heart"

"How about money?" I asked her bluntly.

Julia's red lips twitched. "Haven't a nickel. Even the house is gone. We've got to clear out this week."

"Let me help, Julia—please! I haven't much, but if you're willing to live modestly ——"

Julia's laugh was young, merry, shaded with irony. "Darling, I'd squander your income in a month! You've no conception of my extravagance!"

"Suppose I marry Mazie?" I suggested.

"Hard on you." Julia shook her golden cloud of hair. "But Mazie's destined for higher things."

"You mean you're trying to marry her to this earl chap anyway? You'd make him sell off his jolly old estates and get a job after his ancestors have loafed for a thousand years? Julia, that's a dirty trick to play on a man as hard up as the Earl of Cumberford!"

"This is a love match," Julia said, "and you don't know anything about love."

"Just the same, the boy's got to have money."

Julia sat up. "Harry, don't betray me; no one else except Mazie knows that I'm on my uppers."

I said, "Of course not! But what will you do? The family won't help; in fact, they'd enjoy knifing you." I watched her face—the eyes grown hard, the firm chin.

"I don't know what I'll do. If worst comes to worst I'll go back on the stage and pretend it's a lark. But I'll wangle it somehow."

Walking to the door, she clung to my arm with both hands, and I thought: "How slight she is! Can anyone as tiny as that bluff the whole crowd of them?"

The earl and Mazie were just coming in. Mazie was tall, languid, rather sallow, with a dark red mouth and violet eyes. Julia, of course, had been one of the first mothers to grasp the possibilities of the hollow chest, bent knees and drooping shoulders; in an era of brisk, smart girls, Mazie's languor was unique and startling. The earl looked tall, blond, and not too bright. His British tweeds were square-cut and his eyes were a childish blue. I had met him once or twice, and I liked him because he was my only English acquaintance who neither appreciated nor imitated American slang. As an earl, no doubt, he was a huge success.

"A nice-looking couple," I thought. And I left with the uneasy impression that Julia was balancing their romance on the tip of her strong little chin.

I had forgotten that the Victor O'Shays were abroad until one morning I received a note from Julia on Mrs. Victor O'Shay's private stationery—Willow Lane, Oyster Bay, Long Island.

"Do come out for the week-end," Julia wrote. "I haven't entertained at all since Norton's death, but we need a little bridge. Victor was thoughtful enough to leave some excellent Napoleon brandy. It's a delightful spot."

And on Saturday afternoon I drove into the willow-bordered courtyard of Victor's Norman château. Looking through a brick arch into the garden, I saw Julia swinging toward me, a silk scarf around her hair, both arms full of roses.

"I suppose Victor cabled you and insisted that you make use of his house?"

Julia crinkled her freckled nose. "I couldn't expect him to guess how things are," she said. "No, I cabled him myself and moved in."

I was sarcastic: "And Victor cabled back that you were to make yourself right at home?"

"He cabled the housekeeper." Julia sighed. "It was a long cable, and so forceful! Luckily I was on the steps when it arrived. It said that under no circumstances was Mrs. Norton O'Shay to enter the sacred portals of Willow Lane, exclamation point. So I cabled back and said that nothing had been seen of Mrs. Norton O'Shay, but that a Mrs. Napoleon Bonaparte had dropped in for a week or ten days. I signed the housekeeper's name. Poor thing, I hope she doesn't lose her job—she's taking such good care of us!"

From the terrace we watched Mazie and the earl putting Victor's sea sled through rather strenuous paces.

Julia murmured, "It's so nice for the young people. This is their first chance really to get acquainted, and I owe it all to dear Cousin Victor."

"But, good Lord, Julia! Victor's sailing for home in a few days!"

"By that time, darling, I think we'll all want a bit of a change."

"I'm sure Victor would recommend one," I thought later. We were dining by candlelight on the flagged terrace. Caviar, alligator pears, squab, and a rare old bottle of Nierasteiner. The more I saw of the earl the better I liked him; and the more the earl saw of Victor's château the better he liked Mazie.

Julia drawled, "If you two want to go out for a dance, just take any of the cars. And if you want some golf in the morning you'll probably find all the paraphernalia.

I could even arrange a game of polo for you at the club, Charlie; Victor has ponies."

The earl said, "Eh? Oh, quite all right, thanks." He was staring at Mazie's dark red lips in a sort of hypnotic ecstasy.

I thought, "The poor devil will go all to pieces if this match breaks up."

After our bridge game I wrote Julia a check for seventy-eight dollars—the earl didn't even know he was playing for money—and Julia whispered, "At least the servants will be tipped. Thank the Lord I won't have to sneak out the back door."

It was one of those June nights when the crickets are out and the scent of blossoms smothers the warm earth. Julia and I sipped Victor's Napoleon brandy on the terrace and watched the dim shapes of the young people as they moved across the lawn and faded into a clump of silver birch trees.

"It's lovely," Julia murmured. "It's like an idyl or an Italian opera. I must keep it going."

The next day I left them to their operatic idyl. For two weeks a jangling market drove them completely out of my head. Then one afternoon I called Victor's house to ask Julia something about Norton's will.

A masculine voice said, "Hello. What do you want?"

"Is Mrs. Norton O'Shay there?"

"No, she's not."

"When will she be back, please?"

A pause. Then: "She won't be back!" And suddenly I remembered that the Victor O'Shays were home from Europe!

"Well," I said, "look here; I just called up to tell you how much I enjoyed your Napoleon brandy. And can you tell me where Julia is?"

Victor O'Shay couldn't tell me where Julia was. But with an appalling lack of imagination he told me where he hoped she was. Very gently I hung up the receiver and asked the Lord to make Victor O'Shay a better man.

It was the Fourth of July. For two days I had been visiting an aunt at Lake Placid. In bathing suit and moccasins I swung my canoe around a point and almost ran down a shapeless monster floating on a pair of water wings. There was an explosive wallowing noise, and I found myself gazing into the fat red face and baby blue eyes of Terence O'Shay.

"Hang it, man!" he said. Then he recognized me. "Harry Crimmer! This is luck! You're just the man for me to talk to!" He rolled over on his back and floated serenely like a rubber walrus. "You know Julia," Terence said accusingly. "She's a friend of yours."

"What about Julia?" I asked.

"Well," Terence said, "hang it all, Harry, I arrive here yesterday at the O'Shay camp with the wife and kiddies, and what do I find? Julia and her skinny daughter and this young Earl of Something-or-other! The whole place is littered with tin cans and dirty dishes, and a door is smashed where they broke in. Frightful stew! Old man, you've got to get them out for us."

"It's a big camp," I said unfeelingly.

Terence scratched his head; it was odd to see him scratch his head while floating on the water. "It's this way," he puffed. "Gordon O'Shay owns the camp. He lets us spend our summers here because all the others are well off and don't need it like I do. But hang it, if they find out I'm harboring this Julia woman they'll see that Gordon takes the camp away from us. Try a summer in Wilkes-Barre, old man, and you'll know why I feel so strongly on the subject."

I thought, "You're a bit of a hog, Terence." But I told him that I'd look into it; and paddling on toward the O'Shay camp, I hoped that he'd get punctured and sink.

The first person I saw was young Charlie the earl. He was swinging his legs from the float. When he saw me he waved his pipe.

"Hallo, Crimmer! Hallo, hallo!" His hair was sun-bleached and the rest of him was a ruddy brown. "Jolly to see you. When Mazie comes we'll have a bathe, what?"

"Didn't expect to find you up here," I said.

"Roughing it for a bit." The earl peeled skin from his handsome nose. "Julia's idea—clever woman, Julia! One tires of being civilized, don't you think? Makes one feel good to escape from all the butlers and rich food and dinner jackets. Live in a bathing suit, eat beans and bacon, sleep like a jolly old top. Trust Julia to make life interestin'! I'm havin' the time of my life!"

I assured him that he looked it. Climbing the bank, I found Julia in a hammock with a detective story. She had on a pair of knickers and a flannel shirt. Her hair was untidy and her face was smudged and she was sucking her thumb like a little girl. One bare brown leg dangled over the edge of the hammock. She stared indignantly at me.

(Continued on Page 111)

"It's Lovely," Julia Murmured. "It's Like an Idyl or an Italian Opera. I Must Keep it Going"

Roustabouts and Razorbacks

By ROARK BRADFORD

A Rural Landing on the Black River

STEAMBOATS are designed to carry bulky freight and to run in shallow water. From a seaman's point of view, they are flat-bottomed, unwieldy, top-heavy tubs that waddle along like complacent ducks, going pretty much where the current takes them. A seaman, describing his favorite ship, will tell you how she handles herself in a storm, and that she can turn about in her own length. But a river skipper, bragging on his pet steamboat, will say: "Why, sir, she can run on the morning dew!" He can pay his boat no greater compliment; he cannot imagine shallower water than the morning dew.

So when you see the boat you are riding headed full speed for a perpendicular bluff not twenty yards away, and you realize that although you might be able to swim clear of the wreckage you never would be able to scale the bank, you do two things: You pray for forgiveness of your past sins, and you swear in your soul that the pilot is crazy with the heat. That accomplished, you close your eyes and await death with such fortitude as you may possess. You naturally await death impatiently; the inevitable crash seems slow in coming. But you recall having read how under such conditions the seconds drag by like hours, and you squint your eyes tighter, bite your lip, clench your hands and continue waiting.

Finally your nerves balk. You get a trifle hysterical and laugh, although you are not in the least tickled at anything. Then, suddenly, you wonder whether death will be at the hands of the Grim Reaper, that homely old skeleton with the scythe, or if the bewhiskered Neptune will come up and spear you with his three-pronged gig.

Ole Man River Lends a Hand

FINALLY you decide to open your eyes and see. But you see neither the Reaper nor Neptune. You see merely a placid, muddy river, running serenely toward the Gulf. And you and your steamboat are in the middle of it, chugging along with the current as placidly and as serenely as the river. The perpendicular bluff is hidden by a bend, a quarter of a mile astern.

Charlie brings you a cup of strong black coffee, which soothes your nerves enough for you to clamber over the texas to the pilot house. It is against the law for passengers to enter the pilot house, but no matter.

"Pretty close call, back at that bluff," you remark as casually as your nerves will allow.

The pilot is wise. "Scared you, did it?" he asks.

"Why, no," you lie, trying to hide your jagged nerves under sarcasm, "but I know something that is much more entertaining than trying to see how near you can come to wrecking a steamboat and not actually wreck it. Arsenic. I've heard you can take as much as a teaspoonful of arsenic at a time without actually killing yourself. I'll get you some if you'll try it."

Then the pilot explains. There was a huge eddy swirling into the bluff bank. By heading his boat directly at the bluff the eddy took hold and swung it around the bend and well into midchannel, with her nose in the right direction. By taking advantage of the eddy he saved a mile of navigation, some of which would have been against the current. That, of course, saved time and fuel, two very important factors in operating a steamboat.

"Of course," the pilot amplifies, "you've got to hit an eddy just right. If you go in too soon or too late you're bound to get into trouble. But they're easy, once you get the hang of them. . . . See that one yonder, just below that cottonwood snag?" He points to a spot a thousand yards ahead, and begins explaining the difference in appearance of eddying and noneddying water You look. But it all looks the same—just muddy water.

The Coonline Step

Pilots

YOU wander back to your stateroom and take down your Mark Twain again, trying to find what the pilot meant. You don't find it, but in The Adventures of Tom Sawyer you come upon a bit of dialogue that unmasks pilots. The conversation is between Tom and his sweetheart, Becky Thatcher.

"Do you love rats?" says Tom.

"No! I hate them!"

"I do, too—live ones. But I mean dead ones, to sling around your head with a string."

"No, I don't care for rats much, anyway. What I like is chewing gum."

The point is this: Tom Sawyer, who had ingenuity enough to create a toy with a rat and a string, and imagination enough to enjoy such a creation, grew up to be a steamboat pilot named Mark Twain, and was famous the world over for his sense of humor. But poor Becky, who required her chewing gum for entertainment, faded into oblivion before Injun Joe's buried treasure was found in the cave. And if she ever rode a steamboat it was merely for the purpose of getting from one place to another. And now modern Becky Thatchers ride trains and automobiles when they want to travel. The idea of enjoying themselves en route never occurs to them.

They are not all Becky Thatchers however. Half a dozen packet lines operate out of New Orleans, to Baton Rouge, to Donaldsonville, to Natchez, to Vicksburg, to New Iberia on the Teche, and some smaller ones to the lower coast country.

The longest and most picturesque trip is from New Orleans to Camden, Arkansas, a distance of seven hundred miles through five rivers and through some of the poorest and some of the richest farming land in the South. The trip is made fortnightly by Capt. L. V. Cooley's three-hundred-ton packet, Ouachita, leaving Bienville Street landing every second Saturday and returning the Thursday of the second week following.

With the exception of the Bienville Street wharf, the New Orleans water front is similar to any other seaport water front. There are ships and men and freight sheds and cargo and screaming winches and groaning pullies. All is hustle and bustle. But at Bienville Street it is different. It is true that two or three endless-chain conveyors are on the wharf, but they are rusting away in disuse, a tombstone to the experiment of trying to supplant roustabouts with mechanical freight movers.

There is a feeling about the wharf of completely indifferent informality—a feeling that frequently is mistaken for shiftlessness. Small stacks of freight are piled about, and almost invariably three or four negro idlers are asleep upon the top of each pile. Other groups of idlers gather here and there in the shade, where they sit and argue, or laugh, or talk, or just sit. Occasionally a busy clerk hurries from the shed, verifies the number of pieces in a pile, gazes

languidly at the river for a minute or two and hurries back to his desk under the shed. A fat, one-legged negro, pushing a pie wagon ahead of him, wanders around. His wagon bears, in uneven but very bold letters, his slogan: Eat More Pies. And his own leather lungs carry his advertisement farther:

"Better buy my pies; I got a little bit left.
Efn you don't buy 'em, gonter eat 'em myse'f!
Oh, I got juicy pies!"

The steamboat is moored to the high pilings at the edge of the slanting wharf. In high water most of the wharf is under water and the boat's forty-foot stage, or gangplank, has to be supplemented by aprons so one may walk from the dry wharf to the boat deck.

An endless stream of negro workmen tread back and forth on the stage, carrying freight—supplies for the upstate farmers; staples for the wholesale houses in the larger river towns; miscellaneous freight for commissaries of plantations, logging camps and levee camps; and not infrequently, smaller quantities of supplies for the small farmers along the river. They work under the general supervision of the mate, Capt. Sam Cotton, and under the immediate eye of Old Folks, an ex-roustabout, long since too old and infirm for the heavy labor of the rouster.

These freight toters are not regular roustabouts. They work by the hour and are kept constantly at it. When work stops their pay stops. Usually they are glum. Most of them are middle-aged negroes with family troubles and religious responsibilities. They have no inclination to sing a "pop-out," nor do they "make jokes" with the saucy womenfolks about, who invariably gather where men work. They merely have come to "catch a few hours," or to "make a few wages," and their interests are elsewhere.

But when the boat is loaded the regular river roustabouts take charge of the freight handling for the trip up and back.

Roustabouts usually are young, healthy, husky negroes who escape the drudgery of farm life for the more colorful work on the river, and for the three-day layover in New Orleans with a payday in their pockets and a craving for good times in their souls. They are hired anew for each trip, and their wages are computed on a monthly basis. The price varies with the length of the trip, the amount and nature of work to be done and the local state of unemployment. Usually, for the eleven-day trip to Camden and back, and with normal freight, they get sixty dollars a month and their keep.

The mate hires the roustabouts the last thing before casting off. Most of them make trip after trip on the same boat, swearing each time that it is his last, but eager for it again after a three-day session "back of town" in New Orleans. The Ouachita carries from sixteen to thirty-two rousters, according to the nature of the cargo. Captain Cotton is one of the most adept mates on the river in selecting and handling roustabout labor.

Ole Miz Laney

CAPTAIN SAM procures from the boat's clerk a number of red cardboard tickets corresponding to the number of rousters that are to be employed, and he walks to the head of the stage. He is a big man and impressive looking. He stands a minute, shuffling the tickets idly and gazing over the freight shed as though hiring roustabouts was the last thing on his mind.

But the potential roustabouts know that is only a part of the ritual, and they gather around. They stroll up from the groups of idlers about the wharf, just as though getting hired was farthest from their thoughts.

The Proper Way to Carry a Hog

Presently, as though the idea had just occurred to him, Captain Sam barks: "I've got twenty tickets here. Paying fifty. Who wants 'em?"

The rousters exchange serious, solemn glances. "Lawd, Cap'm Sam," one of them objects, "wid all dat stuff ole Miz Laney been buyin'? I seed a pi-anner go on de boat. And I bet hit's a gas engine on too. And all dem staves de cap'm gonter git out'n de Tensas dis trip? Seventy!"

The "ole Miz Laney" is a fictitious lady developed by the rousters from the term "miscellaneous freight," which is not uniform in size and shape like sacks of sugar or grocery staples, and gives them considerable trouble. And his "seventy" is a counter offer to make the trip if the pay is calculated on the basis of seventy dollars a month. But the talk bores Captain Sam. So, rather than haggle with them about it, he sighs resignedly and offers fifty-five dollars.

"Dat ain't enough, Cap'm Sam," the spokesman declares. "Sixty-five. And dat's de leastest dime I c'd roust for. I bet we got to tote a heap er hawgs, too, and dem hogs is mean. One mighty nigh bit my ——"

Captain Sam loses interest, turns abruptly and calls to the mud clerk on board: "Hey, Joe, ring up the banana wharf and tell 'em to send me a dago gang to handle this freight." And he starts down the stage.

But before he takes too many steps the rouster spokesman shouts: "Sixty, Cap'm Sam?"

The mate returns and passes out the tickets to the most likely looking candidates.

Roustabouts are romancers. They are, after all, the mainspring of steamboating. Captain Cooley, who has operated his own steamboat for more than fifty years, declares that when conditions get to be such that he cannot use roustabout labor he will tie up his boat.

A Game of Wits

AN EFFICIENT engine crew keeps the machinery in perfect condition; experienced clerks handle the dollars and pennies and business; a gifted steward with a crew of drilled cooks and mess boys feeds the passengers and crew economically and well; highly trained pilots cut the corners and save fuel and time, and over it all the captain presides, employing his long experience, his love of the profession and his personal interest in his own boat to the best advantage. But the mate and rousters are what make steamboating different and apart from any other line of endeavor.

The roustabouts have uncanny ways of knowing things. If, for instance, it had been decided not to pay more than fifty-five a month and they thought they should have had sixty, they would not have "argued it out" with the mate. They would never have shown up!

Arguing wages with the mate is only one phase of the ritual of roustabouting. It all is a game, the general objective of which is to make Captain Sam think they are working hard when in reality they are loafing, or "ratting." If Captain Sam, by language, threats, cajolery or psychological gymnastics keeps them working earnestly and honestly, he wins the game. If they induce him to believe they are working when in reality they are "ratting," then they win.

"But," explained one Cush, "efn Cap'm Sam ketch you rattin'—ay-ish! He sho rap on yo' ding-dong! And," he added with a laugh, "he kotch me rattin' one time, and I swear to my soul I thought he gonter burn me down Ev'y time he want a mean job down, he holler, 'Cush!' He too hard to fool, dat Cap'm Sam! He a pyore case!"

The instant they receive their tickets the rousters string out and "coonjine" down the plank. It is—or seems to be—another important part of the ritual.

The coonjine is a step peculiar to roustabouts. It is difficult to execute and more difficult to describe. In movement it approaches something between a dog trot and a buck-and-wing dance, with interpolations and grace notes scattered throughout. The coonjiner bends forward at the hips, bends his knees until they get springy, spreads his arms and legs apart and waddles forward with exaggerated swings of his body. His muscles are relaxed and his joints are loose. It looks most awkward, except for some little something in it that makes it look extremely graceful.

(Continued on Page 136

Roustabouts Pitching a Watermelon Party on the Boeuf River

DIAMONDS

By THOMAS McMORROW

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

I FOUND Beekman Brown in his office in the Jewelers' Building on West Forty-fifth Street. He was engaged with a thin and black-bearded man of professorial aspect, and I hung on the threshold, but he beckoned me in.

"Sit down, Case. I'll be through here at once! . . . Berezov," he said bluntly to his first caller, "I hear that you've taken to petty swindling."

The accusation did not revolt the man Berezov. He shrugged his shoulders, drew out a package of Russian cigarettes, selected his smoke at leisure, lit it and put the container away. He drew smoke into his lungs and let it find its own way forth in wisps; a saturnine man who did not expect to find himself among friends and admirers.

Brown shook an envelope over his desk, dribbling onto the wood seven crystalline stones of bigness from a pea to a hazelnut. "Rock crystals, eh?"

Berezov lifted his heavy eyebrows over the stones and nodded his agreement. "Rock crystals, certainly, Brown."

"Last Friday," recited Brown, disapproval showing in his long and furrowed face, "you went with a confederate to Simson's cutting shop in Williamsburg and you offered him for sale seven rough diamonds, telling him that they were stolen goods."

Berezov made a delaying gesture. "The police?" he queried, glancing at me.

"Mr. Case is not an officer, but we'll have one in if you make it necessary. . . . Well?"

"In effect," admitted Berezov. "I needed the money."

"So did Simson, for that matter. You agreed to sell these seven rough diamonds to Simson for four thousand dollars, which was much less than they were worth. Simson got the cash for you, and you accepted it and started from his shop. In his doorway you had a farcical altercation with your confederate, who argued against the sale. You turned back with him to Simson, gave Simson back his money and received back this envelope in which were the seven diamonds. You then staged another debate before Simson, overcame the pretended scruples of your confederate, restored the envelope to Simson and took his money again."

Brown stirred the rock crystals with his pencil. "And this is what Simson found in the envelope the second time!"

"I needed the money," said Berezov. "I told you that."

"What for?"

"To go to the Cape. I will study anew the blue ground and the chimneys in the reefs."

"And never return to America?"

"I do not anticipate this, Brown." His enunciation was distinct, but foreignly accented.

"It's a bargain you could have made with me without bilking this Simson, though he's no better than yourself," grumbled Brown. "I've a proposition for you, Berezov: You clear out of America for good and all, and you may keep Simson's money. I'll pay him back out of my own pocket. If you ever return ——"

"You relieve my mind, Brown," said Berezov, rising. "I was indeed worried about this Mr. Simson. He would never understand that I needed this money. I shall go and I shall not come back. Do not threaten me, if you please." He halted in the doorway on his way out, meditated, and said, "You recognized the stones, eh, Brown? Well, good-by."

Brown nodded tolerantly and busied himself in cutting a cigar. I awaited his explanation of this queer deal.

"You know him, Case?"

"Berezov? Why, no, I—ah, yes; Berezov, the diamond maker!"

"Pavel Berezov, the diamond maker." Brown puffed his weed and watched the smoke sway and drive.

Brown is a prime mover in the Jewelers' League. His work is a specialty and I can define it less easily than I can tell you what he is and what he does. He's a retired diamond jobber who made a sizable fortune at his trade, supplementing it by speculation on the Bowery Diamond Exchange; few likely auctions that include fancy stones are held even today in the large room over the Exchange without fetching a clever bid from Beekman Brown. Though inactive in the trade, his knowledge is still at its service and without price. When the trade sends to Washington its periodical delegation of sparsely spoken and curiously intent-eyed men—to plead, if you please, for a reduction in the tariff on the goods they sell—Beekman Brown is with them and is commonly their spokesman. He uncovers frauds in the trade and on it; the recent recrudescence of painted diamonds in closed settings was squelched by him without alarming the public. He's an American gentleman of the old school, elderly, spare and robust, with a long and narrow-featured face and a mane of gray hair, like Clay or Calhoun or Jackson. He has the respect and confidence of the millionaire importers of midtown and of the sometimes needy and sometimes shifty men who deal on sunny days on the sidewalk at John and Nassau streets; he has done more than anybody in New York to impart the present solidarity and high ethical standards to a trade whose traditions trace to the solitary Oriental merchant candling his gems in a hole in the wall. A man of stiff but casual manner, with the growling voice of a martinet, meaning to be courteous, but falling far short of deference. For fun, a yachtsman of the blue-water sort, he has a ketch-rigged boat in the river, with power, and he and his colored fellow Gibbons vanish into the unknown and emerge to tie up in Miami, Key West or the islands of the Caribbean.

"It Is My Belief That Diamonds Grow in the Earth by a Process of Accretion. An Element—the Same That I Employ—Acts as a Solvent of Carbon Under Very Moderate Heat"

"You're very kind to this diamond maker," I urged. "His process was a sham, wasn't it? You yourself exposed it."

"Berezov was a scientist who resorted to fraud to convince the public of what he held to be truth. You see the same psychology working in some of our spiritualistic mediums. I believe, Case, that he was ready, able and willing to unload on the American market at one time six hundred thousand carats of high-grade diamonds in commercial sizes, with a plausible promise of millions of carats more. If I hadn't interrupted him I believe that he would have ruined the diamond trade, disrupted the African syndicates and broken the price of diamonds so that the average shipping clerk would scorn to present one to his intended."

"That wasn't your story at the time!"

"One must use discretion, Case. There is no point in putting the management of affairs in the hands of competent men if the public is to be allowed to force their hands."

"You don't take much stock in democratic management, Brown."

"There is no such thing; there are booms and panics. . . . The first notice we had of the operations of Pavel Berezov was when that jewelry store appeared on Fifth Avenue—the American-Diamond Shop; Buy Direct From the Manufacturer. We heard that the proprietor was selling stones, alleged to be diamonds, for less than we could buy similarly graded goods abroad, and was asserting that his stones were made here. We thought so little of this that we didn't investigate for ourselves, but turned the matter over to the Truth in Advertising Committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

"The American-Diamond Shop didn't put up its shutters as anticipated; on the contrary, a surprising report came to us from the committee. I put on my hat and went over to Fifth Avenue to have a look for myself. I found the shop—a small inside store on Fifth Avenue that paid its landlord possibly fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year. In the show window was a stock of goods that winked and twinkled in the sunlight very plausibly but that failed to entice the public dawdling by; the stones were priced at much more than people would pay for imitations and were yet too cheap to be convincing. The proprietor wasn't making his rent; he was isolated behind his show cases inside—you saw him just now, with his brooding and watchful manner and a deftness that suggests the prestidigitator or thimble rigger. There are men and manners for all trades—the restaurateur is properly hearty and vinous, the banker and mortician wear gray and black and are sympathetic but humorless; so is the gem merchant slow, patient and full of discourse, seating his customer, spreading the blue velvet, reverential, soothing, disarming. The customer is about to submit his sensitive pocketbook to a major operation, and every approach to it startles him and inclines him to bolt; his eyes glance and he fixes the merchant with a penetrating look. I entered the American-Diamond Shop and asked to see a solitaire ring from the display; it was put before me with snap, and Berezov, drumming on the counter as if to play me out, frowned at the passing and neglectful public.

"'The stone weighs a carat?' I asked, studying the gem.

"'Yes.'

"'And it's a real diamond?'

"'Yes.'

"'It's too dear at three hundred and twelve dollars,' I complained. 'I saw an advertisement in the paper this morning offering genuine one-carat diamonds at one hundred and fifteen dollars.'

"'I dare say,' he nodded, putting out his hand for the ring.

"'Can't you make it any cheaper?'

"'No.'

"'I'll take it,' I grumbled, paying down the money.

"I left the shop and went up Fifth Avenue to Tifft & Neeley's, one of the leading jewelry stores of the United States. A handsome and fashionably clad clerk advanced on me, crooking the pregnant hinges of the back, and escorted me to an appraiser, who would evaluate my purchase for the customary 1 per cent.

"'The fee will be six dollars and fifty cents, sir,' said the appraiser after a short scrutiny of the stone. 'The diamond alone is fairly worth six hundred and fifty dollars. You may leave it here if you wish me to take it from the setting and examine it thoroughly.'

"I had had my own opinion of the stone, but I had wished to hear it indorsed, having been unwilling to believe my old eyes. I was not known to the appraiser. 'But I didn't pay that much for it!' I protested.

"He smiled gratulatingly. 'You made a fortunate purchase, sir. The stone is not perfect; there is a speck in it

that perhaps you can see for yourself if you care to use this loupe; it is so small and so placed that it is hard to find. But the color and brilliance are exquisite; I'd say, at a guess, that it was an old-mine stone, and probably Indian.'

"This was evidently an affair for the police. The price at which Mr. Berezov was selling his goods did not allow the ready explanation that they were smuggled stones; the duty on cut diamonds was only 20 per cent, and, deducting the 8 per cent charged by the professional smugglers, Berezov's differential was only 12 per cent, or forty-eight dollars on a four-hundred-dollar stone. He couldn't buy his stones anywhere and lay them on his counter at his prices; and I was inclined to agree with Tufft & Neeley's appraiser that the diamond I had bought was not an African stone, was not the sort that is available in merchantable lots. I went to see the district attorney—I have much latitude, as you know—laid before him the evidence that the American-Diamond Shop was selling stolen goods and asked him to investigate.

"The result was not more satisfactory than had been the report of the Truth in Advertising Committee; the district attorney sent for Berezov, interviewed him, and was informed that Berezov made all his own diamonds in his private laboratory. The district attorney, suave chap, congratulated him on his cleverness and increased his efforts to find the source of the stones. He learned no more of the mysterious diamonds than he could learn by reading the legend on the American-Diamond Shop's window; the diamonds stolen in all the large robberies of years preceding had taken the route of least resistance from the underworld to the upper crust again. If Berezov's diamonds were stolen, his stock was inconsiderable and easily to be exhausted.

"He learned, however, something of Mr. Berezov. The latter had served time in Dartmoor Prison for a swindle on Sir George Beers of the diamond house of Byte, Beers & Werner; Berezov had had twenty thousand pounds of Sir George as the price of a partnership in a process to manufacture diamonds. The prosecution must have been conducted quietly, since I had not heard of it; I could see that the astute Sir George—who was, by the way, a member of the South African Diamond Sales Syndicate—would not have been boastful; and it would seem that the judge had not been entirely satisfied of Berezov's guilt or he would have sentenced him to more than three years. Here then was Berezov at his old game, with the difference that the swindle, if any was planned, had not yet been brought to view.

"The district attorney having failed us, we considered in the council of the league ways and means of coping with Berezov's threat to our trade; it would destroy public confidence in us if he were to continue selling diamonds for less than we could buy them. Not that he was selling many as yet; cheap fellows who wanted to make a show for little money bought of him, but the general public passed warily by. We surveyed Berezov.

"We found that his stones were coming, ostensibly, from a small cutting shop in Brooklyn, and were being set by a small firm in Baltimore. We were blocked at both places; the cutting shop had recently been bought by a man named Lukich, and the manufacturer of settings was a new man called Feodor Mastakovich. Neither of these gentlemen had applied for membership in the league; and their workmen did not belong to the unions. We had entry nowhere; it was a closed circle from the alleged laboratory to the show window on Fifth Avenue. Berezov was evidently in possession of ample capital, and the twenty thousand pounds he had had of Sir George wouldn't answer his needs.

"We estimated that he must have sunk in this queer enterprise a sum in the neighborhood of a quarter of a million dollars; we could see that much expense without considering the alleged laboratory. Was it possible that he had put out that sum to get rid of an inconsiderable stock of stolen diamonds? It seemed now to us that there was a stock-selling scheme in the background.

"It is not true—what Berezov alleged in his lawsuit—that we conspired to slander his merchandise; we merely instructed our members to avoid appraising gems from the American-Diamond Shop and to refuse to purchase them. You may say that that amounts to the same thing, but you must perceive the peril of our trade. People can get along without diamonds; in fact, some of them do.

"The league can command unlimited funds, as you know. Since the district attorney had given Berezov a clean bill of health, we decided to try to buy him out and thus scotch the threat against us. We anticipated the difficulty that he wouldn't sell in large lots; if he was establishing a reputation against which he would sell stock, he would want his goods to go into the hands of the public and with the widest possible distribution. Our decision was hastened by our suspicion that several of our members were already buying piecemeal of Berezov; a few of us, I must admit, will buy where the goods are cheapest; they would buy of the devil himself if he rose with a choice lot.

"To make Berezov declare himself, I went to him in his shop. Business was looking up with him; he had a customer, a chap who was having buck fever over a superb brilliant that he could have pawned anywhere in New York for more than he was being asked. He was trying to nag Berezov into saying a kind word about the brilliant, if he would not lie gorgeously about it in charity and help a poor man to make up his mind to splurge a month's wages, but Berezov was as black as ever. There was the stone; let it speak for itself. The customer finally went off in a huff, furious with Berezov for having lost him such a bargain.

"'I bought a solitaire diamond ring here a week or two ago,' I opened.

"'And are you pleased with it, Mr. Brown?'

"'Ah, you know me.'

"'I am a jeweler.' He shrugged. 'I must know Mr. Beekman Brown of the Jewelers' League.'

"'I had the impression that you were rather a scientist,' I said. 'We've been thinking in the league council that you might be glad to devote your valuable time to your laboratory and leave retail merchandising to us.'

"'Will you please make that plainer, Mr. Brown?'

"'I'm here with an offer to buy your entire stock.'

"'At my retail prices?'

"'We shan't chaffer over the figure.'

"'I shall be glad to sell you my entire stock on hand,' he said astonishingly. 'The price will be three million dollars. If you are prepared to pay that the stones will be in your hands for inspection on an hour's notice.'

"'You have ten thousand carats of cut stones equal to the one I bought?' I was confident that he was bluffing, that he had named an unreasonable amount to drive me off.

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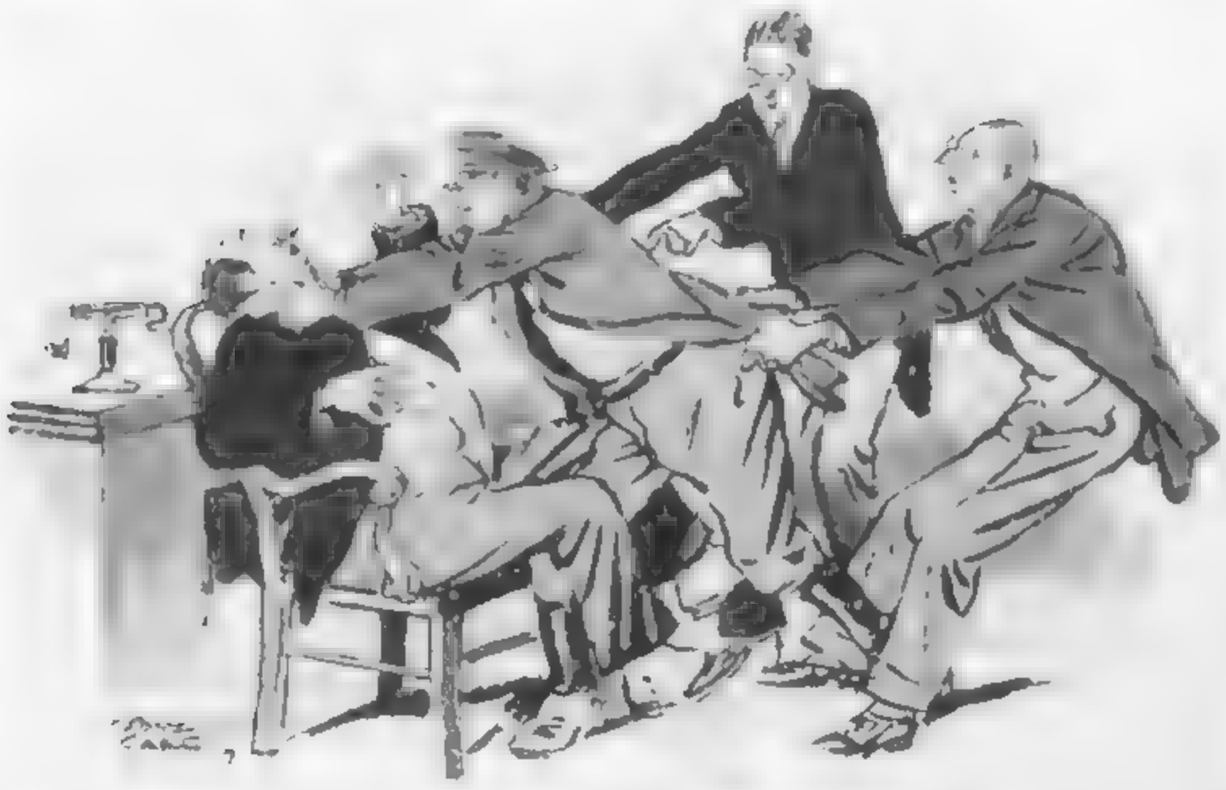
"I Shall be Glad to Sell You My Entire Stock on Hand," He Said Astonishingly. "The Price Will be Three Million Dollars"

LULU WAS A LADY

By GUY GILPATRIC

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



Suddenly Bouron Realized That Two Men Were Tugging at Him

LULU was born on the fourth of April, 1909, in the Usine des Automobiles Herbaux, at Bougival, Department of the Seine. Her advent into this vale of tears was not without its complications. Throughout the long, long night an anxious group stood gathered in the little whitewashed room, talking in whispers, walking on tiptoe, and watching Monsieur Célu.

Monsieur Célu labored feverishly. He scowled. He muttered to himself. He dashed his pliers to the floor. Zut! It was a baffling case.

A cock crowed, then another, and another. Dawn filtered red through the windows. The red turned to blue, with cool white clouds floating in it. A whistle blew. *Sabots* clattered across the factory courtyard. Suddenly the walls throbbed to the rhythm of mighty machinery. Then came a knocking at the door—a knocking like the dread summons of fate. Slowly, majestically, it opened, and in walked Monsieur Herbaux himself!

Monsieur Herbaux was wearing cutaway, spats, and a look of extreme severity. His mustaches and beard were newly dyed, and his cheeks were rouged to a jovial flush which grated harshly with his anxious scowl and the light of the early morning. In his rather considerable shadow lurked Chander, his humpbacked secretary.

Crossing his arms and fixing Célu with an oysterlike eye, he stood for a dramatic and accusatory moment. Then the wrath of Jupiter descended in one booming, questioning word:

"*Alors?*"

At the explosion, Célu wilted.

"*Ça va bien, monsieur!*" he lied. "In just a moment now I'll have her running." And in panic he turned to resume his work.

"Wait!" thundered Monsieur Herbaux, raising a fat and manicured hand. "Wait! At ten o'clock exactly, my board of directors will arrive. They have protested the thousands of francs you have frittered away on this imbecile experiment, and yet they have accepted my assurances that today—today at ten—they will see—results!"

"They will!" declared Célu stoutly.

"I doubt it!" moaned Monsieur Herbaux. "Ah, ruin, ruin, ruin!" The humpbacked secretary plucked deferentially at his coat tail. Monsieur Herbaux bent down, cupped his ear, and gave heed to the whispered counsel. Then, standing erect and striking an attitude: "Send for Bouron!" he thundered.

"Bouron!" repeated Célu disdainfully. "Why, I discharged the drunkard night before last!"

"Send for Bouron!" repeated Monsieur Herbaux, glancing toward the humpback for confirmation. "I have known from the start that the few good ideas in this clumsy design are his."

Six men were dispatched in quest of Mechanician Bouron, one to each of the *estaminets* of the commune of Bougival.

Monsieur Herbaux paced up and down the room, occasionally shielding his eyes from the cause of his anguish—the Series 7 chassis. He took to consulting the humpback's watch at the end of every lap. At length he halted, raised his arms in a supplicating gesture, and gave vent to an agonized scream. At that very instant Mechanician Bouron lurched in upon the arm of his discoverer, a cigarette stuck to his lower lip and an aroma of cognac completely enveloping him. Monsieur Herbaux fell upon his neck and kissed his pallid, unshaved cheeks.

"Come, pull yourself together, *mon vieux*, and let bygones be bygones," he pleaded. "Without you, I am lost! In twenty minutes the directors will arrive, and ——"

"Nineteen minutes," corrected the humpback

Bouron seemed unaware of Monsieur Herbaux's existence. His bloodshot eyes were fixed upon the chassis across the room. He waved aside the friendly supporting arm and staggered toward it. He stroked the motor with his hand and murmured drunken endearments.

"Lulu! Little Lulu!" he said. Idly he pulled up the needle valve of the carburetor and let the gasoline trickle over his fingers. Then, stiffening: "Monsieur Herbaux," he said briskly, "send me a bottle of cognac and leave us by ourselves. When the time is up throw wide the doors!"

In exactly three minutes the room was empty save for Bouron, Lulu, and a bottle of 1853 Courvoisier.

"*Tiens!*" chuckled the mechanic, taking a swig and very deliberately removing his coat. "It is good to be back with thee, Lulu, dear! Now then, first we will turn off this vile gasoline, which any fool but Célu could see is as full of grease as the gravy of a duck. Next we will drain thy carburetor and fill it with this splendid cognac, which will clear the grease from the jet. Next we will open these pet cocks and give each cylinder a drink of the finest fuel known to man or motor—so! And now that thou art primed, my dear, I know thou wilt start—and once started, not even bean soup can stop thee! I will sit at thy side and explore the remainder of this bottle until one minute before ten. *À votre santé, m'amie Lulu!*"

There were eleven minutes left. At the tenth he took the empty bottle from his lips, put a cigarette in its place, and turned his cap visor backward. Then he grasped the crank jutting from Lulu's nose and gave it one quick twist.

His shout of triumph was drowned in the tumult which filled his ears, the room, the world! Lulu's cylinders were exploding like strings of Chinese firecrackers! He climbed to the seat, reached into his breast, grasped his medal, and with a jerk snapped the chain. He kissed the silver image of Saint Christopher, amiable patron of travelers, who bore upon his shoulder the Pilgrim sore beset.

He had just knotted the chain around Lulu's steering column when the double doors rolled back and through the group of cheering and moneyed *messieurs* he flashed—a noisy vision of flame and smoke!

Over the cobbled court he tore, through the factory gate, across the road, and into the private testing track. Here, he really opened her up. Fifty kilometers, sixty-five, seventy. The chassis, designed to carry a cabriolet body, was so light at the rear that it slewed wildly on the turns. The slim poplars made him dizzy as they flickered by, and at times he closed his eyes and depended wholly upon Saint Christopher. Twenty times around, he went - which made ten kilometers. He roared over the finish line, skidded perilously, and came to a stop crosswise on the track.

When the moneyed *messieurs*, Herbaux in the lead, gathered breathless but cheering around him, they discovered that he was peacefully asleep. Three days of cognac and no food is a Spartan diet!

"Look!" panted Monsieur Rastambaux. "The poor chap has fainted from the speed!"

"Well, and why not?" inquired Monsieur d'Uaches, brandishing a watch the size of a casserole. "No human being has traveled so fast before. Gentlemen, we live in a marvelous age! I voice the sentiments of all of us when I congratulate you, dear Monsieur Herbaux, upon this greatest achievement of the motorism — the Series 7 Herbaux!"

It Was Five Years Since Lulu Had Tasted Cognac

"Ah, monsieur!" bowed Herbaux, who had now definitely fought down the attack of apoplexy which had been imminent all morning. "It is most gratifying—a vote of confidence, in effect! I shall send for a *champagne d'honneur*, which we will drink right here beside the car."

At the popping of corks Bouron opened his eyes. He felt dazed, sick.

Out of the group of stout celebrants he saw emerge a slight figure in gray tweeds—a quiet, elderly gentleman to whom the occasion and the company were quite evidently distasteful.

This gentleman patted Bouron's dusty shoulder and steadied the glass for him while he drank. Then he beckoned Monsieur Herbaux aside and said, as one who addresses his butler, "I am buying this car. Have your *carrossier* call upon me to discuss the design of the body."

Monsieur Herbaux beamed afresh. "What news!" he shouted, rushing back to the board. "A veritable augury of the *bonheur, messieurs!* The very first of our Series 7 is purchased, as it were, on the hoof! Monsieur le Duc de Lavame, accept my assurances that we will accomplish upon her an example of the *carrosserie* which will make her the jewel of Paris!"

"Ah, yes, by all means," murmured the duke. "And that reminds me." He wrote an address upon his card and handed it to Bouron. "My tailor," he said. "Go there and be measured for a livery."

"Livery?" echoed Bouron dully.

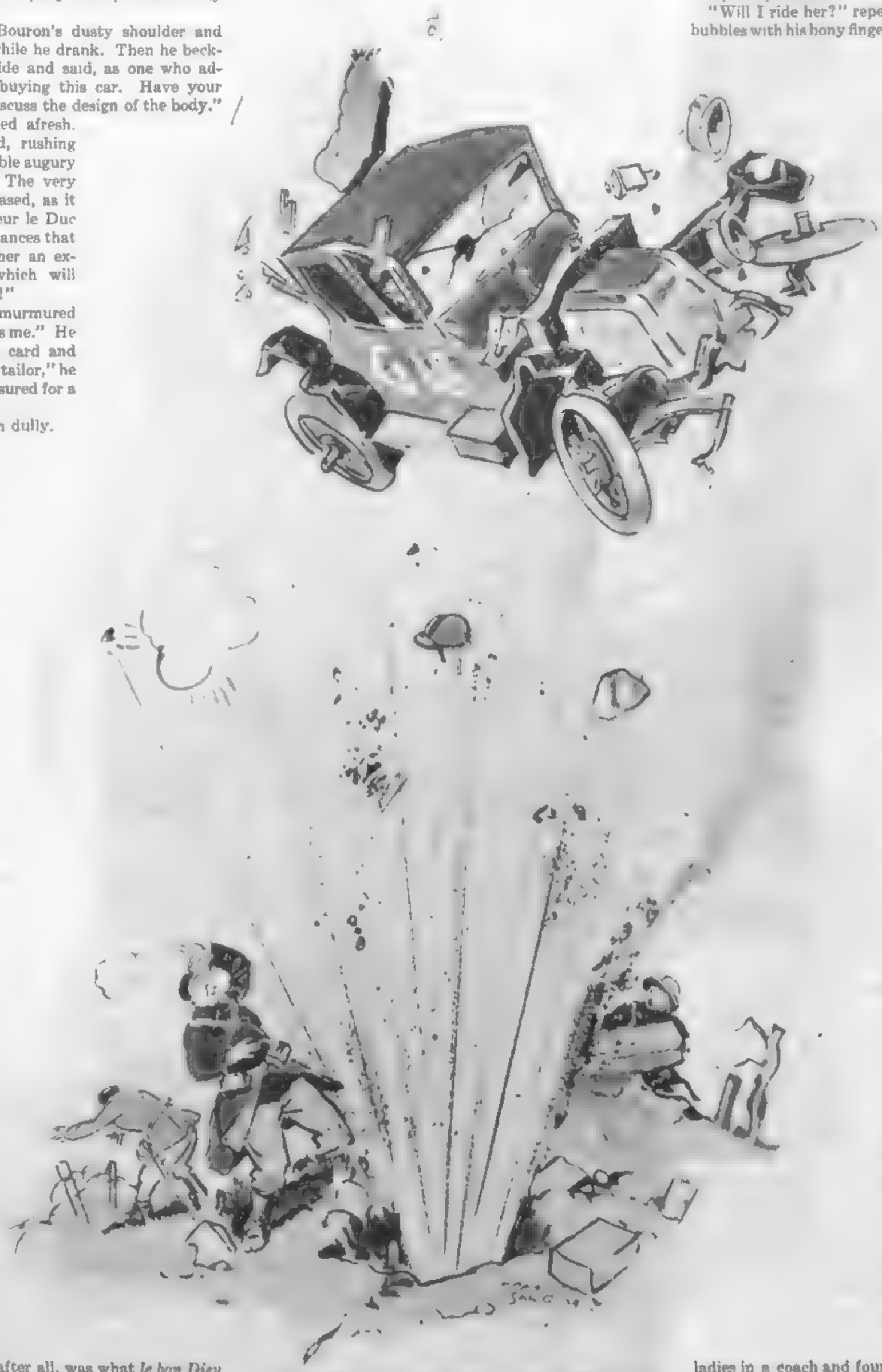
"Yes. And here are a month's wages. Come, brace up, my good fellow: you're my chauffeur." And curtly raising his hat to his fellow directors, he strolled down the track on his extremely small feet; wondering, perhaps, how he would manage to pay for the car.

II

MONSIEUR LE DUC DE LAVAME, like Casanova, had discovered that the only way to make poverty endurable is to live in grandest luxury. He maintained twelve horses, four grooms, and three coachmen in his town stables; and though at first there was much dissension at the installation of a motor car, the spirit of progress finally prevailed. Lulu's sleek lines, her lustrous maroon coachwork, her gleaming brass, were irresistible! No vehicle since the coaches of the *grands seigneurs* had boasted interior appointments so truly *de luxe*. Even old fat Benguiat, whose father had driven Louis Napoleon to his coronation, finally conceded that the automobile was an interesting, if transient, phase of transportation. But only transient, he insisted—just like the air machine which Monsieur Blériot flew over the Channel the other morning. The horse, after all, was what *le bon Dieu* intended should be man's conveyor.

And, in truth, the horse was an important factor in the doings and destinies of the house of Lavame. Upon Mistinguett, a promising mare, the duke had pinned high hopes of financial *recouvrement*. The racing stables were at Maisons-Laffitte, and thrice each week Bouron drove his master out to this suburb and sat on the fence while the slim-legged prodigy went through her paces.

Bouron knew nothing about horses except that he definitely disliked them. Mistinguett, for example, was doubtless the finest horse in all France, and yet she was a nervous, quivering, snakelike creature of many whims and uncertain temper. Once when he attempted to stroke her rheumy muzzle, she snapped at him so savagely that he retreated to Lulu, and offered up thanks to Saint Christopher that he still retained his fingers. He much preferred the man-made motor car, which one could take apart, fix and put together again



There Came a Blinding Flash, a Shattering Roar, and Lulu Was Blown High Into the Air

Still, he enjoyed those trips to Maisons-Laffitte and the company of the English jockeys. They were free spenders and often invited him over to the Cheval des Ailes d'Or for champagne.

He went, but drank Eau de Vittel. He had not tasted anything stronger since that long ago fourth of April when the duke had steadied his glass.

From Anstruther, the chief jockey, he learned many things about his master—things which made him more than ever proud of the coronet upon Lulu's door. According to Anstruther, 'Is Gryce was the finest sportsman on the turf—that is, of course, outside of England. And as a gambler—well, said Anstruther, in his curious Franco-Cockney idiom, he was eager to be stricken pink.

"H'm," mused Bouron, between sips of Vittel. "And this snaky Mistinguett—you will ride her next week in the Coupe Républicaine?"

"Will I ride her?" repeated Anstruther, stirring up the bubbles with his bony finger. "Why, listen, Bouron, my son, Mistinguett and I will walk *chez nous* with the Coupe Républicaine! Back us with every *ensanglanté* sou you've got."

"Well," and Bouron waxed confidential, "that's just what the *duc* is doing. Everywhere we go, everyone we meet, out comes the little green book and in goes the wager!"

"*Bun!*" exclaimed Anstruther, paying the check. "That means that by five o'clock next Saturday afternoon the jook will be on the *Rue Facile* again."

The duke was still in the stables, so Bouron occupied his time with flicking Lulu's already immaculate pearl-gray upholstery with a little feather duster which he kept especially for the purpose, and polishing her lamps with a square of jeweler's chamois. Even Saint Christopher—now a permanent fixture on the teakwood dash—came in for a reverent rub.

"Bah!" Bouron muttered. "Never fear, my Lulu! We will bet on this Mistinguett, yes, but you are the only one I really care for."

"Well," smiled the duke—his step was as silent as his feet were small—"you and your Lulu and I, too, had better remember Mistinguett in our prayers these next six nights! . . . Back to town, Bouron, if you please."

"Back to town, Bouron, if you please." Those were the words he always used; and when he murmured them in the Jockey Club inclosure at Longchamps, at twenty minutes past five on the following Saturday, there was nothing in his voice to suggest that he had just lost seven hundred and thirty thousand francs. His sang-froid was an example to Bouron, who was trembling under the loss of five hundred and twelve francs, thirty-three centimes.

The duke smiled at several friends, removed his pearl-gray top hat d'Ascot to a group of ladies in a coach and four, and seated himself within Lulu. As they passed down the long line of parked carriages, among which was a scattering of motor cars, there were flurries of applause and one or two derisive hoots. But for the most part the crowd paid a tribute of silence to this ruined but nonchalant sportsman.

The road through the Bois de Boulogne was jammed with four-in-hands, victorias, dog carts and tandems. Six o'clock found them only a little past the restaurant at the beginning of the avenue; and here the traffic came to a halt.

(Continued on Page 161)

ARCHITECT VERSUS CLIENT

By Brenda Ueland

PHOTO FROM EWING GALLOWAY

Side Door of St. Paul's Church, Norfolk, Virginia, Built in 1740. At Right—Montpelier, the James and Dolly Madison Home, Orange County, Virginia

THE struggle between architect and client is as old as architecture itself, and probably the first reason for this is that great architects have always been amazing, extraordinary men, and so quite justified in being opinionated.

"The worst punishment that God could inflict upon mankind," wrote Blondel, an eighteenth-century French architect, "would be to condemn us to live without architects." So architects are bound to feel. But to a client an architect is the man who prevents him from having his cake and eating it too. While a man's doctor and lawyer are on his side in a difficulty, an architect is the one who proves that he cannot have a $60,000 house for $40,000; who frustrates his taste and hurts his feelings. When you want a cobblestone mantelpiece or a stucco castle or a Harding Period front porch, the architect is the one who must checkmate you and outwit you. So architects and clients all have their stories to tell.

He Didn't Know His Own Brain Child

MANSART, who built most of Versailles for Louis XIV, was perhaps, in the worldly sense, the most successful architect that ever lived. How many, many architects have resembled him since! At first a smart and pushful young man, he wormed his way into Louis XIV's court and favor, so that at thirty he was intrusted with perhaps the biggest building in history—the palace of Versailles. Mansart had realized very early that an architect should be on view, a preeminent society man. And he also realized that the steady appearance in society often makes the designing of buildings impossible; so, to get around it, he hired obscure and perhaps more talented men to do it for him. Some say that he put out to nurse not only the ornamental details but the main ideas of his buildings. But probably this is unjust. Anyway he was the original of the great executive architects like Daniel Burnham, who built the old Art Institute in Chicago, and the Monadnock Building, and whose watchword was: "Delegate, delegate!"

And so today many architects look like international bankers and sit behind enormous mahogany desks, surrounded by lawyers and stenographers, signing contracts, discussing mortgage bonds, and it is not nearly as attractive a picture as that of the great

H. H. Richardson 1838–1886 whose workshop was in his house in Brookline, and who worked there in his smock, surrounded by his boys, drawing with charcoal on a sheet of brown paper and discoursing on the whole philosophy of design.

Now, great architects have been men of appalling genius, an awe-inspiring combination of æsthetic sense and mathematics. Christopher Wren—"that miracle of a young man," John Evelyn wrote—when he was fifteen wrote a Latin letter to his father:

"The other day I wrote a treatise on Trigonometry which sums up, as I think, by a new method and in a few brief rules, the whole theory of Spherical Trigonometry. An Epitome of this I wrote on a Brass Disc of about the size of one of King James' Gold Pieces, and having snatched the Tool from the Engraver, I engraved much of it with my own Hand. Which Disc Sir Charles [This was Sir Charles Scarborough, a court physician with mathematical tastes, to whom Wren was an assistant] had no sooner seen than he insisted upon having a similar one of his own."

The list of his preoccupations when he was a mere boy takes one's breath away. Before he was twenty, he made fifty-three inventions concerning astronomy, physics, anatomy, embroidery, etching, mining, military fortifications, printing, musical instruments, writing in the dark, weaving, sailing, submarine navigation, whale fishing, "new designs tending to strength, convenience and beauty in building," and "a pavement, harder, fairer and cheaper than marble."

And the stories of the energy of architects are astounding. They never slowed down. If you could sum up all Bernini's idle moments, wrote one who knew him, setting aside his hours for sleep, they would not, in the course of his eighty-two years, amount to a month. Among the architects of the nineteenth century, Sir Charles Barry rose between four and five and worked usually until eleven or twelve at night. Welby Pugin sometimes received instructions about altering a large house in the morning, made his inspection in the afternoon, and submitted sketch designs to his client after dinner on the same day. He broke down at forty and his doctor said he had done "a hundred years' work" in his lifetime. G. E. Street dealt with his enormous correspondence before breakfast and then put in a full working day and spent three or four hours every evening at his drawing board. Sir Gilbert Scott, at the height of his practice, had jobs that were too numerous to remember. He left London by train one morning at six; when his staff straggled into his office a few hours later they found a telegram from him at a distant station, asking briefly, "Why am I here?" And once, they say, he stopped to admire a church and asked for the architect's name. "Sir Gilbert Scott," was the reply.

Wonder Youths

AND on top of all this, so many architects have been also extremely handsome and debonair, from Leonardo da Vinci downward In America, Richard Morris Hunt, H. H. Richardson, John W. Root, Stanford White, Charles Follen McKim, Whitney Warren, all were wonder youths. When you read a description of H. H. Richardson, for example, the description of the others is so like it that it is confusing: Handsome, tall, graceful, eager,

PHOTO FROM PICTORIAL VIEWS

The Gardens of the Palace at Versailles

affectionate, generous, an extraordinary athlete, horseman and fencer. Blindfolded, he could conduct several games of chess simultaneously He loved music and knew all about it, and so on.

And so, when a very mortal client tries to obtrude his ideas on such men, it is no wonder that it is uphill work And now for some everyday stories.

"I want an English house," a lady said to her architect, "a lovely low-lying one whose walls rise out of the lawn and whose long, straggling roof slopes way down and has as many gables and roof angles as a picturesque little village. And I want a great open hall with a gallery in it. I have been looking at books of old English houses and find that they do not cost nearly as much as $40,000. I want one of those."

Now, this architect said that he usually feels like Cassandra—doomed to warn without being believed.

Colonial From the Laundry Up

"DO YOU know why these English houses rise out of the ground that way? Because they are built without cellars. And the lack of basement is all right in England because they heat such houses with charming little coal grates. But I don't believe you could get along without a furnace in Rhode Island. And that hall with a baronial gallery—it is like trying to heat your front yard. Those sloping English roofs are nice. But English tile is often handmade, and even manufactured tile in England is unglazed and porous, and so gets a nice soft bloom of lichen on it. American tile has to be hard burned and nonabsorbent so as to withstand the cold. And so much of this hard tile on an interminable, sloping roof would look rather glaring. Besides, it is very expensive."

"I am surprised that you, as an architect, can be so crassly practical," replied the lady. "But at least I can have those long, low lines."

"Well, you could. But the ground plans of an English house, you know, are very straggling. There will be, first, a kitchen, and beyond that a scullery, and then a larder, then a room marked 'knives,' then 'boots,' then 'cycles,' and so on, all strung along like beads on a necklace. Do you think a bright servant girl in Rhode Island would bring 'coals' a half mile to the drawing-room fire? The English, of course, 'certainly know how to live,' as they say, but their servants should wear pedometers."

"Well, then," said the lady, "I think I will have a Brittany house. Because I do want something artistic."

"I know—I know," said the architect sympathetically. "Of course you know Brittany houses get most of their charm from their thatched roofs and their ducks and chickens, with the manure pile close by You might—though I would not advise it—have some kind of imitation thatched roof, but the ducks and chickens offer something of a problem. As for the manure pile in these days—well, in the first place, who can afford it?"

But the client who aspires after beauty is infinitely preferable to the grimly, flat-footedly practical one.

"The most difficult client," said one architect, "is the domineering woman who prides herself on the fact that she cares nothing for society, art, business or politics - 'just her home'—a kind of militant homebody. Incidentally, the housekeeping of such is not good; the food is apt to be commonplace and heavy. There is not enough sun or air in the house. I built a three-hundred-thousand-dollar Tudor house for one of these I always remember how, the day I had luncheon in that handsome house, instead of flowers, the centerpiece was a plate of peanut brittle."

A young couple wanted a clapboard Colonial house

"We had worked out a charming one," said their architect, who was then younger and meeker than he is now, "when a mother-in-law returned from a visit of inspection to some other children in the West. She insisted upon a high foundation so that the laundry tubs in the basement would have enough light. And she won. Well, these people think they have a Colonial house, but that foundation makes it no more a Colonial house than a gas-filling station is."

On the other hand, an architect can be quite alarming in his insistence upon beauty.

"As Lytton Strachey says," said an architect dreamily, "'it is probably always disastrous not to be a poet.'" And then his face hardened and he went on to say that a certain client had ordered a wing of his house, in the process of building, to be moved forward; "because," said the client, "it will be more beautiful that way." This angered the architect so that he all but threw up the job. "If he had said it would be more practical I could have understood it. But more beautiful—that was my business."

And how an architect hates cheapness, cutting corners. There is plenty of precedence for this among the great ones

Doorway of the Hammond-Harwood House, Annapolis. In Oval—One of the Oldest Houses in America, the Hammond Home at Newton, Massachusetts, Built in 1640

Richardson, for example, absolutely refused to be dictated to by clients. It took fierce courage and brought at last preëminence. He only allowed the finest workmanship and materials. He never allowed a contractor to be selected for his cheapness alone, and for this reason did not approve of competitive bidding. He was, therefore, like most great architects, an expensive architect. But he argued that if the result is as good as all results should be, the price is forgotten; if the result is poor, it is never forgotten. Some architects have insisted upon such absolute obedience that the client has not been granted a single whim. Robert Adam would design a house down to the salt cellars, and Frank Lloyd Wright is said to have even dictated what the lady who lives in one of his very original houses should wear.

R is young and leonine, and he has an incoherence about his own architectural genius that is characteristic of many of them. He is often begged by schools and societies to tell something about the secrets of his art.

Meek in All Things But His Work

SOMETIMES he will not come, sometimes he will; confronts them miserably, says a few stuttering words and invites questions that he cannot answer. He has hardly the slightest interest in his client's wishes and does not care a button what a building will cost. But his æsthetic conscience is exquisite; no care is too great for him." He will go to any trouble to rectify the smallest mistake.

Q is an architect who will believe what a mean critic tells him, and is kind and hopeful about other people's work. In his family he is gentleness and meekness itself, wears a mild, puzzled air, loves to work in his garden, has arranged a pretty scheme of household decoration. He is terribly afraid of women and treats them with unshakable politeness.

But when Q is working on a building he becomes like some timid female animal, a bird or a deer who will attack anything in defense of its young. He will face a

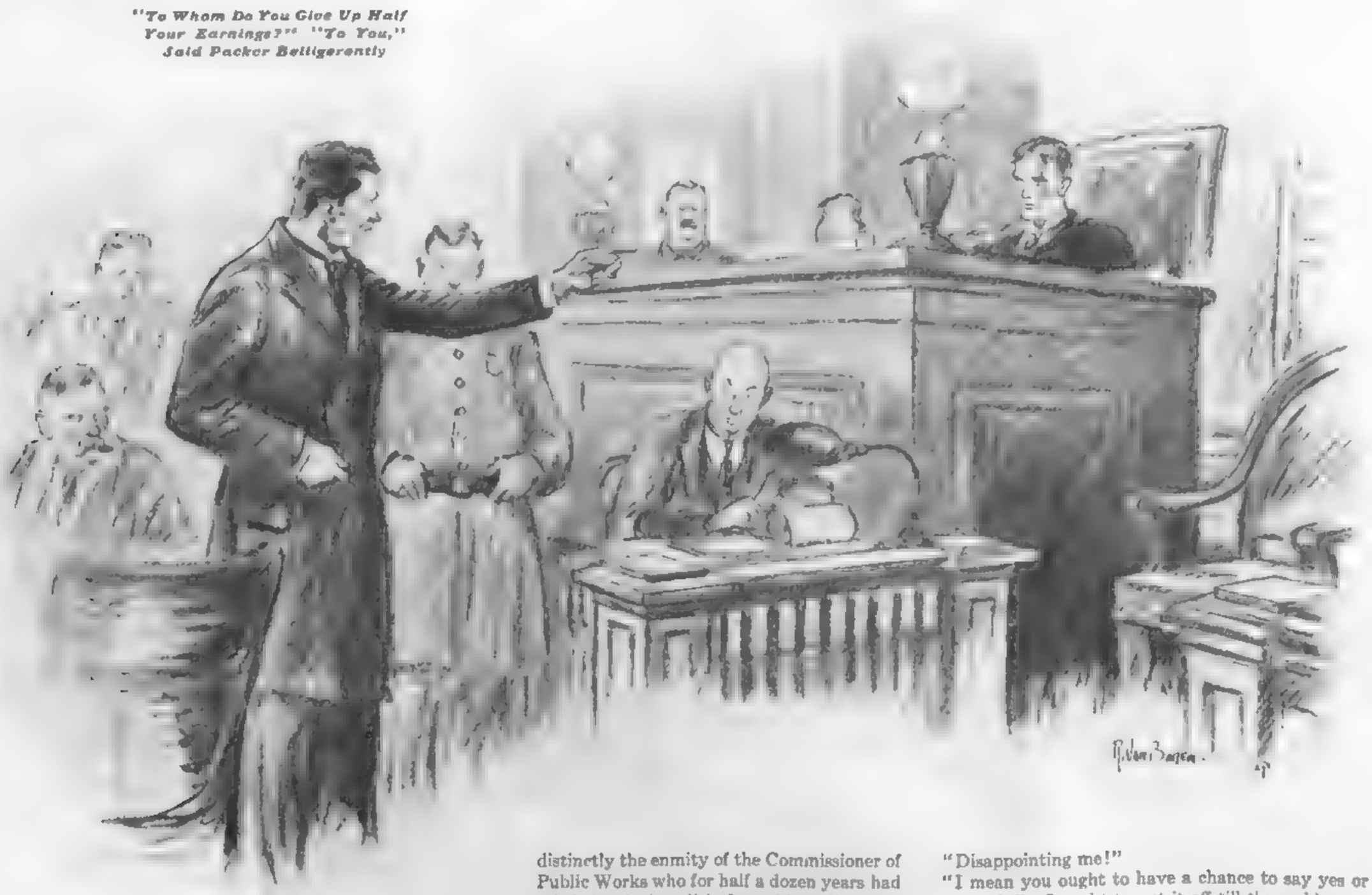
(Continued on Page 73)

Guy's Cliff Castle, Warwickshire, England

BOOMERANG

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN



"To Whom Do You Give Up Half Your Earnings?" "To You," Said Packer Belligerently

I TELL you, judge, Commissioner Marcus is out to get you," said Ted Plank of the Press. "He's sore from crust to crust and he bites in the clinches."

"I've heard he didn't like me," said Police Justice Peter Case. "In fact, he told me so once."

"I'm just warning you. Look out for skunks in the woodpile and lock your windows nights. You'll wake up with somebody else's watch in your pants pocket and a cop knocking on the door."

"I better sew up my pockets then," said Peter.

"He'll photograph you in a hotel with Helen of Troy."

"He can't if I don't know Helen and don't go to a hotel."

"Is that so? He can't, eh? Well, judge, he's done it before. That man can catch a parson robbing a bank he never saw. He's the frame-up king and the high priest of the cold deck. He likes it. It's his fun. He wouldn't enjoy winning anything honest. It 'ud hurt his feelings."

"Wouldn't it be nice," said Peter, "if Mr. Marcus would go away somewhere and quit disturbing folks?"

"Not from a town he owns the way he owns this one," said Ted Plank.

"And not with contracts for a new bridge being let," said the judge. "They tell me he likes to let contracts."

"Some day," said Ted, "he'll move the city hall to his back yard and use it for a bird house. But what he does won't help you any if he gets seven men to swear they saw you standing over the body."

"I'll bear it in mind, Ted. But you can't duck till somebody leads."

"You'd better. If I was you I'd dig me a cellar and I wouldn't come out of it."

"But," said the judge, "I like fresh air. Anyhow, I'm much obliged, Ted, for the warning."

"Well, remember, judge, if he abolishes you, he'll abolish you good. There won't be any more of you at all. He's thorough, that fellow is, and he'll have you wearing pants with the stripes running round and round."

"I wouldn't like that," said Peter. "I wouldn't like it at all."

He had not needed Ted Plank's warning, but, for all that, the newspaperman's earnestness brought home to him very distinctly the enmity of the Commissioner of Public Works who for half a dozen years had ruled the city's political machine. He knew the commissioner disliked him and, secretly, was a little afraid of his potentialities. He knew his rapid political rise had been as welcome to Mr. Marcus as a stone bruise to a foot racer, and he knew Marcus was not one to sit still and let nature take its course. If, however, Peter was worried, he did not let it appear. But he walked circumspectly. Even in his most private affairs he prepared for high tides and heavy weather.

This will appear from a conversation, one-sided for a time, which he held with Sicily Burt that evening. Sicily was the young woman whom Peter had picked out to be Mrs. Case, and who had responded to his odd courtship by interesting herself in his grammar, his table manners, and the neatness of his dress. These things Peter took to be a good sign and was accordingly encouraged.

"Sicily," he said as they walked down the shaded street that evening, "I don't know as I've asked you to marry me."

"I don't remember it, if you did," she said.

"I was going to tonight," he said. "I wrote it on my memorandum pad the other day."

"So you wouldn't forget it?" she asked a little tartly.

"No, but so I would have it in mind and think up a swell proposal. I was working on it too."

"I hope it was grammatical," she said.

"It was, as far as I got, but then I decided I'd better put it off. You don't mind, do you?"

"Changed your mind?" she asked.

"I ain't changed my mind," he said vehemently.

"Don't say 'ain't,' say 'haven't,'" she told him sharply.

"I'll try to remember," said Peter. "But about this proposal: I got to thinking about it today, and it seemed like a bad time for it."

"There's a full moon," said Sicily.

"So there is," said Peter, "but I got a good reason."

"'I have a good reason,'" she corrected, "and that's a perfectly terrible necktie, and when you're not eating, you should put your fork on your plate and not hold it."

"One thing at a time," he said. "My mind moves slow. Now, to get back to this proposal ——"

"Have I asked you to propose?"

"No, but I've led you to expect it, and I don't want to go on disappointing you."

"Disappointing me!"

"I mean you ought to have a chance to say yes or no. But I feel like I ought to put it off till things blow over."

"What things?"

"Well, you wouldn't like to be engaged to a man in the penitentiary, would you?"

"How do you know I'd be engaged to you? I might say no."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Peter. "But you might say yes, and with me locked in a cell, that would be pretty bad. Folks would talk."

"I can imagine it," she said sardonically. "Not out loud, of course, but they might whisper behind their hands. . . . And why are you going to prison?"

"I'm not, and maybe it won't be prison, but something just as disagreeable. And until it blows over and gets settled I don't want to drag anybody else into it."

"Suppose somebody wants to be dragged in," said Sicily.

"Shucks," said Peter eloquently. "Anyhow, here's the way things are: Commissioner Marcus is after my scalp. He's been so quiet lately that I know he's up to something. And folks keep warning me. So I've got to hang around and see, and if I pull through all right, then I can think about getting married."

"Have you done anything to be sent to prison for?"

"No," said Peter.

"Or anything disgraceful?"

"Not that I remember."

"Then how can this Marcus man do you any harm?"

"Did you ever hear of a frame-up?" asked Peter.

"Yes."

"It's harder to prove you didn't do something you didn't do than it is to prove you didn't do something you did do," he said. "I know. I'm a judge and I see how things work."

"And you think this Marcus will do something like that—make it look as if you had committed a crime or done something dishonest or disgraceful? Just to ruin you in politics?"

"Sure," said Peter. "Naturally he will."

"And you won't propose tonight because you don't want to drag me into a mess?"

"That's the idea," said Peter, pleased to have made his idea clear. "I'm glad you see it my way."

"Of course I do, Peter," she said. "Will you marry me?"

"Eh? What? What's that?"

"I said, 'Will you marry me?'"

"Haven't I just explained that I can't propose tonight?"

"You're not. I am," said Sicily. "My idea of a girl is one that's some good when she's needed, and I guess you need somebody to keep an eye on you."

"I won't be engaged to you," said Peter.

"All right," said Sicily. "Then I'll have to frame you up like this Mr. Marcus. Now you listen to me, Peter Case. The day you are publicly accused of anything I'm sending the announcement of our engagement to all the papers. There'll be two pieces of news instead of one. So there."

"But it won't be true. I'll deny it."

"You'll be too busy denying something else," said Sicily firmly. "And that's that, and I'm sick and tired of not being engaged to you; so, if you're ever going to be, you better be right now. And there isn't anybody coming from either direction and it's plenty dark right here. So what are you going to do about it?"

Fifteen minutes later the couple moved along slowly. Peter protested, "But all the same, I'm not engaged to you."

"You acted like it enough," she said contentedly.

II

ON THE next afternoon Attorney Morrisey, a habitué of the police courts, who acquired his practice by hanging about the halls of the court building and waylaying ignorant foreigners who had no need of legal services, came hurrying into Peter Case's chambers.

"Judge," he said in his oily way, "I wonder if you'd do me a favor. I couldn't get to the bank before it closed, and it 'ud be a big help if you could cash this check."

"Why, I guess I can accommodate you," said Peter, and gave the matter no further thought. A week later half a dozen similar shysters, with certain other hangers-on about the municipal courts, asked permission to see Peter.

"It's like this, judge," said Attorney Packer: "Tom O'Grady, the court officer, lost his wife Tuesday. She's been sick a long time and what with doctor's bills and undertaker's, Tom's in tough shape. So us boys thought we'd start a little fund. And we want you to take care of it for us till we got enough."

"Why," said Peter, "that's kindly of you. Of course I'll take the money."

"Much obliged, judge. And we kind of thought Tom 'ud like it in gold. So, when we're done collecting, if you'll get the bank to give you gold pieces, eh ——"

"Glad to," said Peter, whereby a dozen checks came into his hands signed by a dozen unsavory characters, and, as he did not notice, dated at different dates covering a period of sixty days. These were made out to him as payee and were passed through his bank account.

In due time the fund of five hundred dollars was turned over by the judge to the committee who were to present it to Tom with appropriate ceremonies.

Two or three times other police-court lawyers asked Peter to cash small checks, so that he was heard to observe that if this kept up he would have to keep a check-cashing fund on hand.

It was two weeks later when it came to Peter's ears that Attorney Packer had extorted fifty dollars from a Polish woman for obtaining a warrant against her husband for beating her with the handle of his pick, and the young justice summoned the man to appear before him the following morning to account for his conduct. When he mounted the bench he was not surprised to see his court room well filled, for any irregularity on the part of a member of the bar always aroused public interest. But he was astonished to see Commissioner of Public Works Marcus in a choice seat, and he was also somewhat surprised to see the prosecuting attorney present in person, instead of the young assistant who usually appeared in police court.

Presently the matter in hand was reached. Peter leaned forward and addressed Packer.

"Mr. Packer," he said, "I am informed you extorted the sum of fifty dollars from a woman for obtaining a warrant. This court will not tolerate such conduct on the part of attorneys who practice here. What have you to say?"

"She paid me the fifty, all right," said Packer. "But you know, judge, we got to live. We got to make money somehow to have any left for ourselves."

"Left for yourselves? What am I to understand by that?"

"We have to give up about half we make," said Packer.

"Who to?" asked Peter, unconscious that Sicily Burt would have shuddered at his grammar.

"It's Harder to Prove You Didn't Do Something You Didn't Do Than It Is to Prove You Didn't Do Something You Did Do," He Said. "I Know. I'm a Judge and I See How Things Work"

"You're askin' that, Your Honor?"

"You heard me, Mr. Packer."

"And you want an answer?"

"I do. To whom do you give up half your earnings?"

"To you," said Packer belligerently.

The court room was silent. Peter was silent for an instant as his glance traveled over the faces of those who sat before him and whose ears had just listened to this damning accusation. He found himself looking into the sardonic eyes of Commissioner Marcus.

Peter smiled. "Commissioner," he said, "don't you think you would hear better if you came inside the rail. . . . Officer, clear a place for the commissioner."

Then he turned to Packer. "So," he said, "you give a portion of your earnings to me? Is that true, may I ask, of other attorneys who practice before this court, or is it confined to yourself?"

"All of us have to give up," said Packer.

Peter arose to his feet. "Officer," he said, "close the doors of this court room. Permit no one to enter who is not summoned by myself or the prosecutor, and permit no one to leave. . . . Mr. Prosecutor, you are unaccountably present. Is it your pleasure that we proceed with an informal investigation of this matter?"

"With you presiding, Your Honor?"

"With me presiding," said Peter.

"You are excluding the press," said the prosecutor.

"Officer," said Peter, "send someone to summon such representatives of the newspapers as are in the building. It appears the prosecutor desires this matter to have publicity. Shall we proceed? . . . Mr. Prosecutor, please take charge."

"Mr. Packer," said the prosecutor, "you have just made a serious charge—that Police Justice Case has extorted from attorneys who practice in this court a share of their earnings."

"I have."

"In return for what?"

"For not bothering us," said Packer.

"In other words, for permitting you to prey unrestrained on the public?"

"For letting us earn a living," said Packer.

"Have you evidence other than your unsupported word?"

"I've got checks drawn to him. Half a dozen of them."

"May I see them?" asked the prosecutor, and a little sheaf of canceled checks was placed before them. "I have here," said the prosecutor, "six checks drawn by Mr. Packer to the order of the justice, and indorsed for deposit by him. They aggregate a total of two hundred dollars."

"I've given him as much more in cash," said Packer.

"Do you wish to question Mr. Packer, Your Honor?"

"Not at the moment," said Peter, "I wonder if any other members of the bar have given me checks or other donations?"

"I understand some of them assert they have done so," said the prosecutor.

"Let's hear from them," said Peter.

There followed a procession of shabby lawyers who testified to having paid Peter either by check or in cash for looking the other way while they plied the irregularities of their trade. Evidence heaped itself high about Peter—evidence which he did not question. As man after man testified, Peter listened, but made no protest, asked no question, offered no defense.

"Is that all?" he asked at the end.

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TOO MANY CROOKS

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

MISS GORDON HAMMILL was pleasantly located in a small hotel on one of the streets which triangulate the region around the Étoile. The position was strategically chosen. Far from the temptation of the smartest shops, it was highly respectable, only a step from the central channel of Paris at play, and almost equidistant from the network of the ancient city and the sylvan spaces of the Bois. In addition, the modest establishment had three approaches and two exits.

She had a tiny reception room, scarcely larger than an entrance hall, a fairly large bedroom and a very small bath. But the modern improvement which surpassed all others was the telephone on a low stand near the pillow. She lay on her side, looking at it lazily and trying to make up her mind to talk to Kit Leffingwell. What decided her was the convenience of the double-ended apparatus. She took it up and, without stirring from her snug position, asked for the necessary connection. A moment later she was all but overwhelmed by the tinkling explosions of Kit's queries, ejaculations and remarks.

"Why, Gordon—Gordon Hammill! Do you know it's almost ten o'clock and for two hours I've been biting my finger nails, b-blessing you for not having given me your telephone number or the name of your hotel? What is it, where are you, and what happened? Are you all right? That's what I want to know first—are you all right?"

"Quite all right," said Gordon. "Where is Mr. James Tupper Leffingwell, Jr., at the moment?"

"In the bath with the door shut, or I wouldn't be shouting out your name," replied Mrs. Leffingwell. "There. Can't you hear him singing?"

"No. But if he's singing he must have recovered his good spirits."

"Oh, no, he hasn't. It isn't that kind of singing. After each bar it sort of bites a nail in two. I get shivers up and down the spine to think what he would do to me if he knew I was talking to you. But what happened? Will you answer that—what happened?"

"I heard you," murmured Gordon, "but I can't possibly go into details over the telephone."

"What about my pearls?"

"Kit, please—please!"

"Oh, well, are they or aren't they? You know what I mean."

"They are and they aren't."

"Really!"

"Hush. Listen. If you'll lunch with me I'll show them to you."

"Oh!" with a falling inflection. "Where? When?"

"At Topsy's, Avenue des Ternes. Can you remember that? Don't take a cab at the hotel door, ever. Just go around the corner, call a taxi, and say, 'Chez Topsy, Avenue des Ternes.'"

"I've got it. What time?"

"Half-past one."

Gordon heard Leffie's gruff tones, muffled by distance: "Who you talking to? Who do you know in Paris?"

"Whom, Leffie—whom," broke in Kit's voice. "It's that girl at Chenille's—the nice one. All right, mademoiselle. I'll be on time." She hung up.

For more than an hour Gordon lay on the bed, spurring herself on to action. She would have liked to take a day off, to rest, so to speak, on her laurels, but she realized that time was of the essence of the task she had set herself.

"You Ought to Apply for the Job of Tripping the Guillotine! You're Merciless. You Look Soft, Tender, Ardent—All the Things That Make Woman the Living Spirit of Flame—But You're as Hard and Cold as the Teeth on a Saw"

Senator Meacham was safely in jail, but unless she could send Bertrand and Colonel Rivers to keep him company before they found out what had become of the senator, she would inevitably fall short of her goal.

In an unguarded moment Meacham had let slip that the colonel had gone to Cannes, but Bertrand was doubtless still in Paris. In all probability he could be reached through the same connection as had served the senator, but Gordon was far too clever to call him up. By the same token, Bertrand, through Meacham, was probably the only person in town who knew her whereabouts. It was essential to her plans that they should meet, yet when her telephone rang, she caught up the receiver only to set it down very gently and ring for the maid.

"If it is a man, Marie," she whispered, "get his name and then tell him I have gone out and will not be back before evening."

Marie obeyed. "*Quelle jolie voix*," she remarked as she disconnected.

"A nice voice? What was the name?"

"M'sieur Beauton."

"Boughton!" cried Gordon in dismay as she snatched up the receiver; but she was too late.

"*Mais, mademoiselle* ——" protested Marie feelingly.

"It's all right," said Gordon. "I mean you did exactly what I told you to do."

She fell back on the pillows and wondered. Meacham alone had known how to reach her and might easily have told his companion, Bertrand, but not even to Kit Leffingwell had she given her address and telephone. Then how had Ellis Boughton, of all people, come by it? The more she pondered the matter the more was she relieved that she had not answered him herself.

By twelve she was up, dressed and out, but it took a distinct effort of the will to banish Boughton from her thoughts—at least for the time being—and concentrate on Bertrand. He was probably still in bed, but if he were not, where would he most likely be? She picked a neat, wide-open taxicab and gave the driver detailed instructions in such idiomatic French that his face fell, for, he argued, the better the French the smaller the tip.

"You understand?" said Gordon. "Drive as slowly as your nature will permit, keep close to the curb, go the length of the boulevards, come back by Maxim's, go as far as Fouquet's, and then turn. If you please me you will receive 50 per cent of the fare as a *pourboire*."

"*Ah, ça!*" he exclaimed, his face brightening.

Gordon relaxed. Why not forget her worries for an hour? She was not making this tour to see, but to be seen. She crossed her knees and leaned back luxuriously, one gloved hand hanging loosely over the side of the cab, the other braced on the cushion of the seat.

But she could not altogether escape. The memory of Meacham's glaring eyeballs haunted her. They stood out alone, as if the rest of him had been crushed out of remembrance, and it was only now that she realized how much of terror had been mingled with their malignity. He belonged to that expert division of the underworld which is astonishingly bold, but seldom takes a chance of prison bars. Thick-skinned, yes; inured to black looks and the isolation of a pariah, accustomed even to taking a beating on occasion, but he could only shudder before the prospect of swift French justice, the prison of the Santé today and Devil's Island glowering on tomorrow's far horizon.

Gordon was conscious of a twinge of pity, almost immediately suppressed. There is only one racket more cowardly than that of the card sharper, and that is the trade of his first cousin, the blackmailer. Especially does the transatlantic crook play safe behind the smoke screen of respectability, profiting by every decent quality in his victim which he himself lacks. He is an adept of practical psychology, a master strategist, a very Job for patience, but withal a coward among cowards, a thief secure, even when caught, against the penalty of thievery.

In the beginning the Gordons had married the Hammills, the Hammills the Tomlinsons, and the ultimate result had been Miss Gordon Hammill Tomlinson, a girl with the fire of the Gordons, the granite foundation of the Hammills, and the whimsical genius which made every Tomlinson dissimilar to other Tomlinsons. Then, on the eve of her budding into her proper heritage of ease and social power, had come Nemesis, disaster, tumbling out of an untroubled sky.

So basic had been the catastrophe that what had seemed incredible six years ago still appeared unbelievable. Only the constant reminder of masquerading as Miss Gordon Hammill, passage and expenses paid, could persuade her that the unreal was reality, that her father was indeed dead and that his beloved name endured only as the tag on the most monumental of all card-sharping exploits—the classic example of the dupe.

Ralph Tomlinson had been more of a playmate than a father. Motherless since childhood, Gordon had learned from him all she knew, and learned it well. It was he who had fed her languages at their sources, taught her riding and dancing and almost every known game of cards. It was he who had told her where if not how to dress, discoursed on the difference between mere food and the pleasures of the table, between a cosmopolite and an expatriate, and between genuine plum-pudding mahogany and numberless veneers.

He had been intended by Nature to be the gay companion and little more, but Gordon was blind to the qualification. All she could see was that he had been the most lovable man on earth, gracious to friends and inferiors, unconscious of an enemy, giving pleasure in his well-bred way wherever he went and doing harm to none. That he should have been struck down like a felled tree and withered in the course of a few days seemed to her an enormous and unpardonable injustice.

Her mobile mouth settled momentarily into a fixed line. Never again would she give Meacham a pitying thought, nor Bertrand if she could send him along the same road; least of all, Colonel Rivers, the master of them all, if only —— She gulped at the mere thought of Colonel Rivers and felt the blood rush tingling into her cheeks. The others were only pawns, but in him she sensed the personification of the force which had been great enough to set and trip the deadfall which had crushed her father.

She looked about her curiously. Her taxi had coasted along two sides of the boulevards bordered by crowded cafés, dawdled past Maxim's, and was now heading up the Champs Élysées without her having drawn her quarry. Fearing that Boughton might easily be out for his customary constitutional and feeling sure that Bertrand would never walk while he had the price of a cab, she shrank down in the seat and averted her face until her driver had swung around to pass close by Fouquet's.

The day was propitious for the outdoor restaurant, and its two huge phalanxes of chairs, in the sun and out, were packed to the very edge of the sidewalk. Without looking directly at them, Gordon straightened and managed to bring herself into evidence. She felt a thousand eyes upon her, and then, still without looking, she sensed a tall figure rising suddenly to its feet in the midst of the seated mass She sank back and waited. Before her cab reached the Rond Point another drew alongside and Bertrand was leaning out of it toward her.

"Miss Hammill! Miss Hammill!"

Dispensing with definite instruction, her driver came to a stop at the curb and turned his head sufficiently to give her a sly glance.

"*Nous sommes arrivés, n'est-ce pas?*"

She did not answer; on the other hand, she did not tell him to drive on. Bertrand dismissed his cab and hurried around to her side.

"Good morning, Miss Hammill. Can I speak to you a minute?"

"Only a minute, unless you want to ride downtown with me."

"Sure. I'd like that." He opened the door and she drew back her feet to let him by. "Where shall I tell him to go?"

"Let me think. Rue de la Paix." The driver nodded and started off. "What was it you were so anxious to see me about?"

"Oh, nothing very important," said Bertrand, trying to conceal his nervousness; "only I thought perhaps you could tell me where I can get hold of the senator."

"Mr. Meacham?" asked Gordon, frowning. "Why should you come to me for information in regard to him?"

"You had dinner with him last night, didn't you? I thought perhaps he'd told you where he was going or—or something."

"I see, but I'm afraid I can't help you. We parted rather early—about eleven, I think—and he didn't say a word as to where he was going or anything else."

"Thanks. Well, I guess that's all. Do you want me to get out, or can I stick around wherever you're going?"

"I'm not quite sure where to go," said Gordon on a sudden impulse. "Perhaps you can advise me."

She realized Bertrand's metal differed from that of Meacham and was the very antithesis of Colonel Rivers'. She would have placed the three as lead, silver and platinum, or to change and reverse the metaphor, as rapier, cleaver and loaded club. Bertrand was heavy, malleable, but nevertheless dangerous, because his cupidity, once aroused, would carry him at once to brutal lengths.

He had none of Meacham's native shrewdness or of the colonel's exquisite finesse. She knew, for instance, that whereas the senator had needed only the respect shown her by the maitre d'hôtel at Armenonville to awaken his interest in the pearls she wore, it would take far more direct action to impress Bertrand with their reality and value. As for the gentle-voiced Colonel Rivers, she could imagine him spotting a genuine necklace half across a crowded room, apparently without looking

She opened and closed the bag in her lap. "You know Paris rather well, don't you?"

"Oh, I can find my way around," said Bertrand with a lift to his lips that was less than a smile and yet managed to be fatuously annoying. "What would you like to know?"

"I want to have my pearls restrung," said Gordon, taking the broken necklace out of her bag.

"That's easy. I'll introduce you at a place where they'll do it for half price if I'm with you."

"Half-price places are just what I want to avoid. I'm looking for the safest jeweler in town, and even then I won't feel happy until I get them back."

"My, but we're fussy!" said Bertrand lightly "Let's have a look."

Not without some misgivings did she place the necklace in his outstretched hand. "There's one missing, but luckily I found it."

Bertrand knew little or nothing about pearls beyond the fact that real ones in the open were as valuable as they had become scarce, but having served an apprenticeship in a Bowery pawnshop, he knew a lot about precious stones Consequently it was the clasp, formed of a sapphire and a

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"I'll Finish This, if You Don't Mind," Said Boughton Grimly

UP TO NOW—An Autobiography

By ALFRED E. SMITH

IN MY first three terms in the assembly I knew nothing about lobbying, or anything else that was going on, for that matter. The revelations of the Hughes insurance investigation silenced the so-called Black Horse Cavalry and put an end to the open operations of the lobby. Most important and startling of the revelations before the committee was the maintenance in Albany of a resort known as the House of Mirth, paid for by the insurance lobby. Here legislators were entertained and here the insurance lobby put in its fine work.

A lobby, as such, is not to be held in public disrepute. Lobbying came into disrepute when it conspired against the public interests and tried to defeat the public will with the use of funds. There is a great difference between a lobby active to defeat measures to protect policyholders in an insurance company and a lobby actively promoting the creation of some public agency of general public good and public benefit. I lobbied myself, in 1921 and 1922, for the adoption of the comprehensive plan of the Port of New York Authority as well as for the reorganization of the state government.

Amateur and nonsalaried lobbyists caused some amusing situations at times. No lobby, in my time, was as strong in point of members as the lobbies for the promotion of equal pay for men and women teachers, the adoption of the suffrage amendment and those in favor of local option and later for the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment.

I always favored the principle of equal pay for equal work. I could never understand what reasonable or sensible argument could be made against paying a woman the same salary that you would pay a man for doing the same kind of job. I strongly backed the teachers' equal-pay bills in 1908 and finally had the pleasure of signing those which brought about real equality while I was governor.

In the 1911 session of the legislature I occupied what afterward became two distinct positions. I was not only the majority leader but I was also chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. The 1911 session demonstrated that that was too much work to put on any one man, and in 1912, at the suggestion of Ed Merritt, who was then Speaker, the rules of the assembly were changed so that the Speaker could appoint one man as the majority leader and another man as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

Because of my dual capacity in 1911, I was limited in the number of state legislative enactments I could introduce and keep track of and defend. As majority leader I gave many of the bills to the chairmen of the different committees and assisted them in promoting them on the floor.

A glance at the record indicates that I introduced three classes of bills that year—those that carried out the party platform; those that were upon some subject of which I had an intimate personal knowledge, such as our inferior criminal courts, because of my service on the commission to study them; and finance bills for the support of government.

The Old Ripper Bills

THE first bill I introduced that year was the bill to ratify the amendment to the Federal Constitution levying a tax on incomes. The promise to ratify it was part of the Democratic platform of that year, and accordingly, Senator Wagner, then president pro tem of the senate, and I introduced and defended the bill.

Probably the most important bill introduced by Senator Wagner and myself was the one setting up the Department of Conservation. It was drawn up by Senator Wagner and passed both houses under his name. It merged in a new department, to be known as the Conservation Department, the old Fish and Game Commission, the Forest Preserve Board and the State Water Supply Commission. As far as my memory goes, it was the first consolidation of allied activities into a single department. Therefore the record indicates that I was interested in the consolidation of state departments not only before I became governor but long before the suggestion was made in the Constitutional Convention.

Although I had met Mr. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, while I was spending a summer at Good Ground, Long Island, in 1908, it was a casual meeting out on a sand bar when we were out swimming at Quogue. It was not until 1911, when I was majority leader, that my intimate acquaintance with Mr. Murphy began. He was leader of Tammany Hall and, contrary to the general belief, took a very keen interest in the affairs of the party, so far as it was able to promote the interests of the state. Every week-end he met at Delmonico's restaurant a group of legislative leaders and men in whose judgment he had confidence. These meetings were largely for the purpose of discussing measures of benefit not alone to the city but to the whole state and to map out party strategy.

Mr. Murphy, being a man who himself had come up from lowly surroundings, took a keen interest in bills embodying social legislation. The Factory Investigating Commission's bills, the widows' pension law, and similar bills had his unfailing and enthusiastic support.

Contrary to the general belief, Mr. Murphy was not what is commonly referred to as The Boss. He was a good adviser, and if he placed his confidence in a man he allowed that man to make the decision. The Democratic attitude in all major proposals was determined by the group of men he called around him. They were usually leading lawyers and well-trained business men. His familiar expression was, "If these men do not understand this thing, who does?"

The Smith Family on October 28, 1915. Old Home Night on Oliver Street

The greatest political arguments in the legislature in the old days occurred over what were called ripper bills. The party in power would legislate their political opponents out of office and provide for some new method of appointment. These bills were pretexts for patronage. Some of them were characteristic. Prior to the time that the appointment of the Commissioner of Jurors was given to the judges of the Appellate Division in Brooklyn, the appointing power was changed every two years to suit the complexion of the officers. When the Democrats elected enough men to appoint the Commissioner of Jurors, the Republicans would change the law, and vice versa. Under the pretense of reorganization, whole departments would be abolished and established all over again. The State Fair Commission at that time consisted of the Lieutenant Governor, the Commissioner of Agriculture and two appointees of the Governor. The Lieutenant Governor and the Commissioner of Agriculture were Republicans. The two appointees of the Governor were Democrats. A bill was introduced terminating the terms of the Democratic Commissioners, but the power of appointment by the Governor was left undisturbed.

This type of legislation could not happen today under the reorganized government, because the departments and the manner of bringing them into existence are fixed in the constitution itself.

Discord in the Camp

THE 1911 session of the legislature was also notable for the strong difference of opinion between the members of the majority party. It began with the defeat of William F. Sheehan for United States Senator and continued throughout the session. That is explained, to my way of thinking, by the fact that a great many of the upstate Democrats elected to the assembly and the senate in the fall of 1910 were really not in sympathy with the big majority of the party coming from the cities. They represented rural communities having nothing in common with the city of New York.

Something which occurred in connection with an amendment to the excise law relating to the provision forbidding a saloon to be established within two hundred feet of a church or school is an apt illustration. It was intended by the framers of this law to mean that if the church or the school located first, a saloon could not locate thereafter. A decision of the Court of Appeals in 1910 held the wording of the statute to be such that no license could be reissued or renewed to any saloon for the sale of liquor within two hundred feet of a church or school, even if they established themselves after the saloon had been there. Therefore, anybody could start a church or school within two hundred feet of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, which had been in operation for years, and the hotel license to sell liquor could not be renewed. The Court of Appeals, in its decision, spoke of the harshness of the law and suggested in so many words that relief be sought by legislation. Having in mind the great investment in hotel, restaurant and café property in all the cities of the state, there was an agreement entered into among the legislative leaders on the Democratic side to give the relief suggested by the Court of Appeals.

The bill had no trouble in the senate, as the great majority of Democrats in the senate came from the big cities. Although there was agreement on it when the bill came on the assembly calendar for final passage, I discovered, coming close to the end of the roll call, that it did not have the necessary seventy-six votes to pass it. I asked the Speaker if he had excused anybody from what we call a "close call of the House," but he said "No." I scurried through the assembly parlor and all the assembly inclosure to find out what had become of the missing members. I went to the men's wash room, and the old colored porter there, being a friend of mine, motioned toward the

window. I opened the window and saw five Democratic members of the assembly standing outside on a scaffold that was being used for repair work on the burned part of the Capitol. As leader of the majority, I insisted that they come under the influence of the House and cast their votes, informing them that it made no difference which way they voted, but they must vote. The bill passed.

Similarly with the Greater New York Charter, the city-against-the-country attitude, or the country-against-the-city attitude, was clearly reflected in the session of 1911, and it broke down party lines. Needless for me to say, none of the so-called insurgent assembly group, or very few at least, were returned from their constituencies that year, and that accounted for giving the assembly back to the Republicans after the first year of Democratic ascendancy in the body for sixteen years.

In the session of 1912 the assembly was in control of the Republicans and the senate in control of the Democrats. It was short and uninteresting. The only outstanding constructive achievement was the passage of the resolution proposing an amendment to the state constitution to permit the enactment by the legislature of a workmen's compensation law and certain of the recommendations of the Factory Investigating Commission which had been in active operation for more than six months. Senator Wagner, being leader of the senate as well as chairman of the commission, naturally put the bills through the upper house. As I was vice chairman of the Factory Investigating Commission, it fell to my lot to push them and defend them in the assembly, and I was successful with a great majority of them, due to the liberal attitude of Speaker Merritt.

Henry Campbell, Who Put Him in Politics

Much of the opposition to them was due to an entire misunderstanding of what they sought to do. There was talk of the exercise of outside influences on the legislature, because manufacturers generally throughout the state were beginning to organize in opposition to some of the statutes, which they regarded as too drastic. Once they had been put into operation, manufacturers themselves would be the last ones to suggest repeal. The revelations of the Factory Investigating Commission convinced the large employers of labor that an employe who was sound in health was an asset, and when all is said and done, these measures largely provide for what might be called decent, clean housekeeping in places where large numbers of people are employed. In that year, also, the first attempt was made to supply power, energy and electricity from hydro-electric plants owned and controlled by the state, to the various municipalities of the state. It passed the Democratic senate, but went down to defeat in the Republican assembly.

Landslide

IT CAUSED long debates in the lower house and was really the first move made to carry out the mandate of the statute enacted in 1907 which brought about the 1911 Conservation Commission, charged with preparing and submitting to the legislature a comprehensive plan of development of water power under state ownership and state control. Adjournment occurred upon the twenty-ninth of March, which was the earliest date of adjournment of any session of the legislature in which I had served up to that year

Although John Alden Dix was a candidate for renomination in 1912, the majority of Democratic leaders throughout the state were of the opinion that it would be difficult if not impossible to reelect him. They believed that William Sulzer, then serving in Congress, could be elected. Personally I did not favor the nomination of Sulzer and never voted for him in the convention

Due to the division in the Republican Party, there was a Democratic landslide in the state of New York, in the state election of 1912. There had been three candidates for governor in the field. This was the year in which the Progressive Party made its great fight and Oscar Straus was its candidate for governor The Republicans on the regular ticket ran Job E. Hedges. With the Republican vote split two ways, it was easy for the Democrats to elect their candidate, and Sulzer became governor.

The senate and assembly were overwhelmingly Democratic. Of the 150 members in the assembly, 105 were Democrats. Strange to say, the only Republican legislators who survived were from the small counties, where the Republican machine, because of its local patronage and the comparatively few voters, had such an overwhelming control that the Republican candidates could be victorious even with the party split in two. Not a single Republican was elected to the legislature from Montauk Point to Westchester County

As the unanimous choice of the majority for Speaker of the assembly I was duly selected at the caucus the night before the legislature convened. Immediately after my election I ran into my chief difficulty in an effort to find sufficient committee places for 105 men. I found myself one general who wished he did not have so many soldiers

When I ascended the rostrum to preside over the assembly, I believed that I had reached the peak of my political prominence. My elevation to the Speakership was pleasing to me and to my family. My wife, my mother, my five children and all my friends were present the day that the assembly convened. The Speaker of the assembly wields a great power over that body. The chairmen of all committees are his appointees. They form his cabinet. His advice is sought with respect to all legislative proposals. All the Speakers of the assembly in my time felt the weight of the responsibility

Sheriff Smith and Charles F. Murphy on the Boardwalk, Palm Sunday, 1916

A Job With Lots of Work

TEN days before adjournment all committees of the assembly are discharged, and thereafter till adjournment all legislation is in the hands of the Committee on Rules, of which the Speaker is chairman. There has been considerable criticism of the Committee on Rules. It has been called arbitrary, tyrannical and as many other things as anybody could, in decency, call it, but, in my opinion, the real fact of the matter is that the assembly could not operate in the closing days without the Committee on Rules. The body is too large, there are too many committees, and it would be impossible to print the calendars, if all the various committees of the assembly were in continuous operation right up to adjournment.

There is probably no harder-worked man in the whole state government than the Speaker of the assembly while that body is in session. In the last ten days of the session it is a day-and-night job. The Committee on Rules often sits until the small hours of the morning, requiring everybody to be back in the chamber before ten o'clock the next day. The public printer keeps the presses running night and

Continued on Page 151

The New Sheriff and His Family, Including His Mother and His Sister, Mrs. Glynn

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Industrial Geography

THOUGH an intensely practical fact, the location of manufacturing establishments is likewise the subject of much idealistic dreaming. The utilitarian aspect is self-evident, but the theoretical side is almost as urgent. Sections and cities without any industry are poor, while those in which it is overdeveloped suffer from many social ills. One of the greatest of living manufacturers has expressed the view that rural plants might be set up with the idea of employing idle farm labor in off months. City planners of every description talk of the evil of extreme factory congestion in the larger centers. Meanwhile self-interest pulls and hauls in a thousand ways to locate the pay rolls which go with factories.

Fortunately, whether because of or despite many divergent voices, the trends in industrial location are distinctly wholesome. The geographical structure of industry is slowly but soundly building. This is brought out clearly in the report of the committee formerly headed by Secretary Hoover for the study of recent economic changes. The noteworthy fact is the gradual evening out of manufacturing. The tendency is definitely toward a more equal distribution of plants. The rapid industrial growth of the South is one instance. A second is the shift from city to country, while a third is the breaking down of local concentration in historical centers of specific industries. There is also a marked tendency to establish branch plants to feed certain areas and to rush deliveries. Finally, new industries do not any longer necessarily settle in the old areas.

It would be a lengthy and ambitious undertaking to trace the causes for these shifts. Improvement in transportation is one of the chief reasons. For all practical purposes the country is growing smaller. Congestion in the cities makes more attractive the lower taxes, real-estate values and labor costs in smaller places. Though in a few cases the earlier center has lost an industry entirely, the more common experience is for dominance to disappear. Thus, though the annual value of packing products in Chicago has doubled since 1899, its proportion for the whole country has fallen from 35.6 to 18.8. The annual production of carpets and rugs in Philadelphia has more than doubled in that time, but the proportion has dropped from 45.6 to 27.8.

The rise and fall of industrial dominance in sections, cities and towns may work a measure of hardship. But in general this evening-out tendency is to be welcomed. It makes for more efficient production and less delay in shipments. There is less dependence than formerly upon single types of activity. Not only is national wealth increased but the social effect is, as far as can be seen, sounder.

American Criticism of America

IN LONDON is an American society which, among other activities, celebrates the Fourth of July. It has the candor to do this under the name of Independence Day. On the latest occasion Ambassador Dawes delivered an address that was highly praised by the London press as a patriotic address—short, but to the point. On this occasion John Grier Hibben, president of Princeton University, thought it fitting to deliver to the United States a castigation according to his lights.

It was the complaint of Mr. Hibben—we employ the approved academic usage—that this country was ungenerous to our Allies in the settlements of the war loans. He protested against the proposed revision of the American tariff, which he feared would retard the rehabilitation of Europe. Finally, he explained that the so-called Revolutionary War, in which our Union found its origin, was not a war for independence but was a "war by British subjects for the rights of Great Britain." The cable accounts, from which our information is drawn, reported the ambassador as squirming under the address.

We take it that the references to the Revolutionary War adverted to the view, now quite commonly held, that the American revolt was against the little Englanders, and that the true position of British opinion, though politically ineffective to prevent the official attitude that made the revolt inevitable, was the one held by Burke and Fox. In short, we are asked to believe that the real Britishers were with us at the time, but that this country did not know it. Whether this be true or not, we cannot see that it was germane to link the Revolutionary War, the debts of the World War and the pending tariff bill in one indictment of this country.

If the ambassador squirmed, we fancy it was because he regarded the castigation—or apology, as one may choose to regard it—as out of place, not as an expression of consciousness of guilt.

Moonlight Schools

WHEN China discarded the imperial government and adopted democracy, or what was hoped would lead to democracy, the problem of illiteracy became the crucial problem. Night schools were opened, not for children but for adults. Upon the success of such forced education hinges the pacification of China. Something of the same thing has been gone through with in Russia since the war. In both countries political responsibilities were suddenly thrust upon populations whose members could neither read nor write. That a substantial degree of adult illiteracy exists in this country, with a century and a half of popular government, is, we fancy, not widely realized.

Since the war a movement has been under way in several Southern states to remove adult illiteracy by establishment of night schools—moonlight schools, they are called. The pupils are not the foreign element, not immigrants. These illiterates are of old stock, English and French stock, who have become insularized. Some of this mountain stock is probably as pure-blooded as any in the United States, Nordic without admixture. The moonlight schools were established before the war, but the movement has more recently attained larger proportions, as the importance of the work has become recognized. It is amazing that an identic social need such as this exists in this country, in China and in Russia.

Responsibility Breeds Precaution

THE previous Labor Government had made it clear to Great Britain that labor in that country is not radical. This has been given an additional demonstration by the refusal of the present cabinet to permit Leon Trotzky to reside in Great Britain "for urgent medical treatment and scientific work." Trotzky and Lenin were the principal factors in the conversion of state socialism into communism in Russia after the revolution of 1917. Following the death of Lenin, changes in the communistic party in Russia resulted in the ascendancy of Stalin and the exile of Trotzky, who has been latterly residing in Turkey. The former government of Baldwin had denied the right of asylum to Trotzky, who, not unnaturally, preferred to live in England rather than in Turkey, and this decision has been reaffirmed by the Labor Government. At the same time, it is announced that the cabinet is entering on discussions with the dominion governments looking to the re-recognition of the Russian Government by Great Britain. In this connection it has been given to understand that the Labor Government is willing to grant this to Russia only on condition that Russia cease all anti-British propaganda everywhere in the world. This implies cessation of attacks on British imperialism. But imperialism ranks with capitalism as the enemy of communism. Taken together, these acts of British labor have a strong flavor of British tradition, with little seasoning of the Internationale.

Shifting Freight Rates for Effects

THINGS are being urged in the name of farm relief that may later return to haunt us. It is well to bear in mind that a policy set up in what is regarded as an exceptional situation may become a precedent later in a situation less exceptional. In urging a general reduction in freight rates on grain on the ground that agriculture is unprosperous, a point of view is being enunciated that may later be seized upon by other lines of business if they become unprosperous. As reported in the press, the counsel of the National Association of Railroad and Utilities Commissioners, in an argument before the Interstate Commerce Commission, going the full length of the verbal position of the Hoch-Smith resolution, declared that unless rail rates are reduced, grain production in present volume cannot continue. Granted that current prices of grain are unremunerative, is it known that freight rates for carrying grain are remunerative? Must every industry expect to carry on high production profitably irrespective of circumstances? Suppose the coal-mining industry were to ask for rates low enough to permit of a high volume of production being resumed. Is it wise to interject variations in freight rates as factors in competitive struggles? We have deep sympathy for agriculture, but we have the fear that in the long run such a freight-rate policy would do agriculture more harm than good.

Foreign Reactions to Tariff Revision

WHENEVER a tariff is being revised, it provokes more or less widespread international comment. Most of this is good-natured trade bantering; some of it is ill-natured trade antagonism. Largely it is for domestic consumption. When the tariff revision involves a country of the trade dimensions of the United States, foreign bluster is correspondingly widespread.

One of the warnings being extended to us in the press of Europe is at once gratuitous and diverting. Higher tariff rates will make difficult, more difficult, or even impossible, the payment to us of obligations due us from Europe. We are thus adjured by those who are under obligation to us not to injure our chances of being paid. This is urged in our interest. In short, in this particular case, objection to proposed tariff changes is based not on the fear that such changes might inflict trade injury on the European but might inflict injury on us, and it is from this injury that the European wishes us protected. It is like an adult taking a knife from a child.

Interesting, but rather obvious. If tariff changes were likely to make international payments difficult and to injure us, the instinct of trade competition would suggest to the other fellow that we might be allowed to hang ourselves. Under what obligation are our trade competitors to warn us and save us? Or are we to infer that such solicitude is an advanced illustration of the new international amity?

THE MERGER MOVEMENT

By Albert W. Atwood

FOOLS, it has been said, ask questions which wise men cannot answer, although one need not be a fool to ask them. Such is the question of whether there is anything new under the sun. It trips lightly enough off the tongue, but it remains an enigma none the less, in abstract theory as well as in the most severely practical affairs. Do we live in a new era or not? Are the absorbing problems and issues which so engross our daily lives really new, or do they merely seem that way?

In the business world one cannot but wonder whether the apparently all-pervasive tendency to combine separate units is as new as it appears to be. Certainly the merger idea has become almost an economic religion throughout the English-speaking countries. We see it here not only in respect to banks, railroads, public-utility holding companies and chain stores but in thousands of miscellaneous industrial and commercial groupings.

In fact, it has slopped over, so to speak, into cultural, philanthropic and even spiritual realms. We have mergers of symphony orchestras for reasons which sound like those adduced when two banks or steel companies are put together. Merger talk is in the air as regards theological seminaries, and never before was there such vitality, according to those who are supposed to know, in the promptings toward church union. Several mergers of denominations actually have been effected in the past few years, and progress along this line is said to be less vague and impractically ambitious than in the earlier proposals; the effort now is to bring like and like together as measured by characteristic forms of government.

Clearly there is abroad in the land, not only here but in England, a profound conviction of the efficacy of and a perfect passion for consolidation. It is proposed as the remedy for every ill; it is the wonder device, the miracle medicine of the hour. Human nature changes very little; it always goes to extremes with these formulas and dogmas. Only a few years ago scientific management was all the rage, then came the efficiency expert, and now these are forgotten in the rush to merge.

In a recent address to a congress of railroad workers, Sir Josiah Stamp, chairman of one of the great British rail combinations, spoke of the many new books on the subject of amalgamation, as they call it in England, but he added that no economist had written after working from within outward:

"Amalgamation is the blessed word of the day. We are either saving dying industries by plans for new combines or pulling recent amalgamations up by the roots to see how they are growing. My present preoccupation is trying to realize some of the economies of amalgamation in an earnest endeavor to justify the glibly given and blithely estimated promises of politicians."

No, there is no ready-made or standard solution for the problems of business. The mere act of consolidation does not make two dollars sprout where one grew before. Mergers may be very successful or utter failures, as we know from bitter past experience, and unmerged firms either grow from within to the largest possible size or wither away. Nor is there anything inherently new in the urge to merge. What could have been more spectacular or, in relation to the scale of those days, more prodigious than the so-called trusts of the last part of the past century and the first few years of this!

For that matter, we have a dozen, perhaps a score, of far-flung railroad systems, each one the result of a long series of mergers, big and little. Moreover, since 1920 the railroads have had actual government sanction for still further and larger mergers, although progress under this act is slow and anything but impressive. But it is most peculiar to hear people talk of big business and of great combinations as though these manifestations were new and confined to manufacturing and chain stores, or, at most, to the electric-power companies. No industry of major importance has in it such enormous units, so uniformly the result of consolidation, as railroading. But the public has been accustomed to large railroad systems for so long that nothing is thought of them.

(Continued on Page 76)

The Naval Reduction Conference. When, and If

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Rabbit That Overcame its Inferiority Complex

"Don't You Feel the Harsh Bleakness of New England in That?"

Hitherto Uncollected Facts About Historical Celebrities

MILITANT and brave Zenobia,
Owing to her claustrophobia,
At tinned fish made dire grimaces.
She'd a fear of shut-up plaices.

Signor Dante Alighieri
Was quite eleemosynary;
He expounded precepts pious
To his paupers and pariahs.

Temperamental Saint Cecilia
Had a bower of bougainvillea
It was cool, there's no denying,
But the color was so trying!

Ancient Hermes Trismegistus
Contemplated distant vistas;
Saying brightly, "I expect
'Twill expand my intellect."

College President's Friend: "I've Often Wondered Why You Always Returned From Your Vacations So Refreshed and Strengthened"

Once the Emperor Justinian
Fell in love with an Abyssinian;
On account of this black person
He was banished off to Cherson.

V. Aritus Heliogabalus
Read a book that he called Rabelais.
Although he was a temple priest
He wasn't holy in the least.

Said that flippant minx, Bathsheba,
When told she sprang from the amœba,
"Maybe amœba I may be,
Or that amœba may be me!"

Bridge and the End of the World

THE radio announcer was reading news items. His voice could be plainly heard as it issued from the loud-speaker.

"The world," he said, "is about to come to an end. Scientists estimate that

(Continued on Page 104)

Foreigner: "Good-by to One Rotten Country"

"Hurrah! His Voice Test Was a Success—Now He's in a Barkie!"

If you wish your cold meals to be most delicious . . .

Always serve a hot soup! You'll be delighted to find how much better the cold foods taste after you've eaten a bracing, hot soup. It's healthful, too, for the stomach responds to the warmth, and digestion is aided. Campbell's Tomato Soup, or any of the twenty other tempting Campbell's selections, gives new brightness and variety to your summer table. 12 cents a can.

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

LONE TREE

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXVI

NOW the days had come to what Professor Abercrombie called "Autumn's silent revels of decay." The annual adventure of haying was long over and lordly stacks loomed at the center of meadows far and near. Cattle were fat, prices up. Soon would be heard—drunk in by an entranced Ben Carcross—the tireless chorus of white-faced calves being weaned against their will, while their mothers, in the first agonies of bereavement, crowded as near as stout fences would permit, hotly voicing antiphonal barytones.

Ben sat at his nearly antique desk in the ranch-house living room and rejoiced in the year's showing. The Branlock Advertiser, especially since General Pettigrew had begun his major operations in finance, spoke of Ben from week to week as a multimillionaire. All right for that, but first he was a multi-cattleman, whether the money-mad world did or did not regard this as a distinction worthy of print. Idly now, with but mild interest in the beginning, he scanned a half year's accumulation of canceled checks; tokens from a troubled region he had never wished to inhabit and to which, by reason of his masterly guile, no one had yet succeeded in deporting him.

Yet now he dimly felt in these dead slips a tender melancholy, some faded beauty like that of flowers the girls used to press in books, the scent lost, the color dulled, only their outlines preserved with the joyous, confident signatures. "Dead money—but it died happy," thought Ben. And now the old general was foolishly—it seemed to him—bending his splendid talent to the making of still more money instead of stopping to help an uneasy world with its problems. In the old days the general would have been thinking up ways out of that muddle at Geneva or deciding what should be done about Boulder Dam or how to protect thousands of poor people from the Father of Waters at flood. Yet he had fallen to piling up useless money!

The general's checks, especially those of later dates, were rather noteworthy, revealing a steady increase until sums were showing that no mere cattleman had ever written down save under delusions of grandeur. Many were to the order of one Hornblatt, a name in which Ben found a musical suggestion. He contrasted the general's checks with those of Presh, who, still desirous of vainglory in his attire, was at last expressing himself in the West's classiest garage; doing a whale of a business, too, Ben had been astonished to learn. Presh was simply changing the appearance of local highways by adorning them predominantly with one of the best-selling little cars that ever came out of Michigan. The motoring population for miles around had learned in no time—curiously, it seemed to Ben—to trade in its old cars for the super-six Luxton.

Ben was impressed, too, by some rather staggering amounts checked over to the St. John Smythes, dating back to those that defrayed the cost of treasures blandished from Hercule's careless friends abroad. Ben couldn't help being impressed by the presumably actual worth of these treasures that Hercule had picked up for mere songs. And Hercule might be a butterfly, as his mother had so prettily said, but it seemed to Ben—he admitted the base thought with shame—that the lad had somewhere concealed beneath that frivolous exterior a tiny bit of the ant's genius for storing a surplus against the pinch of want.

But what did it matter? The checking account of Lone Tree was immune from any but his own signature and he felt no concern for the drains on the other. He felt even a little guilty because from that inexhaustible account he had checked a considerable sum to pay for the new bulls. He might hark back to a lean year when one of those checks for a set of Empire chairs would have made a lot of difference in his social standing at the Second National, but what mattered it now? He encircled the checks with a rubber band and stowed them away in a drawer of his desk with a vague notion that they were treasurable keepsakes—dead embers of the fun Addie and the girls had so long deserved.

He turned to study the flashing souvenir menu of the house-warming banquet presently to dazzle all of Branlock and perhaps some of the outlying districts. It was faced with white satin and surmounted by an engraving of the mansion, under which ran the legend, Residence of Benjamin P. Carcross. He tried to imagine this elaborate structure as his residence, but with as little success might he have attempted to decode the menu below its title. The leading item was hors d'œuvres, which he at first suspected of a faintly ranch flavor. Then he recalled having ordered hors d'œuvres out of curiosity at his New York hotel, only to find it a lot of little fixings that they stuck him $2.50 for. The remainder of the menu was even less informing until "café" was reached, which he did not need to be told was French for coffee in one of those cheating little cups that they didn't give you sugar and cream with. Still, it was a pretty thing, that menu.

Addie had brightly shown it to him, saying, "Do you sense the wonder of it all?" He did sense it, and wondered if you would have to order from it or whether they would bring the stuff on so you could eat a little of this and a little of that and maybe something else. He couldn't find steak, but they would be sure to have steak there under some foreign name. He'd ought to learn French for "steak" the way he learned it for "beautiful friend." Addie had told him, "Covers will be laid for twenty," giving him a confused impression that the twenty might be going to eat their banquet in bed.

And Addie had been concerned about her invitation list—the cream of Branlock's socially elect for the banquet, with the lower level asked to look in after dinner. Ben was glad to note that Pete Snell had been numbered among the elect. He'd have hated to see Pete drifting in with the culls. He also observed the names of Bill Hepburn and a party he would bring from the city. Bill was all right up to a certain point. Then he had two ways with him. He either got noisy and wanted to show you how easy he could break your arm or how easy he could bite lead pencils into shreds, or he got sentimental and wanted to harmonize in certain old songs with a heart pull. It was a fight or tears with Bill. Addie was taking a chance, Ben considered.

He didn't care to suggest anything after he had firmly stipulated that Whitey should be among the chosen twenty. Since Whitey had degenerated into a mere machinist it had been Addie's idea that he should come to the great house as one of the peasantry, along with the cow hands. But Ben had been firm about Whitey, and Addie, recognizing that new firmness—some unfortunate effect of his ill-advised operation—had gracefully given in, merely citing the need for evening clothes. Ben saw the justice of this and went to the mail-order catalogue with Whitey's measurements.

"The hell!" murmured Whitey when told of the impending honor. "But anything you say, sheriff. I had to go up in one of those suits one time when I was doubling for a guy supposed to be drunk that stole a plane and acted crazy with it on his way to save a gal's fair name. I guess I can wear one standing up." He doubtfully regarded his nails. Tinkering at reapers and the ranch cars had rendered a drastic manicure treatment imperative and he sought Doyle, who had once operated on a hang nail for him.

There was a blanch of frost over the fields each morning now; mornings pronounced by the professor to be chill, but not insalubrious. This member of the ranch staff had come on, being, as Ben put it, prime any day for beefing. His garments were no longer more than a little roomy, the desk stoop was noticeably realigned and he would now and then salt his speech with unbookish words. Also he developed a blood lust and went with Art Dugdale to hunt

(Continued on Page 30)

He Acquired His Unexciting Life History in No Time

THE CITY
OF SUNBRITE
IS FRESHLY CLEAN

Golfing hands . . scrubbing hands . . tea-party hands . . . one pair with many occupations. Modern, these hands, as modern as the tools they use. Sunbrite Cleanser, for instance, whose "double-action"—*purifying* as it scours—cuts cleaning time in two. Sunbrite freshens as it cleans—kills the persistent odor of strong foods on cutlery and dishes. Sunbrite does not harm the skin. Save your hands with Sunbrite . . . Order a supply for all your household cleaning, today.

SWIFT & COMPANY

Quick Arrow White Soap Chips make dainty things like new.

(Continued from Page 28)

the wild deer, sleeping two nights, after the manner of primitive savages, on a rubber air mattress. And on the shaggy slope of a distant hill he twice shot with murderous intent at a richly antlered buck. The buck fell after his two shots and one a second later by Art Dugdale, and he glowed with pride when Doyle called him a brute for killing the beautiful animal. The professor was now persuaded that he himself would some day dabble at gentleman farming; though perhaps in a locale of less difficult topography, not too unkemptly timbered.

Others of the staff were coming on. Miss Ellis had not only come far enough to believe she had a flair—she thought that was the word—for the great open spaces, but she was feeling a singular distaste for the careless years wasted in a great city, expecting so little, taunting life to do its worst. She was serious now, trying, in truth, to be as serious as one Burton G. Hemingway, president of the Second National Bank. Of all the contacts she had made, this seemed alone to be momentous. Mr. Hemingway had noticed her at the Bijou Picture Palace when three of the ranch help had taken her into town for an evening's riot. She had become by then just a good pal to those he boys of the ranch, convinced that there could never be anything serious between her and them

Crowding out of the Bijou, Mr. Hemingway had greeted her escorts effusively, practically forcing a ceremony of introduction, after which he had suggested refreshment, and provided this at the Sip and Bite Grotto with a look in his eyes that Miss Ellis had long since learned to read. Didn't she know when they were stung? Her new contact proving a capable host, a pleasant hour of Branlock's maddest night life was passed. The host revealed a wanton wish to make it two hours, but at eleven o'clock the three escorts of Miss Ellis began to yawn with practically no finesse and the party was sunk.

"Fancy my embarrassment," said Miss Ellis to Doyle, after telling of these repeated breaches of decorum. "And the man has class—city class—if you know what I mean."

She did her new friend no more than justice. Mr. Hemingway was the only man in Branlock who permitted an edging of white to show from beneath the neck of his waistcoat and he was otherwise caparisoned like a man of the world. Nor was he careless-minded like a cow hand; a man of affairs, of distinguished appearance and mature years, in face and faultless dress carrying more than a suggestion of the fleeting Mr. Melcher who had once dazzled our heroine. He had talked gravely of business conditions in Branlock, conveying to Miss Ellis the flattering presumption that she alone of his listeners would hang upon his words.

She had been pensive with the boys going home, not uptowning them, to be sure; chatty enough to elicit rough estimates of Mr. Hemingway's business rating and the circumstance that he had been lately widowed. Her informants coarsely suggested that Burton G. was again taking notice. This item the young lady properly seemed to ignore. Long and seriously that night she studied her reflection, knowing her glass to reveal no less than one who could at will be united to the stunning Mr. Hemingway in holy wedlock. It was a new future to face. Here was no mere stepper-out who would consider a flask of gin and a few dances sufficing entertainment for a girl born to higher things. A serious note had been sounded

Once she had thought, but only for an informing afternoon, that the younger Pettigrew had sounded a serious note; he was a jaunty figure and drove an always-new car with a certain winsome diablerie, but she had well known and timely reminded herself that life was not all motoring, and Presh had proved to be exclusively a motorist. "I bet that boy wouldn't have to unbutton his collar to take it off," she confided to Doyle. She had refused in rapid succession six ensuing invitations from Presh to come on and be a good fellow.

But here came something different. She recalled now that in a leisurely drive about Branlock the Hemingway residence had been pointed out to her as something to admire; a mansion itself, back of a spacious lawn set with carefully tended shrubs of exotic appearance. She had remembered that house. Almost anyone would have known it for a banker's house. Miss Ellis had come on.

Doyle, too, had come on, but only within the ordained limits of motherhood. Her baby was brown and rugged with a physical strength, according to the best public opinion, far beyond his ten months. At seven months he had hitched himself along the floor; at eight he had crept. Now he was truly walking, the capable hands at last released from any part in the locomotor functions—at least but for incidental holding to chairs and tables.

Ben Carcross had already advised breaking him early to a lead rope. If Doyle let him go unbroke he'd soon sear the hands of anybody that put a rope on him. And he was uttering undoubted words—words anyone with an ear could understand. Yet he hadn't been named, being called merely Pudge by friends and intimates. Doyle insisted that she hadn't got around to naming him.

Ben pressed her on this point one day while they watched the budding athlete put himself through some minor gymnastics with appropriate vocal accompaniment.

"You'd ought to name him. The idea of a grown-up brute like that not having any more name than Pudge!" Doyle blushed, a slow-mounting blush that rivaled, at length, her hair. "Go on, give him a name," Ben insisted. Doyle tightened her mouth, then held out inviting arms to the child.

"Come here, Pudge," she called. Her child looked up in some annoyance, but came drunkenly by way of two chairs, one full-length fall and a table. "What's your name?" demanded the woman. This evoked mutilations of several words and a wink which Whitey had lately taught him. The performer had learned that this facial contortion would bring a gratifying reception. There being no applause this time, he winked again and again with no result.

"Tell me your name," the woman commanded.

"Ben," came the weirdly distinct answer, rapidly followed by "Ben-Ben-Ben!" in a breathless staccato.

"I'll be good gosh danged!" This was Mr. Carcross, and the baby winked at him as he stared, twitching his head to make the wink evil and emphatic.

"I named him that a long time ago," admitted Doyle, still with the burning face. "Only I didn't know if you'd like it."

"Shucks!" muttered Ben, and only his restored tan kept his own blush from becoming public. Outside he noted the good old Veazey horse slouched on three legs, idly wasting good hay that he made scant pretense of wishing to eat. Veazey's owner smiled fondly at the deserving animal.

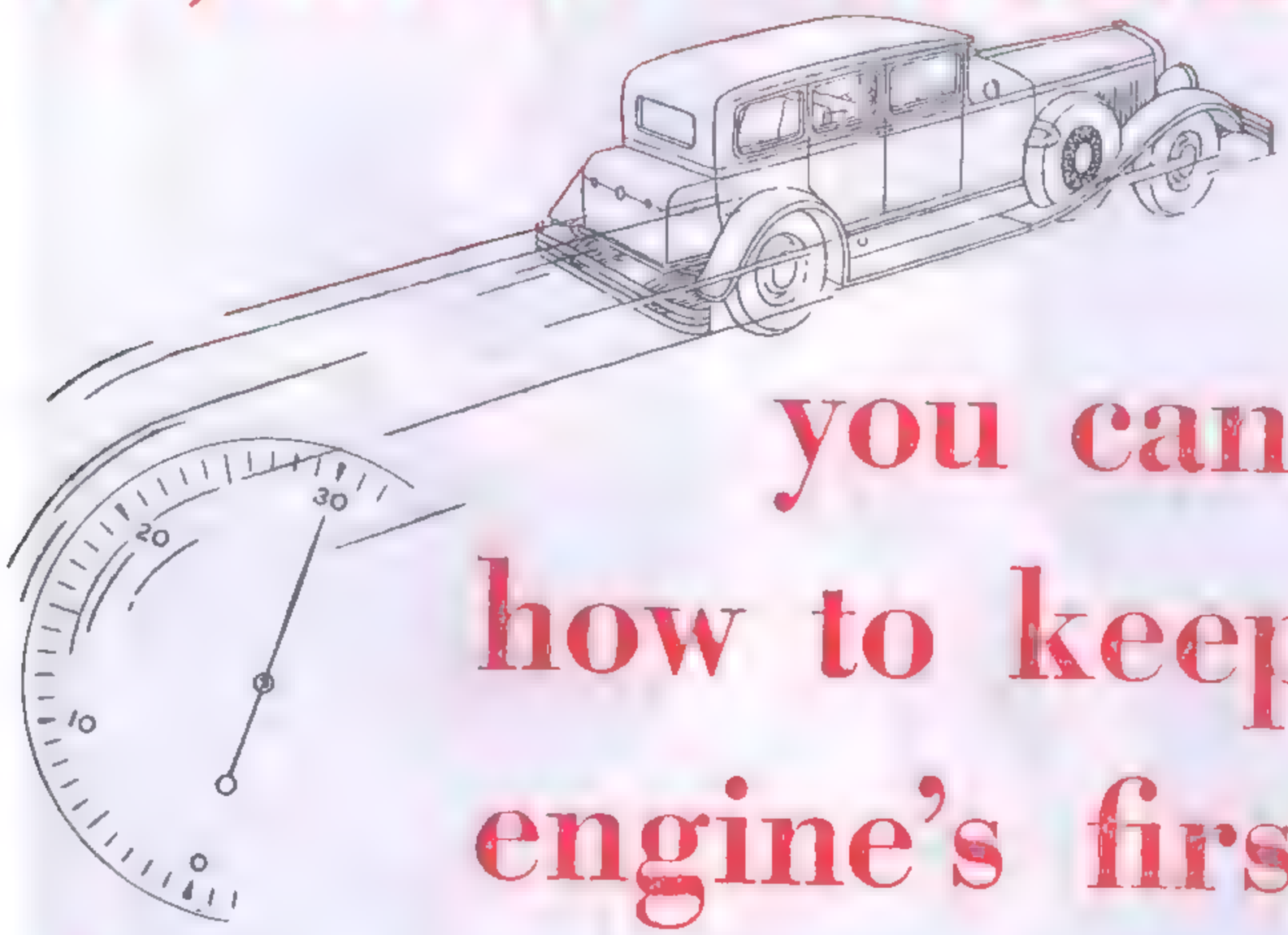
XXVII

DURING the two weeks succeeding their first encounter, Mr. Hemingway, a business man of methodical habits, had forgone no opportunity to show that his intentions toward Miss Ellis were far from light. He had not only escorted her to the Bijou when the better pictures were showing—certain photoplays he considered to be unwholesome in their influence on the young—but she had dined at his house, correctly chaperoned by her friend Mrs. Doyle—who had cut the evening short from a baseless fear that Portuguese Maria would fall asleep with a half-burned cigarette, incinerating not only herself but someone of importance.

(Continued on Page 66)

The Baby Winked at Him as He Stared

Here, in 30 seconds . . .



you can learn how to keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles

Directions: Find your car on this New Mobiloil Chart. Be sure thereafter that your crankcase is drained regularly and refilled always with the grade of the New Mobiloil specified. The New Mobiloil will do the rest.

* * *

In all our advertising this year we have definitely said that the New Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles. This is a conservative statement. As a matter of fact the New Mobiloil has kept the first-year feel in many test engines for more than twice 30,000 miles!

Drain and refill with the New Mobiloil today. Use it regularly. It's the safest way to keep the first-year feel in your engine.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

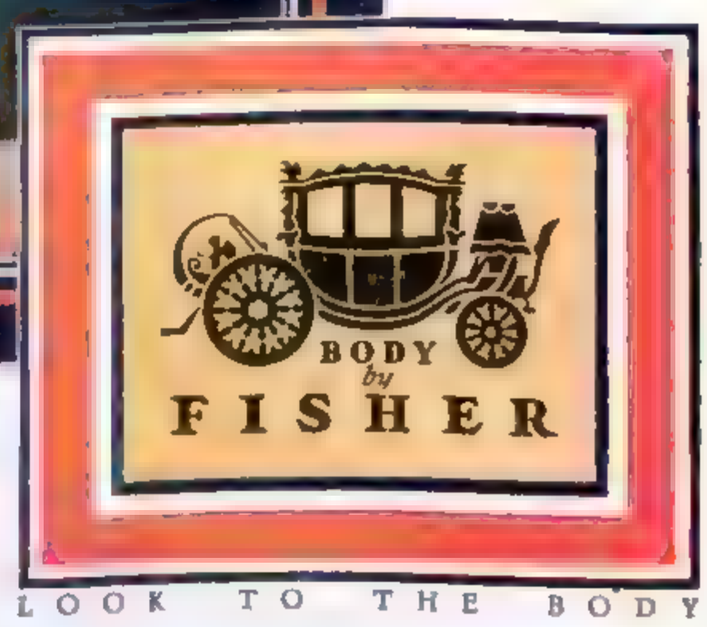
Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine Summer	1929 Engine Winter	1928 Engine Summer	1928 Engine Winter	1927 Engine Summer	1927 Engine Winter	1926 Engine Summer	1926 Engine Winter
[illegible]							A	A
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six			A	Arc	A	A		
other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet 4-cyl.			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]								
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Fordson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	..	..
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Model T					E	E	E	E
[illegible]	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
[illegible] 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
other models							A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc		
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
other models			BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible] 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

the New GARGOYLE Mobiloil



LOOK TO THE BODY

TWENTY YEARS AGO, Fisher built the best bodies known *then;* today, it is building the highest quality bodies available *now*—in any given price field. Contrast the body attributes of Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Marquette, Oakland, Viking, Buick, La Salle or Cadillac—all with Body by Fisher—with those of any cars in their price field—and the difference in favor of the Fisher Body car is almost startling. Fisher Body, by reason of its vastly superior ability to build greater body value and quality, is actually able to use the same basic kind of construction in bodies for cars in the *lowest price* field as is employed for cars of highest price. That is why the Fisher Body car continues attractive, inside and outside, in finish, in upholstery, in woodwork, in fittings; and remains weather-proof and free from noise. Twenty years of rigid adherence to highest quality standards and of constant endeavor to produce that quality at lower costs, thus finds its full fruition today in every body which Fisher builds.

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GENERAL MOTORS

WALK IN THE WATER

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

YEAR by year, Ben Sherrod had built his ships deeper, narrower and sharper; year by year, their masts shot higher and bore more canvas, until the lean black hulls would slip through the water in the faintest air. Yet he was not satisfied. The crabbed little merchant prince must have shorter passages yet; he picked drivers for captains, he wanted records with every log book that was turned into his countingroom at Salem.

When, in 1837, he built the bark Arethusa, Captain Arad Whitney shook his head at those long hard-pine masts and wide-hanging yards.

"She'll never carry them."

"Try her," says Ben Sherrod, and drew down a wrinkled lid over his glass eye. "If you can capsize her I'll give you my head for a football."

Ben Sherrod had started with a sea chest and a ditty-bag; now he had seven ships, a countingroom, a big house, a glass eye and a tormenting pretty daughter. Queer if his word wouldn't go for something! Captain Arad tried the ship and found her crank.

The Shadow of Her Jib Boom Whirled Across His Decks; Ochiltree Saw Him Lift an Arm All But Paralyzed With Fear, and Shatter His Spear Against the Ox-Eyed Mermaid at the Spitfire's Prow

Says Ben Sherrod, "I've made a mistake," and whipped out his red-leather memorandum book. "I've cut her too fine for once," he admitted.

"For once you have," said Captain Arad.

"Still, she's got a clean entrance."

"And a lean run," Arad added, "but she puts her yardarms under in a fresh breeze. Too fine a forebody."

"Why not put in twenty tons of lead and try again?" young James Ochiltree suggested.

"Why not?" Ben Sherrod asked. He set great store by that young man's ideas.

Captain Arad went out with the Arethusa—and the twenty extra tons—in a fresh breeze, tacked inside of Sound Point Beacon, and there, flood tide cutting under her, she lay down quietly and sank in seven fathom.

"You've made a serious mistake now!" Captain Arad yelled in Ben Sherrod's ear. They were both in the water, and Arad was keeping the little owner's nose out, for Ben Sherrod could swim no better than his new ship. "Call that a ladylike performance?"

"Get her up!" Ben Sherrod gasped. "Get her up, cut the masts off at the deck, put the foremast down the main hatch, add a foot of keel and ten tons of lead, and don't let me hear another tarnation word about the cussed packet."

With these changes, the Arethusa, Captain Arad Whitney master, made a record passage to China, but she was temperamental and required jockeying.

Ben Sherrod grumbled, "If you had not cut off those splendid sticks at the deck and laid on that ugly lump of false keel, she might have looked better still."

"So she might—like a ship in a mirage."

"How's that, Captain Whitney?"

"Bottom up. Bottom up, Mr. Sherrod," his captain said shortly. "As it is, I'll have to put calking irons on the men's shoes if I make another passage in her. She drowned them out in the foc'sle, and her decks were like the roof of a barn in anything better than a ten-knot breeze."

"I'll stiffen her," Ben Sherrod said. "I'm putting an engine in her now."

"Steam," Captain Arad uttered dismally. Whenever steam threatened, he had a dart of fright through his bones. He could never lay that ghost. Steam was in every man's mouth. What if, in the end, with its pale magic, it should succeed in changing the ship shape and driving white wings from the seas? A bitter prospect. These queer Cunarders crawled along now like ailing beetles, but Captain Arad, sailing sweetly past them in the Witch, could not convince himself that that ship devil in the steam chest had reached his maximum. That devil's very bondage was his power; freed, he was nothing more than wisps of steam, cloud, weak drops of water; but they would find a way to trap him closer yet. These fantastically restless young men, like James Ochiltree, on fire to pick up with any new thing, would find ways and means to prick that devil into new agonies of involuntary effort.

Arad himself was not forty yet, but he loved sail too devotedly to experiment with other rigs.

"Morgan wheels, is it? Then, Mr. Sherrod, I wash my hands of her."

"Hold your horses, Arad. I didn't say paddle wheels—one wheel out and one wheel under every time she heels, and the ship quaking like a dog. No, no. But Ochiltree has found a man named Ericsson that's a boiling pot of ideas. He's invented a little fiddle faddle of a fishtail to put at the stern, where, if it can't help her, it's no particular harm."

"A fishtail."

"Well, still it's not a fishtail neither, because, Arad, it's got a different motion to it—more on the order of a screw. Well, in fact, it is a screw, you might as well say, and screws the ship through the water like a screw going through wood. It's a water screw or spiral oar. She'll have one under each counter, keyed on a shaft. With a fair wind, to save coal, you trice 'em up to the flat of her stern, and they're no more drag to you than a couple of butterfly wings."

"Two of 'em, you say," Arad said, aghast.

"Two of the little beauties, and they'll shove her eight knots through a calm with all sails furled."

"Then I say," said Arad, "it was a bad day for the Arethusa when a man named Ericsson cast his shadow athwart her hawse. Haven't I gone round one of these Cunarders like a cooper going round a cask? Show me one of them that can make the passage to Liverpool in thirteen days?"

"Not with wheels. Not with wheels. But wheels ain't the end of steam," Ben Sherrod pointed out. He opened a log book of one of the Water Witch's past voyages. The writing was in Arad's own bold hand, clouded with the disinfectants slopped over it by customs officials in civilized ports.

"Here you are, bound for Guayaquil," Sherrod said. "Under date of January seventeenth I read, 'Just fanning along these twenty-four hours. Calms and light airs. This is threshing the life out of the sails. It's enough to make a bad man out of a good one.' Steam will make for morality, Captain Whitney."

"She had steerage way on her," Arad grumbled. "I wouldn't have been justified in taking in her muslin."

"Steerage way," Ben Sherrod fulminated. "Do I build ships to go to China—or to have steerage way on 'em? I tell you, Arad, with these spiral oars you won't heave to in a gale; you'll boil the kettle and shove on—shove on under bare poles and head seas. And furthermore, you'll not be paying a dollar a foot for pilots in and out of harbors. You'll stand on and off, and follow another ship in that has a pilot, and steam right up to the wharf."

"I can come up to a wharf under sail"

"If you've got wind, you can!" Ben Sherrod shrieked. "But you can make steam, whereas you have got to depend on God Almighty for the wind."

The argument was full of sweet reason, but to sponsor it was dangerous, James Ochiltree was finding. Like steam itself, Ochiltree's bondage was his power; he was a bond slave to Martha Sherrod, and not, it began to appear, likely to stay in her good graces if he persisted in hammering his friend Ericsson's ideas into Ben Sherrod's brain.

At a ball given in Faneuil Hall to some foreign prince or other, the ladies' room was in the Boston Militia's armory;

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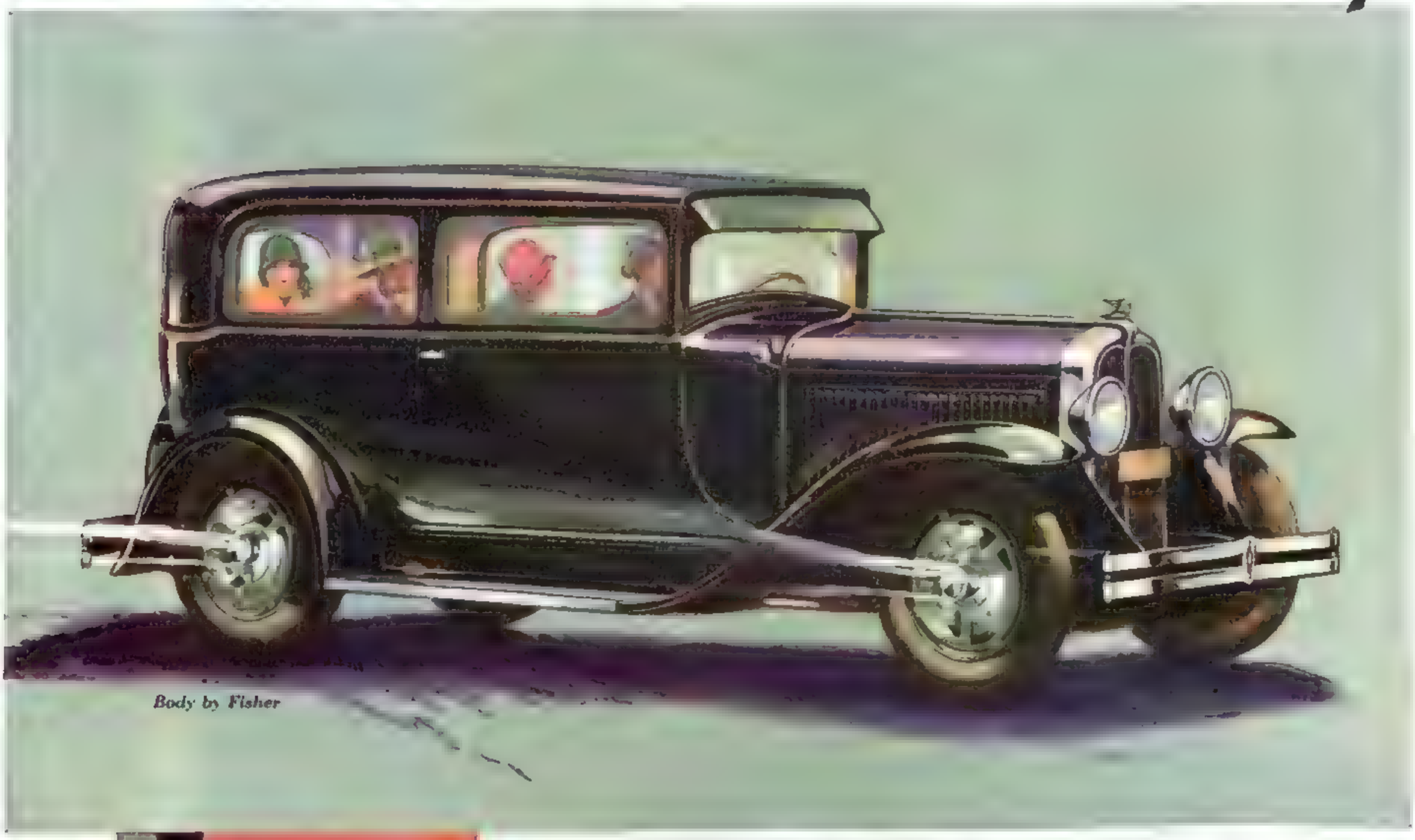

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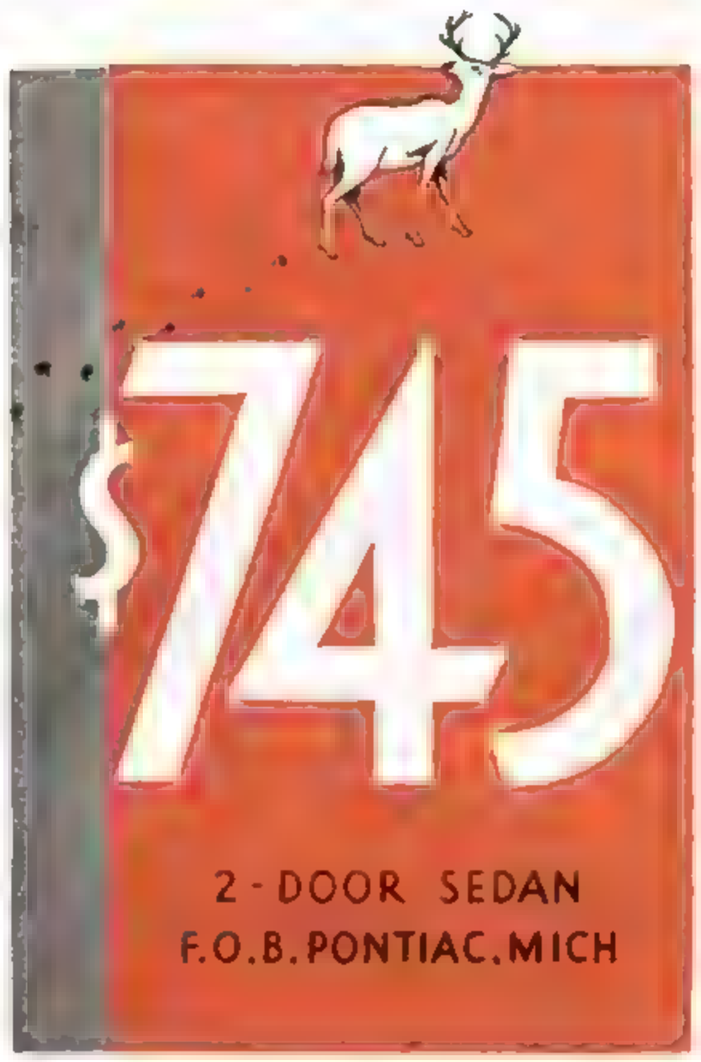

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OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

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and as the door opened, Ochiltree, posted there, saw Marthe's face reflected to him in a mirror framed with swords, her shawl and hat hanging on a bayonet adjacent. Her fine patrician eyes reflected the flash of steel. She was thinking that Jim Ochiltree had come to have a dangerous ascendancy over her too sanguine father.

"What's this I hear about spiral oars?" she said rapidly, as soon as she had laid her hand on his arm.

"A little change we're making in the Arethusa."

"What does Captain Whitney think of it?"

"Doesn't like it. He's associated too long with Chinamen," Ochiltree averred jestingly. "He likes that maxim of his cook, Loo Seng: 'All thing no hab changee.'"

Marthe turned her head angrily.

"Captain Whitney is the best captain out of Salem," she said, biting her lip. "His opinion ought to have more weight than anybody's. I don't think anyone will say that he's afraid of taking chances. People who have made the profits from his splendid voyages shouldn't say so, Mr. Ochiltree."

"Have I cast the faintest shadow on his reputation?" Ochiltree asked impatiently. "There's certainly no better seaman; only now the engineers have got to have their innings. If we don't let them in, another firm will."

"Who knows? It seems so chancy. The underwriters will want blood premiums if they insure at all. And then—Jim, it's all so horribly uncertain—your steam. Mr. Delamater made my blood run cold the other night telling of explosions on the Western river steamers. I won't have you blowing up my Captain Arad. Jim, father's hanging in the wind on this proposition still. If you don't press it, he'll drop it, I'm morally certain. Promise me you won't press it."

But that show of emotion on Captain Arad's behalf, though fleeting, had been unfortunate.

"I am bound to press it," Ochiltree said coldly. "I am committed to Hogg and Delamater, who have agreed to install the engines, to say nothing of my friend Ericsson. I tell you, he is a great genius, and the world will know it one day, Marthe."

"But you will not blame me if I put the lives of my friends ahead of the claims of genius," Marthe said, and looked full at him with the swords' points in her eyes again. She was in a blue velvet spencer over a dress of white gauze, and the nearness and remoteness of her beauty, taken together, made his brain reel. She was saying with increased bitterness, "So do as you please. Fill the Arethusa with your hideous machinery, and then stay ashore thinking up more schemes, while the captain and crew take their chances in her."

Ochiltree felt the blood jump into his face at last.

"Not Arethusa any longer," he said slowly—"Spitfire. A name more in keeping with her new character." His cutting insinuation was that there were other ladies of his acquaintance who ought to be renamed more fittingly. "If you had taken the trouble to talk this over with your father, you would have learned that I have applied to go as supercargo."

"Jim."

"Here's Captain Arad coming up to dance with you," he said, cold to the heart, hurt mortally, it seemed to him. As in a dream, he saw Marthe, with a ravishing smile, offer the captain a white camellia from her corsage. Arad, whose eye for a fine woman had been cultivated by extensive travels, was evidently charmed. James Ochiltree wished hotly that the man had remained the slave of that African princess, a sort of Amazon or fighting woman, whose enforced husband Arad had been, rumor had it, for more than a year. But even so early the legends clustering about that extraordinary captain were thicker than the locusts of Egypt.

Ochiltree, lowering himself in his India-rubber clothes through the Spitfire's engine-room hatch, saw that the engineer, old Delamater, a second cousin of the Delamater of Hogg and Delamater, was sitting on his black stool with his head in his hands.

The Spitfire was rolling and pitching fearfully; the shrieking, bleating and whistling of the machinery was mixed with a sound of jumping coals, a slobbering of water, a hiss of escaping steam. The engines, straddling pits on long, greasy green legs, quaked and shivered like a dog coming out of a bath.

"What's the matter with her now?" Ochiltree yelled in old Del's fat ear.

"Something's crept over her," the engineer said. "I wouldn't wonder if all this mauling hadn't got the starboard shaft a leetle out of line. Seems to nip the teeth on them cogs a little. Always did make a close bite of it."

"We've taken beating enough to make ovenwood out of better ships," Ochiltree said bitterly.

"Be all right as soon as she shakes down and gets to know her duty," old Del said. The corners of his cod's mouth were down. The captain, it was whispered, was not satisfied with the performance of these famous fishtails. The Witch, Captain Bangs Biddle master, had overtaken them ten days out. She was in coffee and specie, bound for Smyrna after Turkey opium, with credit on the Barings; and Ben Sherrod and his daughter were aboard, going to give his branch in Canton a shaking up. He had told Captain Arad to report at Port Louis, on the island of Mauritius, to leave an account of his voyage to that point for the Witch to pick up later on her way into the Arabian Sea.

Now it looked as if the Witch might raise the island of Mauritius before Captain Arad could himself. The Spitfire, though practically a new ship, had begun to leak like a sieve, fore and aft; her head was loose, and they had been forced for three days to put her before the wind, shift chains and cargo aft, bring her three feet by the stern, lash the head and calk the forward seams. And now that they were ready to go again, with her split stem mended—the seas had opened her wood ends from the knightheads clear down to her copper—the engine had got disarranged again.

"Why wouldn't it," old Del asked Ochiltree, "with the ship rolling quick enough to snap the heads off half a dozen hens in the coop forward? Why wouldn't it have a bad effect on machine parts?"

The roll, Ochiltree explained, was due to this added weight of coal and iron, which had brought the metacentric height too low. She was deeper than a sand barge,

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These Queer Cunarders Crawled Along Now Like Ailing Beetles, But Captain Arad, Sailing Sweetly Past Them in the "Witch," Could Not Convince Himself That That Ship Devil in the Steam Chest Had Reached His Maximum

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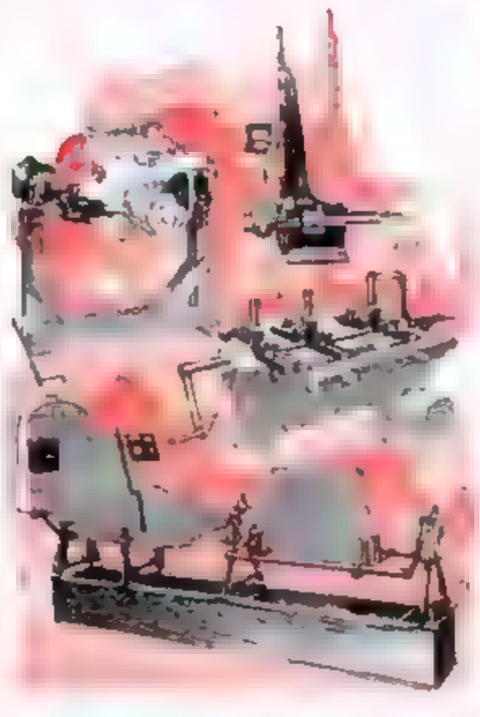

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GOODYEAR

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Autobiographical Sketch of Anton Otto Fischer

KINGSTON, N. Y.

A GOOD friend of mine, returning recently from a visit to Munich, brought back to me the first documentary proof of my identity. For up to this time my family and friends had had nothing more than my unsupported word in regard to the early days of this marine-painting sailor calling himself Anton Otto Fischer. Fortunately for me, this seemed to be sufficient. It happened in this wise. While studying art in Paris, about twenty years ago, I was enjoying a quiet pipe and *café au lait* in the Café Dome on Boulevard Mont-Parnasse, known to all American art students. My overcoat, which I supposed protected itself by its shabbiness, hung upon the wall at a little distance. It contained absolutely nothing of any value except to myself, but some enterprising pickpocket guessed wrong and made off with the thick bundle of papers that was in the inside pocket. Those papers contained everything appertaining to my life up to that date—papers carefully guarded and preserved after the fashion of old Germany. The links that bound me to those old associations had been fast thinning. The theft of those papers made the old days seem about like a dream. So, when my good friend, spending the winter in Germany, wrote me that, after visiting half a dozen parishes in Munich, the birth certificate had at last been found, and added that the monks who had educated me actually remembered me, even with affection, it gave me a queer feeling.

Anton Otto Fischer

I was born in Munich, Bavaria, February 23, 1882. My parents were very poor. My father died when I was three, from occupational tuberculosis. He was an upholsterer. My mother contracted the disease from him, survived only one year, dying in absolute want. During the last months of her life her distress came to the attention of a noble lady, the Baroness von L——, who eased her last days by promising her to see that I was cared for.

Aylward E. Dingle

After spending one year with the family of a cobbler, I was entered in the orphan asylum at Indersdorf, conducted by sisters of the order of St. Vincent of Paul. The sisters were kind, but a childhood spent in an orphan asylum constitutes an almost insurmountable handicap through life. After seven years in the asylum I was told that it had been decided to educate me for the priesthood. I was always at the head of the class, was fairly proficient at the piano and sang, and my kind benefactress, the Baroness von L——, made arrangements to have me entered at the Archiepiscopal Seminary of Scheyern. I passed the examination and was on my way to become a priest without having had the opportunity to voice my wish to become an artist.

The seminary at Scheyern was conducted by Benedictine monks. I early discovered that I had absolutely no vocation for the priesthood. I lived in a constant state of rebellion, and my unfitness for the path chosen for me was only too apparent to the monks themselves. They were kindly men, and to two of them I became much attached. But the two years in the seminary were torture to me. At this juncture my benefactress died. I was permitted to go with a bundle of drawings to Munich to lay my case before the Baron von L——. I timidly voiced the wish to study painting instead of for the priesthood. He was rather cold to my proposal, but took me to the studio of an artist friend to get his opinion. The artist's verdict was "thumbs down"; so that dream was finished for the time being.

I refused to go on at the seminary, and naturally the Baron von L—— washed his hands of me. I was sent to Ratisbon on the Danube to my uncle, who was my legal guardian, but had hitherto ignored my existence. I was a most unwelcome addition to his home circle. I was apprenticed as a

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Notes on Captain Dingle

I WAS born in Oxford, England, of parents who not only thought poverty no crime but actually seemed to be proud of it. I ate bread and lard for my school luncheon for a good many years, wore my father's old togs and my mother's old shoes. I had joined my first ship, at the age of fourteen and a half, before I knew that an egg had more than a thin white cap. I got that every Sunday morning, as a treat. My sister got the top off the other of the two eggs the Old Man regularly regaled himself with. He was a retired whaler, turned itinerant preacher, and was a hard old man.

All the schooling I got was common day school, to the age of fourteen. Then the sea. I sailed in British ships for twenty-two years from boy to master. Commanded two steamers in the Cape and Australian trade, and one bark. Was mate of a full-rigged ship, second mate of another, quartermaster in the only windjammer I ever knew to carry one, and able seaman in yet another famous old clipper.

My first breakfast on board ship, the steward mistook me for an owner's protégé, since the owner had conducted me aboard the night before. I was put to sleep in a cabin off the saloon, and set at table for breakfast with three whole eggs to myself.

When the skipper came aboard and told the steward to send that boy away where he belonged, the steward kicked me—my first deepwater kick.

After nearly a quarter of a century afloat, and five shipwrecks, I had a steamer blown up under me, and thereafter failed to connect with the sea as master, and my eyes were too poor to go through the grades again; so I had to seek new employment at the age of nearly forty, with a small family to take care of. A friend in New York wrote me in England that I could get work in America; so I sold my home, left the cash with the family, and worked my passage over on a steamer as a waiter. Work was easy to get. I washed automobiles for Gimbel's for two dollars a night, and was fired because I fell asleep in a car after trying to sell

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A Letter From Raeburn Van Buren

DEAR CHARLIE: THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has asked me for a short sketch of my life to run on their Who's Who page. I know so much about myself that I'm afraid to tackle the job, so I am turning to you for help. I trust that with the inclosed dope, together with what you already know about me, and your skill, you will be able to shape out something that will sound important.

I was born in Pueblo, Colorado, in 1891. The reason you had better mention that is because artists are supposed to be born and not made, and I at least have that claim to being one—I was born. A year later I moved to Kansas City, Missouri—because my folks did. Today, as I think back about it, the most important thing about my early life is that my first boyhood ambition was to be an acrobat and trick bicycle rider. That's why I got my first job in a vaudeville theater. This gave me an opportunity to study my art; and in the process I learned to turn a neat flipflap and walk on my hands. This is important only because it is still useful to me. For example, when something happens worth celebrating, I'm the lad who knows how to celebrate it fittingly.

My career really begins, however, on the ecstatic day when I first saw some drawings of mine printed in the Central High School Luminary. With that, the trick-bicycle

Continued on Page 170

Raeburn Van Buren

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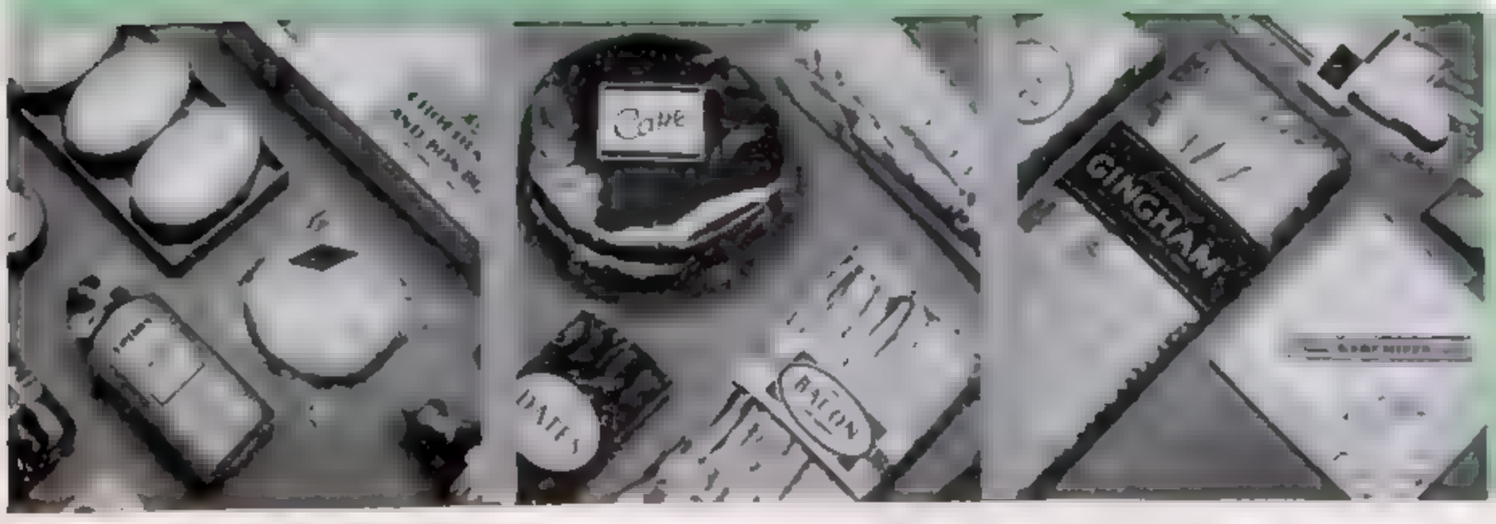


WAR PROPAGANDA

By One of the War Propagandists

IT TOOK two wars with England and one war with Germany to assert our independence from Old World ties. The knowledge that in a crisis Uncle Sam can depend upon all his sons, irrespective of their racial origin, is the greatest, perhaps the only, asset which America gained in the World War.

Stirred by politics and propaganda, public excitement had reached such a pitch that on the eve of our war with Germany some of the English expected a German-American uprising under the auspices of the Irish. Nothing happened. A million eyes watched German and Irish sympathizers. There was no disloyalty. There was no treason. Between Germany and the Allies, German-Americans were for Germany. But both German-Americans and Irish-Americans were for America when America herself was involved.

It took both German and Irish sympathizers a little while to adjust themselves mentally and emotionally to the new state of affairs. A few German-Americans and a few Irish-Americans were guilty of loose talk. However, propaganda had worked such havoc that many of us were unable to see German-Americans or Irish-Americans in the proper perspective. This confusion in our minds was one of the penalties for our tolerance of propaganda.

On a recent visit to Washington I encountered the representative of a great European power on his way from the White House. He had given me courteous assistance in my study of propaganda. I thanked him for his kindness.

"Have you," he asked, "made any surprising discoveries?"

The Hyphenate Vote

"YES," I replied frankly; "the more I study the record of foreign propaganda in the United States, the more I am surprised by the long patience of the American Government. If I had been in charge of the State Department I would have taken all the propagandists—German, French, English and what not—and shipped them out of the country."

My diplomatic friend listened courteously but could not suppress a sarcastic smile.

"You forget," he said softly, "your racial minorities. The American Government could not dump the propagandists out because it was afraid of offending powerful racial groups."

I was dumfounded.

It is true that the foreign vote plays an important part in elections, but I had never thought of the divergent elements of our population as "racial minorities," in the same sense in which the term is used in European countries.

There is no real comparison between our naturalized citizens and their descendants, on the one hand, and the racial minorities of Europe, on the other.

Our naturalized citizens were not annexed by force. They came to us of their own free will. America was their Promised Land, and in many cases their haven from persecution. They found here a culture in no way inferior to that of their native countries. They acquired standards of living superior to their own. We accepted them as future Americans.

The process of Americanization takes time. It also requires tact. The latter has often been conspicuously absent in our attempts to make the immigrant an American. There is every reason why our immigrants should cherish the heritage of culture which they have received from their fathers. We should be gratified if they transmit to their American children the best traditions of their native land. But there is no reason whatsoever why they should remain an ethnic entity or a racial bloc.

Fortunately no powerful neighbors across our borders clamor for union with their wandered sons. The ancestral voices that drift across the 3000 miles of ocean are dim. They are, as a rule, hardly more than a whisper. During the World War, however, the whisper became a tumult. Germany, England, Italy, France, the Slav nations, each called to her own until America rang with the fury of their dissension.

Suddenly the hyphen became a reality, casting a sinister shadow upon the map. This was, in part at least, a retribution for the sins of our own politicians. Year after year, election after election, they had considered it necessary to appeal to the prejudices and the idiosyncrasies of specific racial contingents. Racial blocs, through combinations among themselves and through deals with the political parties, exerted a power beyond their number upon our affairs. Coddled by some, fought by others, the attention paid to them increased their racial self-consciousness. The war and war propaganda, playing upon their emotions, consolidated these blocs still further.

The hyphen was a disturbing factor in the presidential elections of 1916, 1920 and 1924. Foreign propaganda, aided by racial blocs, drove our politicians before them like sheep. The movement assumed such momentum that even statesmen of high character could not ignore the ensuing conditions.

No one can tell how many political wires were pulled by pro-Allies and pro-Germans in the period immediately preceding the war. Pro-Ally activities were largely behind the scenes. The Germans were compelled by the exigencies of the situation to come out into the open. It has been said that German propaganda made a mistake by concentrating to a large extent upon Americans of German origin. However, every strategic consideration was in favor of such a course. German propagandists saw how American politicians courted the German vote. They knew that the so-called German vote held the scale of political power in several pivotal states.

Being Kind to Senators

AS A RULE, Americans of German descent are as much divided as any other group politically. Ordinarily the German-American vote is only a bogy disturbing the dreams of the politician. But in the present instance the German-Americans had been fused into solidarity by the detractors of their race who, less subtle than Woodrow Wilson, made no distinction between the German Government and the German people. Bogy or no, the German-American vote made a declaration of war against Germany a precarious undertaking for any political party.

Both pro-Germans and pro-Allies courted important political personages in the national capital. The isolation that surrounds a throne makes even sovereigns susceptible to the whisperings of anyone who, by hook or crook, is able to gain their ear. If a lobbyist secures the confidence of a member of the Senate or of the cabinet his game is half won.

"You don't know how lonesome some senators are! I owe my success in Washington to the fact that I spend all my week-ends there to indulge in chats with my friends in the Senate." The ruddy-faced man who made this remark to me smilingly is a militant spokesman of a powerful racial-minority group. "Many members of Congress," he added, "are like children lost in the woods, especially when they first come to Washington. They welcome any intelligent friend who understands their difficulties, who knows how to manipulate the wires and who can give them, on occasion, a little publicity."

Publicity is a salve to the wounded vanity of the statesman who finds himself cruelly neglected in Washington. Resolutions and messages from various parts of the country, especially from his own district, increase his self-esteem. Even politicians of considerable experience are swayed by such methods. They are in no position to determine whether the membership of an organization from which these resolutions ostensibly emanate is genuine or whether its chief asset is embossed stationery.

The cleverest propagandist I know prefers paper organizations to real ones. Paper organizations never talk back! Or if some semblance of reality is needed, he resorts to skeleton organizations with mouth-filling names, composed of his henchmen. His political closet is full of such skeletons.

(Continued on Page 43)

HIGH!

THIS is the battery name to look for—Eveready! Light for flashlights—brighter, longer lasting. Power for doorbells, buzzers, ignition—stronger, more enduring. Eveready stands for 33 years of making better batteries. Eveready Flashlight Batteries are 10c everywhere and give long months of perfect service.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco

UNIT OF UNION CARBIDE AND CARBON CORPORATION

POWER!

(Continued from Page 41)

The most important member of such an organization is a keyman in every important city. He carries the organization in his vest pocket. Whenever the chief gives the signal the keyman holds a meeting with himself and adopts a prescribed resolution. Wired to Washington from eight or ten different localities, such resolutions produce the effect of a political avalanche.

Another effective trick to impress politicians utilizes the device of revolving memberships. Twelve men form an organization proudly given some high-sounding name. Each immediately becomes the president of a branch. We have thus twelve presidents and twelve branches. Every one of the twelve joins every one of the branches. A heads one branch, B, C, D, E, and so on, enlist as members. B is president of another branch, A, C, D, E, and so on, inscribe their names on his membership roll. Each has a different geographical location. Statements emanating from such an organization, with widely scattered branches, duly impress some innocents on Capitol Hill.

Revolving memberships and interlocking directorates enabled small groups to present an imposing front. These groups adopted half a dozen aliases. Each organization was properly constituted. Each had its own by-laws, but the same names adorned a dozen boards of directors. The same pompous speakers mouthed the same pious platitudes from a dozen platforms. Members joined in good faith. Officers served with unselfish zeal, without being conscious of the invisible strings pulled by unseen puppet masters.

Even without such subterfuges, an aggressive minority group is more effective than a voiceless majority. It becomes almost irresistible politically if it represents the coalition of a number of powerful groups.

The pro-Germans accused President Wilson of being a partisan of Great Britain. This view was shared by Lord Northcliffe. Dr. William B. Hale, Wilson's erstwhile friend and collaborator, makes much ado over the President's British ancestry and affiliations. Irish orators referred to him as "the best President England ever had." This was obviously unjust to Wilson. A few bold strokes of the propaganda brush do not suffice to paint a highly complex personality.

"Would you say that Northcliffe was right when he called both Wilson and House pro-English?" I asked an English friend so highly placed that I cannot indicate his identity here.

In a Dual Rôle

"WILSON," my friend replied, "would not have countenanced the defeat of Great Britain. But he had no desire to see Germany crushed. He was sincere in his advocacy of a 'peace without victory.' He did not, as some Germans think, double-cross Bernstorff."

Count Bernstorff, I may add parenthetically here, maintained friendly relations with President Wilson until the end. Bernstorff enacted a dual rôle. He attempted to be both the ambassador of the German Empire and the unofficial spokesman of German liberalism in Washington. The ambassador relayed the Zimmerman note proposing an alliance between Mexico and Japan against the United States to Mexico City and concealed his knowledge of the resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare from Mr. Wilson. The unofficial spokesman condemned double-dealing and agreed with President Wilson's condemnation of unrestricted submarine warfare. Bernstorff's left hand scrupulously ignored what his right hand was doing.

It is possible that Bernstorff would have succeeded in keeping America out of the war in spite of the pressure of the pro-Allies, and in spite of the affronts of the German Government to our national dignity, if he had succeeded in retaining the confidence of President Wilson.

Bernstorff did not know that the United States Government kept a record of every telephone conversation between the German Embassy and the outside world. The conversations between embassy officials and their friends in New York were spiced with uncomplimentary references to high personages in the White House and in the State Department.

William J. Flynn, former chief of the secret service, who revealed this piquant information, does not assert that Bernstorff himself was guilty of such indiscretions. But the ambassador did not check the exuberance of his attachés. The Secretary of State, it seems, did not escape criticism.

The transcripts of these conversations were submitted to the President and to the Secretary of State.

Of what avail were Bernstorff's eloquence and his expressions of good faith if reports of this type poisoned the mind of the President and of the Secretary of State? However high-minded an official may be, however charged with a sense of responsibility, no man is unsusceptible to such thrusts. Of fiber such as this is made the straw that breaks the camel's back. No matter how many mines Bernstorff may have planted, intellectually speaking, here was the countermine that blasted his efforts.

When I recently taxed Count Bernstorff with the inconceivable blunder of which his embassy had been guilty, he said: "How can you prove that our conversations were not distorted and perverted?"

I could not.

"We knew," Bernstorff added with the superior smile of Old World diplomacy, "that our wires were tapped and we acted accordingly. We frequently amused ourselves at the expense of the spies who were listening in." Far be it from me to contradict the German Ambassador. But surely the last laugh in this case was not with the Germans.

From the beginning both pro-German and pro-Irish suspected the League of Nations as a British device. Their informants may have advised them that the first official mention of the League of Nations in official wartime correspondence was contained in a communication to Secretary Lansing of September 7, 1915, from Henry Van Dyke, Minister to the Netherlands, giving the substance of a conversation with Sir William Tyrell, private secretary of Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs.

On August 30, 1919, there was a hearing before the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate in opposition to the League of Nations. The protestants were frankly representatives of Irish-American organizations.

All these documents and speeches—both those that were made and some that were not actually delivered—were printed as a Senate document and circulated widely at the expense of the Government. The man who invented the franking privilege was the friend of the propagandist!

A little later there was a hearing before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs on a bill of William E. Mason, of Illinois, to provide salaries for a minister and consuls to the Republic of Ireland. This agitation brought Irish-American voting power directly home to the men in Washington. It made the Irish cause news and kept the spirits of the Irish-Americans at high tide.

One Nation Indivisible

THE Irish-Americans would have fought against the entry of the United States into the league even if the Irish fight had not been acute or if Ireland itself had not been involved at all, though unquestionably the ranks of Irish-American organizations would have been much thinner and the force at the command of Irish-American leaders much less potent. The Irish-Americans never concealed the fact that they were moved largely by Ireland's interest. Nevertheless, they set out to get the body of American citizens lined up against the league on purely American issues.

German-Americans were doubtless opposed in great numbers to the league as a matter of principle, but most of them were drawn into the fight not by that proclaimed motive but by the unproclaimed motive of punishing Wilson. The object may have been impeccable, but the motive was questionable. British and French propaganda played an important part in the league fight. Foreign propagandists had come to look upon America as their domain. While the hostilities lasted they appealed unabashed to divers racial minorities within our borders. When President Wilson threatened to bolt the Peace Conference the propagandist in chief of France actually proposed to send highly paid propagandists to the United States to get in touch with the President's opponents, especially with his foes in the Senate. This extraordinary suggestion was exposed in a French newspaper.

The hyphen vote played no important part in the election of Mr. Hoover. Both the Irish and the Germans were divided among themselves. Now that Ireland has achieved autonomy, Irish freedom has ceased to be an issue in American politics. The good will shown by America to the German Republic has calmed the Germans in the United States. Both the Allies and the Central Powers have joined hands at Geneva. Let us hope that their protagonists in the United States will permit us to decide our own course with regard to the League of Nations on purely American grounds.

Racial islands in the ocean of Americanism have been a menace to our ship of state. Politicians and propagandists pulled us hither and thither, interfering now in the machine room, now at the helm. It is almost a miracle that we escaped disaster.

Luck was our ally. The most important elements which constitute our citizenship were one with us in blood and in spirit. All differences between these groups were washed away by the tide of patriotism. The war taught us that we are one people, not an aggregation of Little Italys, Little Germanys, Little Irelands, Little Scandinavias and Little

Englands. The Civil War saved us from being a nation divided geographically. It may be urged that the World War redeemed us from being a divided nation racially, unless we permit the unholy alliance of politicians and propagandists to promote the creation of new racial minorities.

Americans were the best propagandists because they were the best advertisers. From the very beginning George Creel, the chief evangelist of American propaganda, instinctively turned to the advertising profession for advice and assistance. American propaganda sailed under the flag of information. The Committee on Public Information was appointed immediately after the entrance of the United States into the war. This committee was composed of the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State, and Mr. George Creel, devout adherent of Woodrow Wilson. These men constituted Uncle Sam's propaganda cabinet.

Lifted from comparative obscurity, Mr. Creel woke up one morning to find himself the American Northcliffe. Like Northcliffe, he was responsible for propaganda both at home and abroad. But unlike Northcliffe, he did not have control of a powerful group of newspapers.

Creel's energy greatly exceeded his tact. In spite of this handicap, and in spite of his inexperience in foreign affairs, Mr. Creel performed his job creditably. The dynamic strength of a young nation, summoned to crusade for democracy, gave force to Creel's blows. The chief credit, I repeat, belongs to his master, President Wilson. Wilson's Fourteen Points were the trumpet call which crumbled the ramparts of the Central Powers. Germany was his Jericho.

In spite of our comparative inexperience, we were not innocents abroad or at home in propaganda. We always knew it in one form or another. But we did not penetrate its disguise. We called it politics, business, publicity, invisible government and what not. Washington as well as Lincoln employed propagandists in Europe. Both the North and the South dispatched emissaries to propagate their cause in the Old World at the time of the Civil War.

Before we entered the war we harshly condemned the propagandists who infested our shores. Once we plunged into the fray ourselves, we knew that we could not wage war without propaganda. War without censorship and propaganda, an American war correspondent remarks, is conceivable only between Utopia and Elysium.

In order to circumvent the necessity of asking Congress to authorize expenditures for propaganda, the Bureau of Public Information was constituted by executive order and financed from an appropriation of one hundred million dollars granted to the President by Congress. The Creel bureau was unique in that, to a certain extent, it was self-supporting. According to Creel's own summary, his service cost the taxpayers $4,912,553, and earned $2,825,670.23.

The Campaign of the Four-Minute Men

MR. CREEL enlisted the aid of 18,000 newspapers, 11,000 national advertisers and advertising agencies, 10,000 chambers of commerce, 30,000 manufacturers' associations, 22,000 labor unions, 10,000 public libraries, 32,000 banks, 58,000 general stores, 3500 Y. M. C. A. branches, 10,000 members of the Council of National Defense, 1000 advertising clubs, 56,000 post offices, 55,000 station agents, 5000 draft boards, 100,000 Red Cross organizations and 12,000 manufacturers' agents.

Tours of French and Belgian soldiers and of veterans of Pershing's army, war exhibits, fairs, inter-Allied exhibitions and mass meetings, arranged by Creel, served to inflame our bellicose propensities. He summoned conferences of various groups to organize our undisciplined energies. Seventy-five thousand Four Minute Men, operating under the auspices of Creel's committee in 5200 communities, made 755,190 speeches. The total number is more nearly 1,000,000. Mr. Creel ventures the guess that his Four Minute Men addressed in all approximately 400,000,000 people. The Four Minute Men engaged in thirty-six separate campaigns. It is characteristic of the businesslike management which distinguished Mr. Creel's efforts that the name of the organization was copyrighted and registered as a trade-mark.

The Four Minute Men were aided in their campaign by theaters and moving-picture houses. A glass slide announced their official mission:

4 MINUTE MEN 4
(Copyright 1917. Trade-mark)

Insert name of speaker
will speak four minutes on a subject of national importance. He speaks under the authority of
THE COMMITTEE
ON PUBLIC INFORMATION
GEORGE CREEL, Chairman
Washington, D. C.

Our racial minorities, the bone of contention of all propagandists, were Mr. Creel's first objectives. Collecting a staff of several hundred translators, mostly volunteers, the committee supplied the foreign-language press of America with war articles.

Friends of German Democracy were recruited among German-Americans. An attempt was made to enlist descendants of the old Forty-eighters, who had inherited from their progenitors an instinctive distrust of the German Empire. The great majority of German-Americans refused to have any dealings with this group, but it provided excellent camouflage for the propagandists.

A Correspondence School of Propaganda

THE Creel committee issued the Official Bulletin, a daily paper with a circulation of 100,000. The Bulletin printed all statements, pronouncements and addresses by the President, every order and regulation by the heads of the great government departments. It reproduced the reports and regulations of the Food, Fuel and Railroad administrations, the War Industries Board, the War Trade Board, the Alien Property Custodian, the War Labor Board, the Postmaster-General as director-general of the telephone, telegraph and cable systems, and of every independent agency of the Government. Important contracts, the text of new laws, the proceedings of the Supreme Court, Treasury statements and a résumé of the proceedings of Congress appeared in its pages. The Bulletin printed every casualty in the United States Army at home and abroad, the name of every man taken prisoner, cited for bravery or wounded in battle, and every communique of General Pershing.

The Committee on Public Information mobilized the moving-picture industry. Both the Germans and the Allies had exploited the moving picture for propaganda, but their attempts fade into insignificance compared with America's efforts. Creel made the war pay its own way in the movies. Pershing's Crusaders took in more than $181,000; America's Answer, $185,000; Under Four Flags, $63,000; the Official War Review, more than $334,000. The total income of the committee's films was $852,000. The films ranged from one to seven reel features. They vividly covered every detail of America's war endeavor and spread America's message, with American propaganda, both at home and beyond the sea.

The permit to export films was based upon the stipulation that every shipment of entertainment films must contain at least 20 per cent of educational matter. Not a foot of American entertainment film was sold to any exhibitor who refused to display the war pictures of the Committee on Public Information.

Finally, no American picture of any kind was permitted to be sold to any moving-picture house using an inch of German film. In a short time this method drove German films out of Sweden and Norway. But the Germans were still in control of the moving-picture business in Switzerland and in Holland.

To meet this situation the committee asked the leading film producers to grant absolute control of all their output in those countries to a representative of the committee. This blow knocked out the Germans. In Peru, in Argentina and in Brazil, the committee combated German propaganda with similar devices.

The committee distributed more than 200,000 stereopticon slides. It censored 700 pictures a day. Kendall Banning, former chief of the pictorial section of the General Staff, explains that the censor of military pictures must determine a great deal more than whether or not a photograph reveals information of value to the enemy. He must visualize in what way the enemy might make use of the picture for propaganda. The greatest lie ever told about photographs, Mr. Banning confesses, is the statement that photographs do not lie. An apparently harmless news photograph showing a gathering of women on the lower East Side to protest against the rise in the price of war bread was exploited in German newspapers as an illustration of American war riots.

America did not subsidize press associations, but the telegraph and the wireless hummed with official news. A special mail and photograph service, supplementing these activities, soon grew to enormous proportions.

Sir Gilbert Parker, it will be remembered, had evolved a special bureau for writing letters, thereby establishing what may be termed the correspondence school of propaganda. The Germans countered with a similar move. Mr. Creel harnessed the Division of Women's War Work to answer letters from 50,000 bewildered mothers, sweethearts and wives of soldiers. Various departments in Washington and many senators and congressmen intrusted all letters from their feminine constituents to the Creel correspondence department.

Painters, sculptors, designers and cartoonists responded with enthusiasm to Mr. Creel's call to arms. No other class or profession, Mr. Creel insists, excelled them in the devotion that took no count of sacrifice and drudgery. Novelists, essayists and publicists banded themselves together under Creel's leadership to prove that the fountain pen is mightier than the machine gun. In special feature articles, in song and story, they extolled the war and excoriated the Hun. Vigilantes, unable or unwilling to fight at the Front, carried on a guerrilla warfare at home against pacifists and spies. The mere suspicion of being lukewarm in support of the war was sufficient to invite a visit from Vigilantes, Minute Men and Defense Committees.

In some instances Creel was compelled to apologize for the excesses of enthusiasts on the noisy band wagon of patriotism. Such excesses are almost inevitable.

Creel, Uncle Sam's official propagandist, asserts that the Committee on Public Information "was never an agency of censorship nor a machinery of concealment or repression." Such was, no doubt, his honest intention. But the drastic authority of the Postmaster-General, permitting of no appeal, the wholesale suppression of news, the Espionage Act and the terrorism exercised by lawful and unlawful agencies of repression took the place of censorship in the United States.

No propagandist can afford to be always truthful.

"Good Lord, what can you say? You can't tell them the truth. This morning we attacked on the whole Front and on most of it were bloodily repulsed."

The speaker was an American Intelligence officer. The person to whom he addressed himself was an accredited war correspondent.

The same conversation, with slight variations, probably took place on a dozen different Fronts every day. And on every Front victories were manufactured to order by military authorities. America was no exception.

On February 21, 1918, the committee announced that the first American planes were en route to France. When this statement proved to be untruthful the ensuing uproar compelled an investigation by Charles Evans Hughes. Mr. Hughes ascertained that the committee had been deceived by a misleading statement with respect to the progress of aircraft production.

While our doughboys filled the thinning ranks of the Allies in France, American propaganda invaded both neutral and hostile countries. It attacked the enemy at the Front and behind the lines. Writers and editors of French periodicals were taken to the American Front and soon the French periodicals blossomed out with glowing accounts of American accomplishments on land and sea. French newspapers were filled with American news.

An interallied propaganda committee, composed of Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States of America, grew out of conferences in Crewe House. This committee formulated the policies which governed Allied propaganda until the end of the war. The minutes of the meetings of the Allied and associated propagandists constitute a textbook on the science and art of propaganda.

A Newspaper Offensive

THE committee craftily pointed out the importance of neutral organs read or quoted in enemy countries. It laid stress on establishing relations with organs which had a reputation for strict neutrality or were even publicly regarded as being prejudiced in favor of the foe. The committee recommended that each power should seek, through its agencies, to establish channels through which enemy newspaper correspondents could be influenced or provided with information. It arranged for the clandestine circulation in enemy countries of carefully chosen literature.

In all propaganda efforts America did more than her share. After the disaster to the Italian Army at Caporetto, Uncle Sam rallied the war spirit through his Italian citizens. Wounded Americans of Italian birth were sent to Italy for convalescence. These men, Creel insists, turned out to be our best propagandists. Messages from Enrico Caruso and other eminent Italians to their compatriots stimulated the Italian morale. Every mail, every cable was loaded with descriptions of American war preparations. As a result the Italian defensive stiffened until it became, in Mr. Creel's words, a resistless offensive. Similar methods were employed by Creel to revive the flagging war spirit of Russia and of France.

The interallied propaganda committee published newspapers and pamphlets in many tongues. The Germans issued French and Italian newspapers to disseminate anti-Ally and anti-American propaganda. But their efforts were puny compared with the mass production of propaganda encouraged by Creel and Northcliffe. Special editions of

(Continued on Page 114)

CARS THAT STAY YOUNG

Go . . . . fast or slow . . . . youth yearns to burn up distance . . . . but what is distance to Timken-equipped cars?

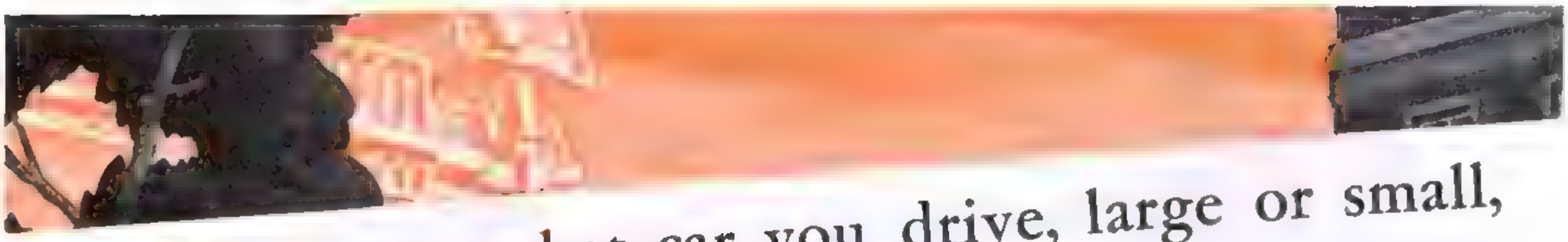
Noise is stilled, gears and shafts run true and miles leave only speedometer totals to mark their passing.

Abiding car youth is founded upon this exclusive combination: Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken-made steel.

Would you have Cars That Stay Young? Make sure of "Timken Bearing Equipped" in differentials, pinions, transmissions, wheels, steering pivots and fans.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**



No matter what car you drive, large or small, when you change from `single´ balloons to the *Dual*-Balloon you have changed to the peak in riding comfort, safety and big mileage economy.

"Canal scene in Holland." Painted by Walter Klatt, for The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

831

The New GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8

–goes a long way to make friends

THE MAGIC MELODY

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Out of the Northwest, Their Sails Filled With a Fair Following Breeze and Their Wet Oars Flashing in the Sun, Appeared Half a Dozen Triremes

For the song that is ultimate music
Is struck from strings of the heart.

THE summit of the irregular bluff which fenced one corner of his father's grazing lands from the sea was behind him and above, so from the place where Creon lay sprawled upon the ground he could not see the moon-washed waters of the Ægean. But he could hear the ceaseless agitation of the waves upon the narrow beach below the bluff, and now and then the faint tones of a bell came floating in to him from some galley that was creeping past the headland, wary of reefs as she skirted the curving shore.

Perhaps, Creon thought drowsily, it was a merchantman that carried Sicilian figs and wine to the busy little seaport town half a dozen miles down the coast, and would load again among these scattered islands of the Cyclades and turn southeastward with a cargo of hides and wool for the enterprising artisans of Tyre. Or maybe it was a vessel scouting in the van of coming war, for the rumor had been drifting through the archipelago for weeks that the Athenians were preparing an expedition against Syracuse. But this speculation did not hold him long, for he was tired. He had been out all day among the rolling downs and salt marshes in quest of strayed sheep, and when the summer night had come on to end his unsuccessful search, he had flung himself down to rest before starting homeward.

"I shall lie here until I see the moon climb above the horizon," he said, "and then I shall go home."

But the moon was nearly an hour high, and still he had not stirred. Somewhere in the breathing dusk that filled the hollows landward from the height on which he lay, a sheep's bell strove to send a tinkling answer to the ship's bell out beyond the line of silver foam; and thus compassed about and played upon by the eloquence and mystery of night and sea, he fell asleep.

That sleep was the end of Creon the shepherd and the beginning of Creon the dreamer. For he had a dream which was wonderful because of a strain of unearthly music which wandered through it; a melody the like of which he had never heard or imagined. A moon was in it—a grieving moon that walked the illimitable loneliness of night—and there was joy in it, too, but the intense joy which rises and breaks and lapses into melancholy as the shout of climbing waves lapses into a cry of sorrow when they break along a rugged shore; there was exaltation in it, but the exaltation which lifts the spirit to the attempts of tasks impossible to the flesh. It was beautiful, but there was a hint of terror—a sense of such beauty and such terror as may seize upon a man with the wild and fearful hope that in another moment he may glimpse the unveiled face of Deity itself. Unearthly it was, and unreal, but more real than anything earthly.

Its very poignance stabbed the sleeper wide awake. He lay dazed for a moment, and then:

"My pipes—where are my pipes?" he murmured. And he made off across the meadows homeward, a remembrance of the strain still ringing in his inward ear.

II

THEN there began for Creon a life which seemed sluggish and inert to all the world else, but to himself there was enough of struggle in it. The external world dropped from him as a worn-out coat; things that heretofore had seemed of great moment were as nothing. Only one thing mattered to Creon now: That he should be able to remember clearly and reproduce upon his pipes the strain of magic melody.

Even when he tried, he could not forget it altogether, but struggle as he might, he could not play the strain again. So he moved among men—or, preferably, lingered apart from them—in a condition of existence which they could not understand, coming to a realization of the things about him only by fits and starts.

"You were down to the city yesterday," his father might say to him. "What was the price of oil?"

"I do not know. I have forgotten," he would answer, and his manner would say: "Does it matter?"

And his father would stare at him in puzzled anger. At the time of the sheepshearing Creon was worse than useless. His father set him to oversee and help three of the servants who were washing the animals before they were passed on to the shearers.

"You are not getting the wool clean," complained his father, striding down the bank of the brook where the washing was going on. "Look at this fleece—matted with mud and clay!"

Creon looked at it stupidly. You would have thought from his look that he had never seen a fleece before. His father was so exasperated by his manner that he lifted a sodden mat of wool as if to cuff him about the head with it, and only refrained because of the presence of the grinning slaves. Then Creon came to himself with a blush, and worked well enough for the rest of that afternoon.

But when evening came he took his pipes and stole away to be alone with the moon, for he had the notion that the magic melody might come to him again in the moonlight.

The father quietly followed, for he was growing deeply concerned about the young man, and came upon him in an arbor, silently fingering the stops of his pipes and staring through the leaves at the sky.

"Come," he said; "it is time we were all in bed. There is work to do tomorrow. What are you doing here?"

"I am busy," said Creon.

And the next day they could not find him at all, until toward evening his father, guided by the sound of his pipes, discovered him in another waking dream.

"This is the way you shirk your tasks!" said the old man.

"Shirk?" said Creon, lifting his perplexed and dreamy face. "But I have been working hard all day!"

And he told his father of the magic melody and how he had striven to snare it in his pipes.

"I am not idle," said Creon. "You see, I am working all the time. I am making music."

But his father could not understand.

"You call that work?" he said in scorn. "Making music—that is work, indeed! Not but what music is all right in its place. But work! Come to the house! I want you to talk to your uncle."

This uncle, his mother's brother, had once been archon in the seaport town, and he had officiated for many years as a priest of the temple of Poseidon there. His reputation for wisdom was vast; his sister and his brother-in-law hung upon his words and judgment. And now there was a family council.

"Music is all well enough for feasts and dances, for weddings and for days of sacrifice," said the priest of Poseidon, peering rheumily at the young man from beneath his shaggy white eyebrows. "I used to play the pipes myself when I was a young man, and not badly, either. But to devote all one's time to it—no, that is not work! It is no occupation for a man of substance, as you will be some day, my boy."

"Does music," said Creon's mother, "keep the wolves from the sheep or squeeze the oil from the olives?"

"What tune," said his father, "ever flayed a bull?"

"It is well enough—well enough—if you are not a professional musician," said the old priest. "I like music; I knew the pipes and the lute. But it is no vocation for the son of a respectable farmer."

"There are enough idle pipers and rascally lute players in these islands now, between Chios and Cythera, without my son becoming one of them," said his father.

"And they are all of them drunkards and half of them thieves," said his mother.

"It is all well enough—well enough in its way—your music," said his uncle, "but you must not let it fool you into thinking there is nothing else in the world."

"But the music I am striving for is not like any other music in the world," said Creon.

"Think less of it," said his father. "Do your work, for the gods have ordained that those who are to eat must work. Think less of it, and if the crops are good next year I will send you across the sea to Athens, to walk and talk with the philosophers in the academy."

The uncle shook his head at that. "There is a man there called Socrates, whose ideas, I have heard, are very bad for young men," he said.

"I cannot give it up," said Creon thoughtfully. "This music that I am seeking to find again—no one but me has ever heard it! And I must play it—I must find it! There is nothing else makes any difference to me!"

And he looked upon them painfully and puzzled, as if they were suddenly strange to him, and went out of the house.

"Can it be that the boy is simply lazy?" said the father, staring after him perplexedly. "He will not even take a boat and go fishing any more; or if he does, he sits and drifts and tries to whistle the fish up out of the water."

"He has met with a nymph and she has cast a spell upon him," said the mother—"a nymph or a lamia."

"That is ignorance, sister," said the old priest. And he added authoritatively: "There have been no nymphs in the Cyclades for nigh upon a hundred years."

"But," she persisted, "I can remember grandmother telling—when I was a girl—of a strange ——"

"Nigh upon a hundred years," repeated her brother dogmatically. "In Sicily, yes, and there are fauns in Sicily. And satyrs in Peloponnesus carried off a Spartan woman a year ago. But ——"

"You have it wrong," said his brother-in-law. "I heard a Chian minstrel sing some verses about it when I was over to Melos last month, and he said that Spartan women had carried off a satyr."

"There are still fauns in Thessaly," the priest continued, "but in the Cyclades, no! There have always been too many Phenicians and other barbarians trading among these islands. And it is very well known that our gods do not like foreigners. Religion is declining everywhere: things are not what they were when I was a young priest. Reverence falls off. There has been no real reverence in these islands since the Athenians put down the pirates. The pirates made more offerings than anybody else to the temple of Poseidon. I do not like the Athenians; they are always meddling. It was only last spring that Alcibiades mocked the mysteries of Ceres at a drunken banquet, and he was not stricken dead by any deity, nor even punished by the Athenian assembly. Indeed, he is now their general! The gods are growing indifferent; they withdraw and the world is not what it was."

"Perhaps the gods are trying to say something to my son," said the mother, with that vague piety which is sometimes so near to wisdom.

"The gods never say anything authentic except through their ordained priests and oracles," answered her brother.

"The boy has turned to a lazy dreamer," muttered the father, "and it is easy enough to see from which side of the house he gets his soft head."

Little by little it came to be accepted throughout the island that there was something wrong with Creon. And as he avoided the world, soon the world began to fall away from him; or he was pointed out, with chuckles and winks

(Continued on Page 50)

Wide-Armed She Called and Sang, With the Young Breeze in Her Hair, a Priestess Who Prophesied the Coming Light, and Sang and Sang Until it Seemed as if the Sun Came Up in Veritable Response to Her Incantations

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NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

(Continued from Page 48)

and significant taps upon the head, as the young fellow who had heard the moon sing one night and had been mad ever since.

III

CREON might be a jest to all others, but in the little seaport city, half a dozen miles down the coast, there was a girl to whom the change that had come over him was not the matter for a jest. This was Zoë, the daughter of a builder of boats, a woman in whom there ran a strain of that older Cretan blood which had dominated this archipelago centuries before the first fierce Hellenes had come over the mountains and down to the seas to conquer and absorb the Ægean world. They had loved each other with all the unthinking passion of youth, and with that quick abandonment to the emotion of the moment which Nature suggests to humanity in these bright and sunlit islands ringed with the magic of a sea that forever laughs or threatens, forever changing and forever beautiful.

And as they had loved each other, so she still loved him. It is only those who have been very happy who can know what sorrow is; and as the days dragged into weeks, and the weeks passed and brought no Creon, but only rumors that he was the victim of some strange seizure, her eyes grew perplexed with deep consideration—the wonder of a woman as to whether she has merely been forsaken by a man whom she may win back again or is being balked by unfriendly gods. Or have demons interposed, in the shape of another woman?

The last, to a lover or a wife, always seems most likely. So when she found him—for there came a day when the unremitting cruelty of doubt would permit her to abide no longer in her father's house, but pushed her forth to seek—she cast at him at once the immemorial question of women:

"Who is she?"

He did not pretend that he failed to understand her, for that is always useless; and vaguely he had known that some day there would have to be an accounting between that love which had once been all his life and this new enchantment which was now become all his life and something inexplicably more.

"There is no one else," Creon said; and he believed it, because the someone else was not another woman.

"You do not love me any longer," said the girl, who still loved him.

"But I do!" he said, not conscious that he lied. Men, and more especially such men as the dedicated seekers after an elusive music, may feel stirring within them the memories of old loves and mistake the stir for a living emotion. But the girl made a movement of dissent.

"No," she said. She was not deceived. The hungry reality of her passion could not feed itself on memories and husks, and was aware that only husks and memories were offered.

"I do love you," he repeated, and this time it sounded unconvincing to himself, and he did not look at her, but downward at the surface of a pool which lay between them and in which they were both reflected. For she had found him, led by the sound of his tentative piping, in one of their old haunts. A spine of outcropping rock hunched itself diagonally across the island, and from the fissures at its base trickled several springs, one of which descended by a series of shallow pools to the level of the plain and became a brook which finally lost itself in a coil of marsh looped inward from the sea.

"You have not come to me," she said. "You have not sent for me." She looked at him, and he continued to look, not at her but at her reflection in the pool.

"I have not seen you," she said, "since the last time we were here together."

It should have been a powerful evocation, and she meant it so. For the last time they had been there together had seen the height of their passion. For their senses had tricked them that night; their leaping blood had tricked them; the blood in their bodies had risen to their heads; their blood had whirred and beaten through their ears as if with the whir and beat of many strong wings. And for a trembling moment of ecstasy and terror they had clung together, thinking that they heard the rush and feathery thunder of the doves of Aphrodite, while across the reflecting face of the pool—for they dared not look at the sky itself—had passed—what? Only the swift shadow of a driven cloud? To her this must always be the place where they had dedicated themselves to each other in the veritable presence of the goddess of love herself; the place where their two lives had rushed together in flame—a flame fanned by the passage of the Cytherean Venus.

But to him it was only another pool among the rocks.

"'The last time we were here together,'" he repeated, but as he spoke he made no movement toward her. He picked up his pipes instead—for the thing that he remembered of the last night that they were there together was a motive that was like something in the melody he was trying to recapture. To her that night was life itself; to him it had become a poetic idea. And when he turned from her to the pipes she knew certainly that his love was dead.

But a woman who perceives that a man's love is dead is not necessarily defeated; she frequently believes that her own love is strong enough to accomplish the miracle of resurrection.

She skirted the pool and stood beside him. She must know just what it was that had taken him from her. Then she could deal with it. She could not believe what she had heard—that it was merely music. Music was a great part of life, but it was not life; love was life.

"Tell me what it is," she said comradely. This is an old and pathetically futile wile of women who have lost the men they love—this "Let us be friends!"—this "Let us be comrades!" For it is their hope that out of the contacts of comradeship may spring again the flame of desire.

He told her of the magic melody, and as he talked she studied him.

"We shall find it together," she said. "I, too, shall devote my life to this quest. I shall help you."

But there was in him the deep sense that he must find this thing, which was greater than all lives and all loves, for himself and by himself.

"You cannot help me," he said, miserable and honest.

And then she began to hate this music that had come between them with a deeper intensity. He felt her hatred of it growing, and knew that if it were a woman she could stab or strangle it. The woman who loves an artist nearly always loses, and never quite knows why. If she can make her own appeal stronger than the appeal of his art she destroys him as an artist; and after she has destroyed him she will cease to love him, for the thing in him that attracted her is dead. It should be of great educational value to any woman to be loved by an artist, but she should never commit the mistake of loving him in return.

"It is not that I do not love you," said Creon, suffering with her and for her, "but ——"

"But you love this music more?"

"Yes."

"Then you do not love me, if you love anything more."

"It is not you and I and love," said Creon, his tongue and mind stumbling. "It is something—I do not know what it is—it has hold of me and will not let me go. It is not I or you—we do not make any difference to it. I must seek this music, no matter what happens to you or me."

"Perhaps it is from the gods," said she; "but whatever gods are in it, it does not come from Aphrodite, for you and I belong to her." The idea of deity being arrayed against deity, in relation to human affairs, was familiar to the Hellenic mind.

"I do not know," said Creon. "Perhaps it is not from the gods at all. I've seen no god. Perhaps—I do not know how to tell you—but I have thought that perhaps what I seek is the music behind the gods—which made the gods."

"I did not know that there was any stronger god than Aphrodite," murmured the girl, and then, with one last effort, she brushed from her the premonition of defeat and put forth all her strong vitality against her unseen enemy, for she was fighting for her life, and felt it clearly now.

"Do you remember," she said, "that morning ——" And the completion of her thought was a gesture toward the crest of the ridge beneath which they stood. His eye followed her gesture and her mind, and he seemed to see her standing there again, as he had seen her on the morning following their night together at the pool. He seemed to see her standing on the promontory's windy crest, a figure carven of rapture, stark in ecstasy, fronting the eastward sea and distant Asia, calling, in that tremulous instant before the dawn, upon the sun to rise out of the mists and the waters, flinging the joyous morning that filled her heart outward to wed the morning that wavered on the sea; wide-armed she called and sang, with the young breeze in her hair, a priestess who prophesied the coming light, and sang and sang until it seemed as if the sun came up in veritable response to her incantations—came up and rushed upon her; and he himself had rushed up the hill and become one with her and with the sun in a red glow of youth.

As this memory surged over him he turned, flaming again, toward the actual woman near him, and she all but overwhelmed him with that strong essential feminine vigor which some women know how to project, and for a second she was winning. He dropped his pipes and moved as if to take her, and in the space of another surge of their pulses they would have been in each other's arms.

But he stopped, strangely halted by a delicate vibration that seemed to pass over the very face of Nature—or perhaps it was his shaken blood that made the world appear to shake—and with this stir there came to his ears again the same music that he had heard in his dream. Or perhaps an excited memory of it, for the girl heard nothing. But it was so clear to him that he paused and listened; even as the girl put out her arms to reach and repossess him, this stronger thing seized him again and drew him back.

His face was still flaming, but he turned from her once more and picked up his pipes. As before, when she evoked the pool in the rocky holly, so now, when she evoked the vision of the height, the memories which she had awakened turned to music in his mind and not to any rebirth of their love. He perceived that there had been in that morning on the height something that was like a little part of the magic melody, and he was already striving to relate it.

She looked at him in silence, and as she looked the blood receded from her face, and with it all her hope. Her figure seemed to diminish as she went away from him, and the glow of her vitality to sink and dim.

"It is very plain," she murmured, "that there are stronger gods than Aphrodite, and there is no reason why I should keep on living."

IV

AND as he watched her go, although he was still strongly under the spell of his enchantment, there began to rise in Creon something of that sense of shame which comes to all men who have rejected, for whatever reason, a genuine love; even a love they no longer want. The thing that possessed him, he had said and he felt, was greater than all lives or loves, but he himself was not greater. He himself was a lesser thing. He could not phrase it to himself, but there began to plague him the sense that he had turned aside from the wide, warm current of the common life of men. The seizure itself was no less imperious and compelling, but he began to struggle against it now with a resentment that was to grow greater during the next ensuing hours.

From this meditation, fraught with its unfamiliar wonder as to his own quality, Creon was recalled by a chuckle.

He looked up, and then rose from the rock on which he had been sitting. Three men were regarding him from a little distance, and one who appeared to be the leader advanced toward him with a slight limp.

"Are you Creon, the son of Duris, the farmer?" asked this man, managing to get something of a swagger into his manner in spite of his limp. He was a fat man, with gray hair and a red face which was a mask of impudent geniality.

"Yes," said Creon somewhat surlily. He dropped his hand to the long knife thrust through his belt, for in his world a stranger was a stranger. "Who are you?"

"Nobody to draw steel on, lad," said the fat man, standing still, but self-assured. "I've hunted you out to bring luck to you." He attempted to put importance into his manner, but he remained a person whom anyone would have declined to trust, after one glance, with a purse, a wine cask or a wench. "To come to the point at once—as the juggler said when he swallowed the sword—I'm here, my boy, to make you as rich as a Persian. I hear you've got something new in the way of music. And there's money in novelties if you know how to market them."

For all his talk about money, the man appeared not to have had any recent acquaintance with a surplus of it. He and his two companions were attired in worn buskins and sported weather-stained and tarnished cloaks that might once have been dyed purple, the remnants of a Grecian theatrical wardrobe. Even an island shepherd could tell that they had been everywhere and were probably going farther to fare worse. One of them was a plump and pimpled boy with curly hair and a fixed grin, and the other a leathery man almost as dark and slim as a strap of bull's hide. This latter continually scratched himself, and Creon wondered if he were lousy.

"Who are you?" repeated Creon, still sullen at this invasion.

"I am Hyperbolus of Chios, the minstrel," said the fat man with the limp, and waited for a sensation. But there was none, and he went on: "But many people call me Momus. It is a name," he went on with swelling complacence, "that got tacked onto me after I was thrown out of the theater at Athens on account of jealousy. I suppose that I am even more widely known as Momus than as Hyperbolus." And then he struck an attitude and declaimed: "The name that was given to me in jest I have made famous!"

The pimply youth left off twiddling his curls, and the leathery man quit scratching his head, to applaud their chief, and their chief bowed to them as if they were a multitude.

"Now, lad," said Momus, "about this new music of yours—it's a thing I can use if it's really new. The Athenians are always running about looking for something new, even if it's only a new fox-faced philosopher. We'll give your new performance a trial here in the islands—cuff it into shape, you know—and then take it into Athens in the autumn, about the time of the Saturnalia." He drew

(Continued on Page 121)

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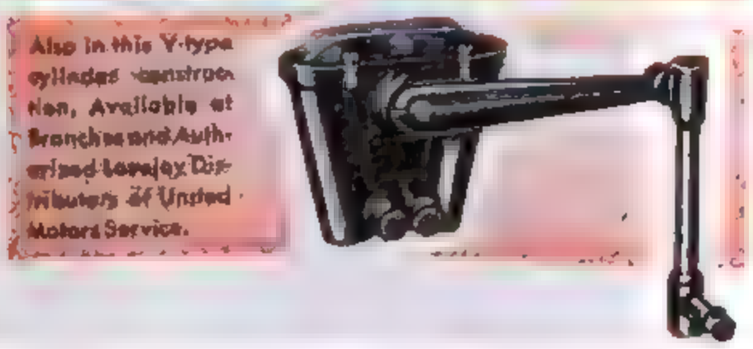

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FROZEN GOLD

The Story of a Canadian Prospector, as Told to Courtney Ryley Cooper

THE time seems to be gone when one must be a doddering old man before he can truly say he has been a pioneer. I am fifty-two, and most of my pals of yesterday and today are about the same age. Yet we've seen a great dominion transformed, and we have played our part in it from the start to the beginning of the finish. It's a long way from mushing a trail with a toboggan behind you to joy-riding by airplane in a couple of days from a Pullman train to a job of gold hunting in the wilderness of the subarctic, north of the northern lights.

The transition of Canada from a negative place in the mining activities of the world to one where she threatens absolute supremacy has come about in little more than a quarter of a century. Early in this century a rip-roaring bunch of young fellows, most of us broke, all of us excited by the news of silver, moved up north to a new-found silver camp called Cobalt.

We came from every part of the world. There were Alaskan sourdoughs, fretful to repeat the luck of the Klondike and the Yukon. There were fellows from the gold camps of Colorado and Idaho. There were men from the African Rand and others from Australia. There were men from every possible line of occupation, among them Tom—Two-Bits—Cowan, who at that time knew a lot more about race horses than he did about prospecting. Tom and I were friends. We saw a lot of country after that, following the luck of the trail Last year, far up at Baker Lake, in the very shadow of the Arctic Circle, with the white of the freeze-up upon the gaunt fierceness of the Barren Lands, I helped to load Tom into an airplane that was to rush him 1500 miles south to the transcontinental line of steel, that he might be taken to a hospital. Tom's legs were lifeless from the knees down; after a storm-swept journey across the Barrens, in which his partner had died on the trail, he had reached the Revillon Frères fur post at Baker Lake just in time to save his own life. Now he was on the way to the operating table.

Over the Hill

BUT I didn't think so much of that when the plane's propeller began to spin and Capt. H. A. Oaks—we called him Doc—made ready for the long journey. It was something else—something, somehow, that seemed bigger. It was the fact that as Tom stumbled through the gray mist toward the post he halted and, reeling, looked intently toward the ground. Then he bent upon those horribly frozen limbs and picked up a stone that strained at the remnants of his strength.

"Looks like metal," he mumbled over his cracked, swollen lips. "I ought to take it in."

But the stone slipped from fingers long ago too weak for their burden. Onward he stumbled, at last to sink, unconscious, into the arms of those who ran to aid him.

That made me think about something even greater than the finding of minerals or an old pal falling by the trail. It was about the thing that makes men go on and on, to the gates of death and through them, to "see what's over the hill." And I understood for the first time what makes nations.

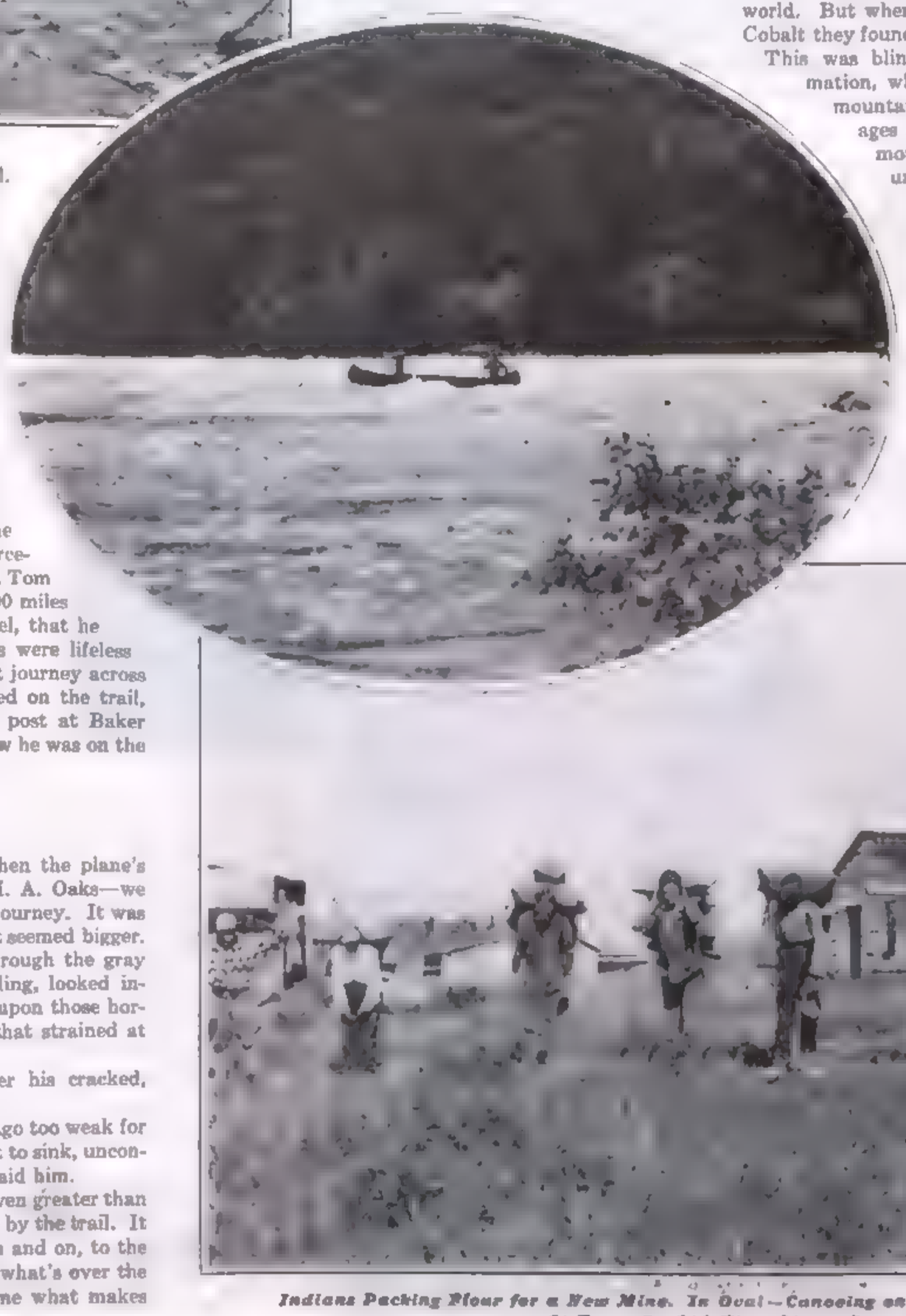
It is the ordinary opinion, for instance, that the present excitement over Canada's mining is a flare-up. That is not true; everything that is happening in Canada has its roots in old Cobalt and the men who rushed there in 1905 and succeeding years upon the news of fabulous discoveries of silver; the rush did not come for some time after the camp's discovery, more than a year in fact.

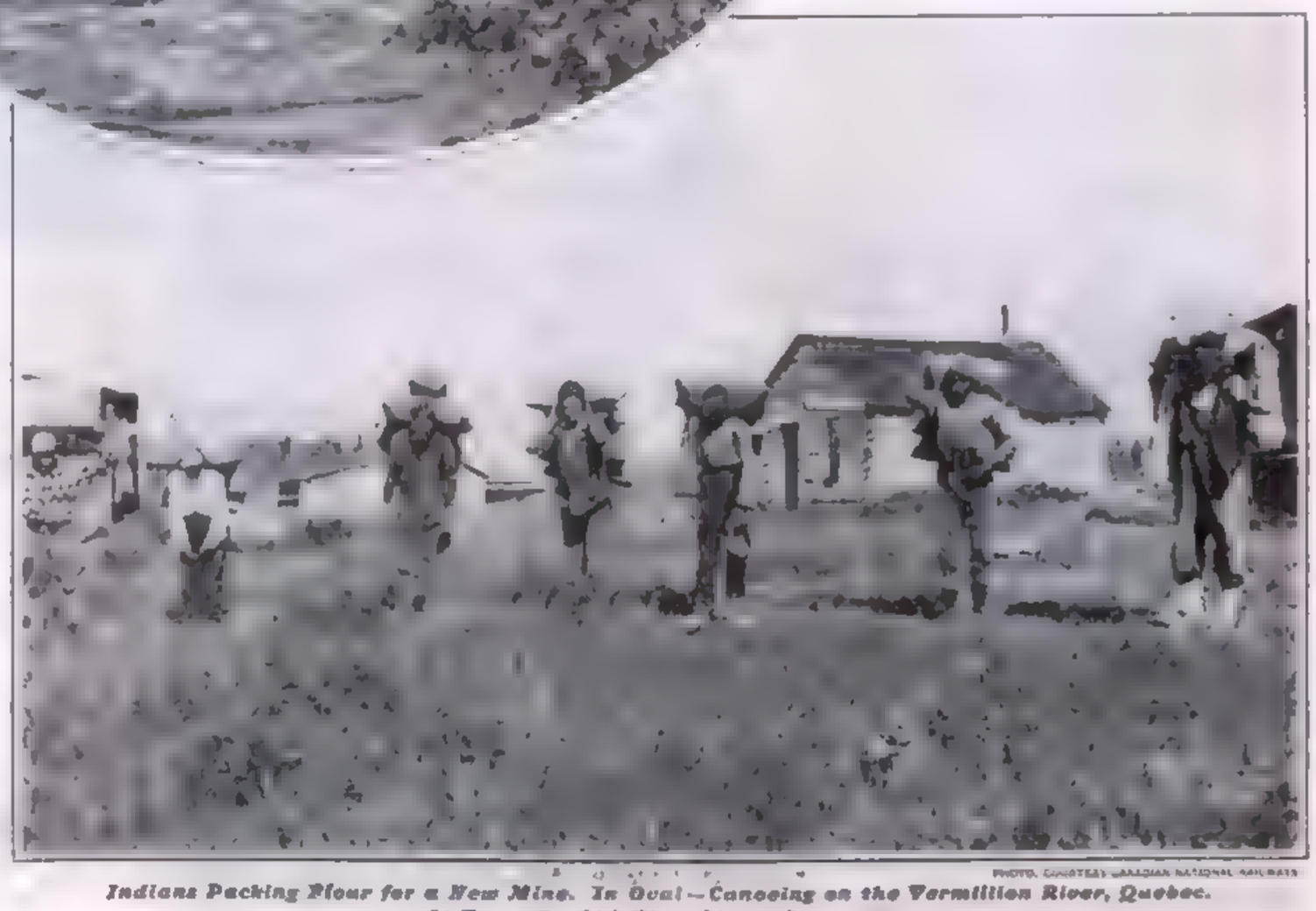
Cobalt was an exceedingly lucky accident. It was more than a silver discovery; it was a revelation in a new kind of prospecting, a kindergarten that would begin an education by which Canada might move into world importance as a mineral producer. Before Cobalt, it is true, there had been gold mining in the West, and, for that matter, other mineral exploitation both on the Pacific Coast and in the Maritime Provinces. But Cobalt was a spectacular camp in a land that was supposed to be comparatively worthless. It proved that other districts of swamp and rock and muskeg and tangled bush might also be valuable. Because of that, nearly 10,000 prospectors are searching over 2,000,000 square miles of land that once were called utterly useless. While they look for another Cobalt they are discovering enough other precious and base minerals to make Canada the most important mineral potentiality in the world.

Hitting a Silver Mine on the Head

A BLACKSMITH named La Rose accidentally hit a rock with a hammer, in Cobalt, twenty-six years ago, thereby discovering silver. La Rose didn't even know the first thing about prospecting. He was a blacksmith, engaged at the thankless task of sharpening drill steel for a government railroad that was bucking the frontier in an attempt to help the farmers, a number of whom had drifted northwest along a fertile clay belt and were calling for railroad assistance. The silver discovery was made while the road was still 150 miles short of its goal at Cochrane; whereupon it ceased to be a farmer's railway. Because of that accidental blow men are today flying the subarctic in search of new mineral discoveries; many of them are the same fellows who rushed into Cobalt twenty-odd years ago.

That rush included men from every mining district in the world. But when these experienced prospectors reached Cobalt they found that everything they knew was useless. This was blind country. This was a different formation, where glaciers had ground down a whole mountain range to comparative flatness. Then ages of vegetation had covered it over. The mountain man—most mining had been done until this time in mountainous country—hardly knew which way to turn. Everything must be learned over again; it was different here from hill country where minerals have sent forth their telltales by pieces of float broken from the vein and carried downhill by every freshet, where one may learn the placer secrets of a district by panning the stream sands, or look over miles of territory from any mountain top. Here Nature had decided to keep her riches a secret. The major portion of Canada's mineral-bearing lands is a mass of bush and





Indians Packing Flour for a New Mine. In Oval—Canoeing on the Vermilion River, Quebec. At Top—An Old-Time Placer Prospector

muskeg, swamps and lakes, mushy trails; one is closed in there; the only way he can see the country is by climbing a tree. It frightens a man from a different land; there is a supernatural brooding about that wilderness, the muttering of weird voices when the wind blows, a threat in every camp fire, danger in the sweep of the veriest white squall when the freeze-up closes in.

There a prospector's burro is his canoe on water, himself on the portage, bending beneath a pack which often exceeds two hundred pounds, with the tumpline cutting into his forehead and the black flies gouging his flesh where the perspiration oozes from beneath the pressing leather. There the trees crash in violent winds, and the waves run white across the great lakes when the storms come, and no one is near to hear the cries for help as a desperate man hooks water in his efforts to send a frail canoe to shore. It is fearful country to him who does not know it; compasses often go awry from the pull of magnetic metals, suns blaze copper-hued when the forest fires rage, wolves shriek at night, their cries rising, note by note, until all of heaven seems a sounding box for their unearthly throats. It is no land for a tenderfoot even now; back in those days when Canada really ended a few miles north of what is now the center strip of population it was a country to be generally feared. A great many persons who rushed to Cobalt stayed there or merely followed the new mining camps as they sprang up. But there were others, among them myself, who got the "feel" of hidden wealth.

The Great Fire at Porcupine

COBALT was the big boom camp where the tough, lustrous nickel-white metal lay in definite veins and where a man could work his claim from surface until he got enough money really to develop his mine. Cobalt was the cradle of today's Canadian prospectors. Of course there are young men in the bush today, but, ten to one, they learned much of what they know from some older man who went up to Cobalt in the rush days of 1905 and 1906.

After those years it was an emerging process in which other camps bloomed or died, and in which the spread of prospecting gradually moved north and east and west, until now it forms the greatest area of gold-hunting activities in the history of the world. Last summer 8000 men were scattered through the bush of Canada; so great was the territory in which they worked that it was difficult to find more than a dozen of them together in the whole Dominion. A district of 2,000,000 square miles is a big place. Yet that is the area of the Pre-Cambrian shield of Canada, occupying almost 85 per cent of the whole Dominion, and with a potentiality for mineral everywhere. By that I do not mean that all Pre-Cambrian rock—the oldest in the earth's history—is mineral-bearing. But it is the best kind of rock in which to search for minerals, if that makes the distinction clearer.

Gradually we edged out from Cobalt—we fellows who had got the urge sufficiently to overcome the menace of the bush. We went in pairs or in even greater numbers; there's too much danger in doing otherwise. The history of every new mining camp in Canada is also a history of persons who died in the search for minerals; I know one camp today which is only three years old, but which, during its rush times, rolled up a death list of nearly fifty persons, drowned in treacherous rapids, trapped in forest fires, frozen to death or killed by other accidental means. Cobalt had its deaths among those who went alone into the bush; thus bringing the lesson that one should never travel without a partner. Porcupine had its death roll when the great forest fire of 1911 swept upon it. I know; I was there, working a claim some eighteen miles south of town.

Freighting With Dogs in the Barren Lands

It was the night of July tenth, in 1911. The weather had been unusually warm for three days—stifling, in fact—with the smell of burning spruce gum heavy in our nostrils. Then that day the wind had risen, and by night the fire was on us.

It was night, but it was daylight—darkness does not come until ten o'clock or later in that country. Suddenly an express train started to roar toward us from the distance, the thunder of its approach growing swiftly until it literally deafened us. The air became black—black with red streamers shooting through it like some strange form of fireworks; they were long shreds of birch bark, torn from blazing trees and careening upon the gale. My partner and I only saw them momentarily; we were running for water, at last to reach an old beaver dam, slosh through it and flatten ourselves in the shallows against the opposite bank, below a rocky hill. Then the fire passed us like the express train its noises resembled, with flame stretching on before the main blaze as if straining against fetters. We gasped and clawed our throats; all the air seemed gone from the world. But at last we breathed again and, dodging the blazing trees, began our trip toward Porcupine.

Death had reached there first—eighty-four in all. There were seventeen bodies in one trench up by the Dome properties—sixteen men and a bear. Others were dead in the slime pond where they had waded to evade the flames; still others in shafts. And when the search of the country began we truly realized what life in the bush meant. Here was the form of a man, untouched by flame, but dead from suffocation; farther on, a hummocked body in a swamp. A friend of mine started to clear some ashes from the edge of a pond and gasped with the realization that a dead man was staring up at him from beneath the water. The forest itself was like a field of broken wheat; poplars were cut off in mid-trunk as if they had been hit by a giant sledge. Over by Red Stone we searched for the bodies of two prospectors. Finally I reached to the ground and picked up a watch. Then my partner found another. After that a thigh bone was revealed, then ribs and finally two skulls. Bears had been there before us. Happenings like that slow up prospecting.

Mrs. H. A. Oaks, Mrs. John E. Hammell, Mr. Hammell and Captain Oaks, Landing From New York at Red Lake, Ontario, 160 Miles From Steel, After a Trip Designed to Teach Prospectors That Airplanes Were a Safe Means of Invading the Wilderness.

At Left—About the Time a Main Street Springs Up, the Prospector Wants to Move Out

Abandoned Prospects

NOT that such things make a coward of the prospector, understand. But they put a certain idea of impediments into his mind, the belief that he must stay comparatively close to civilization. His reasoning naturally adopts the course that if such things can happen in the vicinity of camps, if the wilderness begins immediately he leaves the little one-streeted, log-cabined town which forms a center, how on earth is he going to induce persons to go a hundred or more miles deeper into the bush to develop a project? Many a good mining property has been found and abandoned in far-away stretches of Canada simply because the discoverer felt it useless to attempt to interest finance in his project.

In fact, one can go into almost any area of Canada and find evidences of where some other prospector has been before him. A weed-grown test pit, a stretch of ground where the overburden has been stripped from a vein, an ancient wooden windlass made from the materials of the forest and still with the rotted remnants of a moose-hide bucket clinging to the disintegrated rope—one finds these things every now and then. It means that at some day in the past a prospector has wandered far off the beaten trail, carried on by his curiosity to see what is around the next bend, until he has got several hundred miles from a railroad. Then he has found a promising vein, worked it in the bright days of his enthusiasm and at last awakened to the

(Continued on Page 127)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

A pistol cracked— a gangster fell

The bark of a policeman's pistol shattered the stillness of the night in a mid-western city. A gangster crumpled to the pavement.

"Quick, Jim," yelled the sergeant, "get all he knows!"

The patrolman felt the gangster's heart.

"Nothing doing, Sarge. I guess he's gone."

But a few minutes later an ambulance surgeon injected a solution of Adrenalin into the gangster's heart muscle. An amazing thing happened. The heart resumed its beat, the apparently dead man regained consciousness, and lived for three hours. During this period he gave the police information that led to the round-up of his gang.

Adrenalin not magical

Adrenalin is, among other things, a powerful heart restorer, and this true story is but a single example of its application. There is nothing magical about its effect either in the so-called revivals of the *apparently dead*, or under the less sensational circumstances in which physicians are using it every day.

Year after year physicians are discovering new uses for Adrenalin, adding to the already impressive list of conditions in which its powerful effects can be intelligently and advantageously utilized.

There is hardly a "tissue" of the body that is not affected by Adrenalin. But its manifestations are so various, and its effects so rapid and powerful, that no one but a physician can be expected to know when and where and how to use this remarkable drug.

Adrenalin was discovered in the Parke-Davis laboratories in 1901. It was the first of the gland chemicals to be isolated and made available for medical use. This epoch-making achievement paved the way for, and gave added zest to, the extensive researches that have since been carried on in an effort to ferret out the secrets of the other ductless glands.

In all this work Parke-Davis scientists have kept constantly in the forefront, and their contributions to this branch of medical knowledge continue to win the admiration of the scientific world.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Milk of Magnesia scientifically made

Parke-Davis quality is reflected in even the simplest preparation for household use. For example, Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia. Because of the exceptional purity and stability of this product you can depend on it to be always medicinally active. It is snow-white, creamy-smooth, mild and agreeable in taste. Ask your druggist for a bottle and convince yourself of its excellence.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

THE WILD ONES

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

DAVE BINGHAM'S duck camps are set on a low knoll on the shore of the Kennebec, overlooking the upper end of Merrymeeting Bay. The scene has many aspects. If the day be sunny, the autumn-tinted shore line forms a frame of beauty for the picture; if the sky is overcast, storm tingles in the air; when the wind blows cold, it bites as keenly as a knife; and when fog rests upon the water, it shrouds all in a cloak of cotton wool, bewildering the senses helplessly.

But this was a starlit night. I had arrived an hour before, in time for supper; now, bound for bed, I stopped for a moment on the veranda of the main camp to look out across the water; and Dave was at my side.

The stars were bright in the blue-black sky; they were blurred images in the water which slid like oil along the bank at our feet. We could see the dark bulk of the island in midstream, and the low blur of the farther shore beyond. The tide was high, so that there was only the faintest shadow to mark the great marsh off the foot of the island; but from that direction I heard the calls of ducks, and since the air was utterly still, they seemed very near at hand.

"Some of your decoys loose?" I asked Dave; but he said in a hushed tone:

"No, them's the wild ones."

Peter Mowry

There was that in his voice which always dwelt there when he spoke this word. The wild ones! The black duck, shrewdest and wariest of woodland fowl. Fifty miles away in the South Bay at Portland they lay by hundreds all the fall, and there they might feed from your hand. But here in Merrymeeting the same individual birds were alertly vigilant, suspicious of the least displacement of the marsh grasses, pausing in their feeding to look keenly right and left, swimming to and fro with pumping necks ready for that instant convulsive leap which could set them a-wing at the least alarm.

The wild ones! Strange creatures, fearless and fearful, too, with the scent of forest places on their wings. In captivity, I had heard, they would languish and die. Hatched from the egg beneath the feathery bosom of the most buxom and motherly barnyard hen, they were from birth as wild as if they had been incubated in the most remote of northern wildernesses. In them burned a sort of fire which only freedom could refuel, which flamed most brightly when like winged arrows they traversed the limitless reaches of the sky.

"The wild ones?" I repeated, echoing Dave's word; and I asked: "Do they mix much with the decoys?"

"They get to fighting," Dave told me thoughtfully. "The tame ones get after them, pull and pluck and peck at them. Put a wild one in a pen with my decoys and they'll kill him, half the time."

I thought, on the way to bed, that there were men and women, too, to whom the ordered and conventional world was pitilessly hostile; and the thought returned to me next day. We gunned from the point of the island—Dave and I. The morning was misty, but as the sun lifted above the eastern hills these skeins of fog thinned and vanished, and the marsh lay like dull gold in the slanting light. Out in the pond hole our decoys fed noisily; we could hear them splashing there.

But there were no birds flying; and as cool dawn gave way to warm day, I lay half asleep under the lean-to on the shore, while Dave watched the skies. Then Happy Brash and Asa, who sometimes served Dave's guests as guides, came trudging along the shore; and I understood from the swift clack of talk that passed between them and Dave that they brought news. The three men stood together by the water's edge, two or three rods from where I lay, and Happy spoke excitedly. I wondered indolently what it was that engaged them so.

When Dave came presently to sit beside me I asked him. I had heard a name, and I repeated it.

"Who is this Nita Mowry?" I inquired.

Happy was bailing out one of the sneak boats with a sponge, dipping it in the bilge, squeezing it over the side; he heard my word, and he called to Dave defiantly:

"Just the same, she'd 'a' done better to stay here, I say!"

But Dave grinned, and shook his head; and he appealed to me. "I dunno," he confessed. "How does it look to you?"

I pointed out that I could speak with more authority if all the facts were first made clear, and Dave nodded.

"You'd have to know the Mowrys to understand," he decided. I reminded him that he might remedy my ignorance in that respect, and so he began to tell me about them. Once a lone duck flew up the eastern river, half a mile away. Once a cloud obscured the sun and a few drops of rain dimpled the water in the runways through the marsh. The rising tide chuckled and swirled in the drift of rubbish on the gravel beach at our feet. The wind began to blow from the southeast and I buttoned my coat more snugly. Dave, alert for birds, scanned the half circle of the horizon, and his tones ran soothingly.

This Nita Mowry, he said, was a girl you would like; and he gave me bit by bit her portrait. The youngest child of the family, she must have been about sixteen when Peter Mowry bought the Madder farm, a mile or two up the shore from Dave's camps here.

"And she was the best of them all," Dave assured me. "She was common, for one thing; friendly, and liked folks. And she had spunk in her too. More git-up-an'-git than the rest of them. She was good-natured, without being foolish in the way her ma was; and she was friendly without pushing herself in. Kind of pretty, with black hair and blue eyes. That's a combination always did strike me. But mostly it was just that you liked her, whatever her looks might be."

You liked her the more, he decided, because of the contrast between her and the rest of the family. The Mowrys were stage folk by practice and tradition. They had moved in those lesser theatrical circles which have a dusty glamour of their own, and which are as seductive if not as profitable as spheres more spectacular. Peter Mowry had played with Sothern in his day; he had slipped from that estate, but without forgetting his former grandeur. He was, Dave thought, well past fifty, and there must have been something of the old tradition in him.

Mrs. Mowry

"He always said 'muh' when he meant 'me,'" Dave remembered; and there were in his speech other mannerisms which seemed to the folk hereabout absurd and full of affectation. Also, his dress distinguished him unfavorably. He wore, habitually, a black coat and trousers long since shabby and disreputable; and while his neighbors wore old clothes, too, their garments had been rough even when they were new. There is something shameful in the spectacle of a black coat, once full of decent dignity, rubbed shiny at the elbows and spotted with the stains of the farm.

Mrs. Mowry, likewise, had been an actress. She may once have been pretty, and no doubt still believed herself to be. Her eyebrows were plucked to a thin line, her manner was coquettish and gay, and her lips were bright with a color which her obvious years rendered ridiculous; and her eager, chittering friendliness made these country folk even more uneasy than did Peter Mowry's stilted manner.

"They were fair game," Dave told me. "It was easy to make fun of them. Happy, over there, used to put on an imitation of old Pete that was real good; and I've seen him take off Mrs. Mowry, too, with a towel tied around him for a skirt, flouncing and giggling and twittering till you wanted to kiss him or kill him, sure."

Happy had come to sit beside us here, and he grinned cheerfully. "They never did belong around here," he remarked. And Dave nodded and went on.

There was a son, he said, named Delbert. He had served in France and suffered one disastrous injury; his hearing had been destroyed and his voice was affected, so that he seemed at times to have an impediment in his speech.

This disability was, it appeared, the family tragedy. Delbert had given promise of achieving a stage career of which they might all have been proud; his chances vanished on a battlefield in France. His father and mother had centered all their anticipations in the young man; these hopes were ashes now. But if the blow had broken

(Continued on Page 60)

Model 92 . . . Power Detection and the new 45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency. Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Automatic sensitivity control gives uniform range and power all over the dial. Improved Majestic Super Dynamic Speaker. Heavy, sturdy Majestic power unit, with positive voltage ballast. Jacobean period cabinet of American walnut. Doors of matched butt walnut with overlays on doors and interior panel of genuine imported Australian lacewood. Escutcheon plate, knobs and door pulls finished in genuine silver

"Power Detection" . .

a *True* Development in Radio Progress

THE overwhelming success of the new Majestic models is easily explained. They embody *permanent* and *necessary* improvements in radio design.

Two great problems were the target of Majestic research this year. One was *Noise*—the constant hum, squeal and whistle that bombarded old style radio. The other was *Unequal Sensitivity*—"fuzzy" reception on low wave lengths—lost range and power on high waves. *All* radio suffered from these troubles.

Majestic attacked these problems with all its great engineering, scientific and experimental resources. Majestic engineers developed the remarkable new method of Power Detection—a complete answer to throttling noises and tone distortions. They invented Automatic Sensitivity Control which gives uniform power and range on *all* wave lengths. Now the new Majestics are *wholly free* from every hindrance to natural musical reproduction.

When you hear these new instruments you will recognize the wisdom of adhering to the path of true progress in radio. No mere novelty nor "catch-phrase" design could produce the glorious tone that swells from the new Majestics. This year, the Monarch of the Air is mightier than ever—because Majestic embodies the sound engineering and the far-seeing leadership that refuse compromise on any question of radio quality or design.

You cannot buy finer radio than Majestic—*no matter what price you pay.*

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Majestic Theatre of the Air over Columbia and American Broadcasting Systems every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Headliners of the Stage and Screen.

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Time payments in the purchase of Majestic Receivers are financed through the Majestic Plan at lowest known rates.

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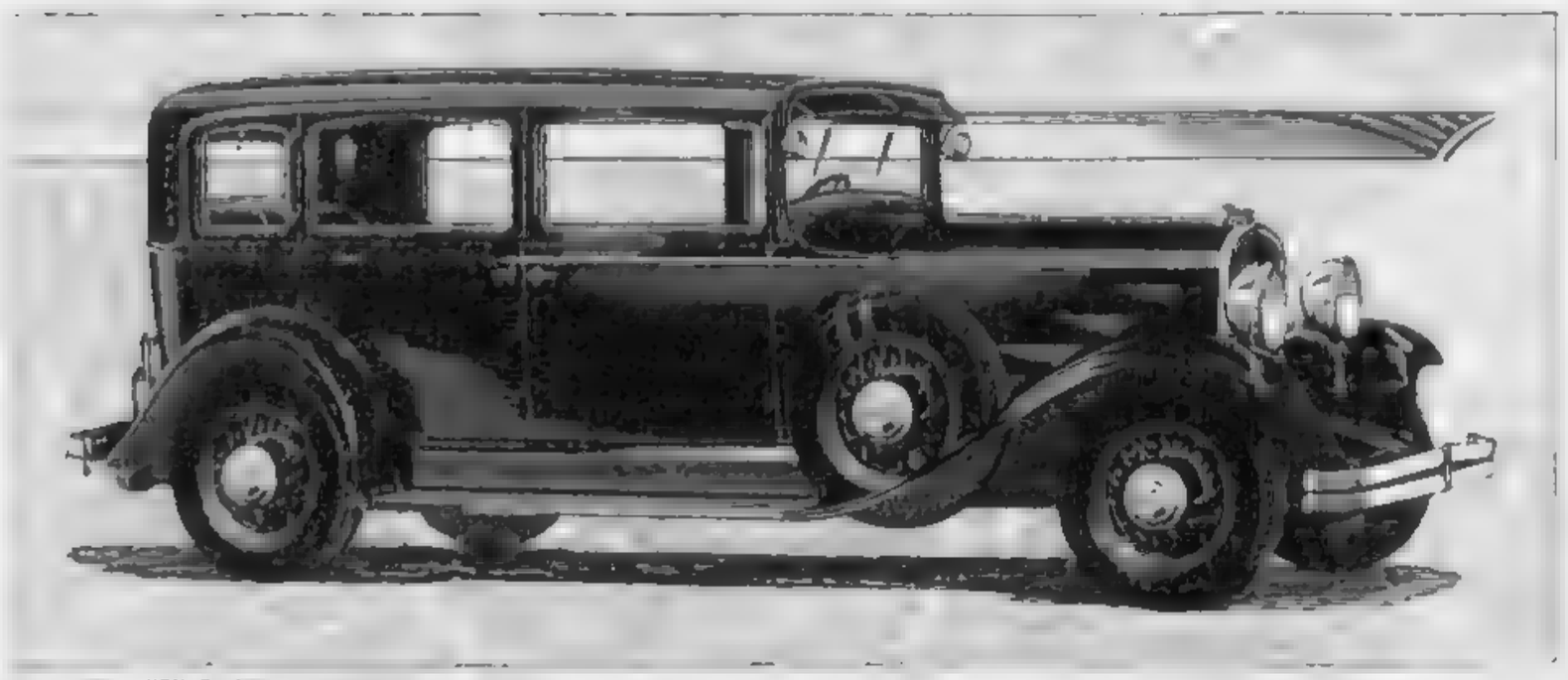
RADIO

SURPASSING EVEN CHRYSLER'S PREVIOUS BEST

Sensational new Chrysler "77" and "70"— with new Multi-Range Gear Shift— usher in entirely new science of motor car design and construction



THE NEW "77" CROWN SEDAN

ONLY one short week ago all motor cars were basically very much alike. Today none can compare with the new Chrysler "77" and "70." With their coming, a new era of automobile development begins, and motoring takes on an entirely new and more efficient aspect.

Overnight Chrysler has outstripped the engineering practice of a quarter century. Overnight Chrysler has launched sensational new discoveries— the cumulative results of years of scientific research—which revolutionize the motor car, dwarf its previous performance possibilities and change completely all former judgment of what an automobile should do and can be made to do.

With these latest creations of Chrysler's famous engineers, a new science of automobile building is ushered in—a science different in origin, in principle, in standards of efficiency and in its practical application to the transportation needs of the day.

SYNCHRONIZED POWER SYSTEM

In the Chrysler "77" and "70," from radiator to rear axle you have just one scientifically unified mechanism—the Synchronized Power System, conceived and engineered in its entirety by Chrysler = = The 7-bearing power plants, themselves, are new and larger in piston displacement than previous Chryslers. In the "77" full 93 H. P. is at your command; in the "70" you have 75 H. P.

And Chrysler engineers have discovered a new way to develop, apply and control this vast power in a motor car. Energy is transformed into a force so mighty, yet so flexible, so wieldy, so great in scope and so low in waste that all previous standards fail to offer a basis for comparison. And all this with an increase in gasoline economy and far less wear and tear on the mechanism.

Where, in the past, driving had to be confined primarily to one gear (the high), in the new Chrysler "77" and "70" you utilize a series of complete speed ranges. Each is adequate within itself. Each is designed to meet fully certain definite phases of motoring. Each affords a particular and necessary type of performance to master the complexities of modern motor travel = = Never before was such complete road mastery at the command of even the merest novice

MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT

The Chrysler-built Multi-Range Gear Shift is an important element of the Synchronized Power System. It is unlike any other gear shift, and it renders the control of a car far more simple, far more effective and immeasurably safer than ever before = = You shift through the gears, or back and forth between forward speeds at will—without clashing, without effort—silently, adroitly and with an effect as instantly responsive as if controlling power from a steam turbine

You are concerned solely with the conventional three forward shifts in normal driving. But what a magnificently greater and more competent range of performance you enjoy!

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER

1929 Chrysler Corporation

THE NEW "77"

THE NEW "70"

THE NEW "66"

A Starting Range with a top speed of more than 40 miles an hour. An Acceleration Range with a pick-up at all speeds up to more than 60 miles an hour—as swift as the flash of an arrow. Power and speed for the hills that literally reduce climbing time to half! Deceleration as instantaneous and positive as if a brake were automatically applied. A floating Speed Range, swifter even than the fleetest previous Chrysler—with a vast reduction in engine speed that means far greater operating economy and longer life for the mechanism. And in addition, there are an auxiliary Heavy Duty Range which will fairly lift you out of the deepest sand or heaviest mire, and a Reverse Range in the conventional position.

DOWNDRAFT FUELIZATION

Quite as sensational an advance has been made in carburetion—which accounts for the remarkable increase in power and the certainty and economy with which these new cars are fuelized. This is another notable example of Chrysler's pioneering in passenger car engineering = = An original system of Downdraft Carburetion—positively fed by a pressure pump—is introduced. Airplanes have had something similar but never before has a motor car. This vital feature is not merely a gravity manifold, but is a new principle of fuelization.

SHORT TURNING RADIUS

The turning radius is much shorter than in ordinary cars of equal wheelbase, adding materially to the simplicity of parking.

PARAFLEX SPRING SUSPENSION

Contributing to still greater riding comfort is another striking advance—the Paraflex Spring Suspension—introduced for the first time in the new Chrysler "77" and "70." It absorbs torsional strains, controls rebounds by checking the impulses of unsprung weight, and deadens road impacts before they can be imparted to the car body. There are, also, new Chimney-Type Rubber Shock Insulators. And, of course, hydraulic shock absorbers

DOUBLE-DROP GIRDER FRAME

The extra-depth Girder-Type Double-Drop Frame, of exclusive Chrysler design, provides a lower center of gravity without reducing road clearance and forms a foundation able to withstand the torment of roughest roads and hardest usage.

ARCHITONIC BODIES

New in the science of their design and construction—important in the contribution they make to automobile engineering—significant in the effect they are predestined to have on all future structural development are the bodies of these new and sensational Chrysler cars.

Employing the new Architonic Principle, these bodies are structured like a dreadnought. Non-squeaking, non-rumbling, they possess immeasurably greater strength, afford the utmost in safety, and provide increased roominess both in the tonneau and driver's compartment. Dimensionally, they have 3 inches more width, 3 inches more head-room and 3 to 5 inches more interior length (according to body styles).

FITMENTS BY CARTIER (PARIS, NEW YORK)

As for luxury and elegance, the new Chryslers leave nothing to be desired. Metal fitments executed by Cartier et Cie., famous Paris and New York jewelers, marvellously restful seats with pillow-type upholstery; a front seat adjustable both for leg length and pitch; a choice of four fabrics of finest texture—these are a few of the features that give to the new Chrysler "77" and "70" an air of refinement found ordinarily only in voguish custom creations.

PENNON LOUVERS: CHROMIUM ARCHITRAVES

Viewed from the outside, scores of new touches greet the eye. Pennon Louvers, arranged in a pleasing sweep along the hood, replace the conventional type. Sparkling chromium Architraves about the arched window reveals and dashing chromium belt moldings accentuate the lithe, well-proportioned body lines. Smart Sconce-type Lights mounted high on the pillars and matching headlamps harmonize with the rest of the car. And front and rear, clean-cut sheathing, concealing chassis protuberances, completes the well-groomed appearance. Small base wheels and 6-ply oversize balloon tires give the final touch of staunchness and competence.

OTHER EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

In addition to the host of revolutionary original features, the new Chrysler "77" and "70" embody such other noted and exclusive Chrysler advancements as: Chrysler weatherproof internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes; Iso-therm Invar Strut Pistons; Scientifically Counter-weighted 7-bearing Crankshafts, dynamically and statically balanced; Non-wearing chilled Cast-Iron Face Tappets; Crankshaft Impulse Neutralizer; Self-Contained Rifle-Drilled Oil passages in cylinder block; Rubber Engine Mountings; Body Impulse Neutralizer; Air Cleaner; Oil Filter; etc., etc., etc.

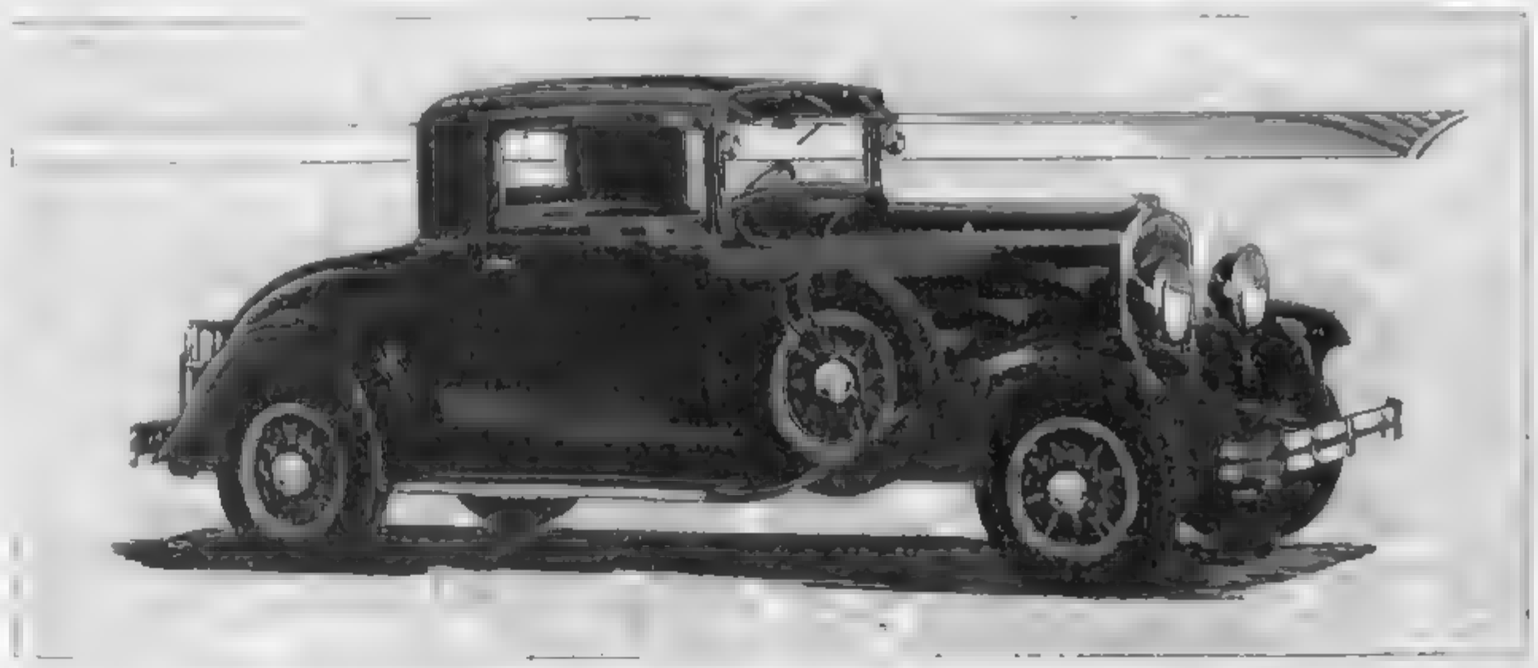
THE NEW LOW-PRICED CHRYSLER SIX

The new six-cylinder Chrysler "66", in its own field, achieves results fully as revolutionary as the "77" and "70" achieve in theirs. Producing so remarkable a car to sell for so low a price ranks as the greatest manufacturing triumph of Chrysler's history—a triumph that will completely revise prevailing ideas of what this moderate price can buy in an automobile. The new "66" overshadows price competition as completely as the larger Chryslers overshadow all competition. It is typically Chrysler in performance, in beauty, in stamina—and at the lowest price of any six to bear the name of Chrysler

SEE THEM—DRIVE THEM—TEST THEM

Truly, the new Chryslers surpass all previous Chrysler creations as decisively as former Chrysler achievements have outdistanced all their contemporaries. They are not in any sense improvements or elaborations of what has gone before. They are new—basically, fundamentally, scientifically.

Chrysler dealers in all parts of the country are displaying and demonstrating these sensational new cars. On their behalf we invite the public to view them. Ride in them—drive them and discover for yourself what an epochal contribution they make to the problem of present-day individualized transportation.



THE NEW "70" ROYAL COUPE

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 56)

them, it had worked an uglier change in Delbert himself. He was, Dave said, of an evil temper, easily provoked, ready for rage at any minor irritation.

"And you didn't want any trouble with him," Dave assured me. "He was tough as wire and ugly as a bull."

And the two daughters. Mary was close to thirty, Dave guessed, when they first appeared in the neighborhood. "A natural-born old maid if there ever was one," he said. "She'd been an actress, like her ma; and she wrote poetry. She'd wrote whole plays in poetry, I heard. I guess she didn't get much chance to act in them, though, from what they said. It looked like she had always been right on the edge of getting a chance, only some hard luck come along."

"They hadn't any secrets from you all," I remarked in some amusement; and he grinned.

"Mrs. Mowry did a lot of talking," he explained. "So there wan't much about them we didn't get to know. The way we heard it, old Pete had lost his job and couldn't get a new one, and Mrs. Mowry the same. She said the theater people wanted silly girls now instead of women of intelligence; she said there was a cult of youth in the theater. That was the way she put it. She said that she for one, wouldn't ever play grandmothers! I told her one day that most women come to that if they lived long enough; and she kind of giggled and said 'Why, Mr. Bingham!' like I'd shocked her, or something."

I nodded. These figures whom he painted were clear enough to me.

"Mary couldn't get a job," he continued. "And Nita wouldn't." He chuckled. "I told you Nita had brains," he reminded me. "Mrs. Mowry used to complain a lot about Nita being so selfish. She said Nita could have done anything she wanted on the stage. But Nita, the way Mrs. Mowry told it, had kind of give the theater business the go-by. She 'lowed it hadn't ever got her pa and ma anywhere, and it didn't look good to her."

Dave thought that Nita must have been subject to daily recriminations because of this dereliction. He said that it was probably to escape this constant blame that she spent more time among her neighbors than did the rest of the family.

"She was a mighty pretty little thing," he explained. "And always figuring up good times and getting up parties, and so on. She got some of the young ones to do a kind of show at the Methodist Church supper one night, and she did a dance herself that I liked all right; but it shocked a lot of them. And she could play the piano too. She got a job playing the piano at the movies. I guess they needed the money pretty bad at home."

There was something incongruous and pitiful in the picture which he drew.

"What ever brought such people way up here?" I asked, and Dave began to fill his pipe.

"Pete Mowry planned to raise ducks," he told me. "I never could see that he knew anything about ducks either. I dunno as he ever met up with a duck before it was cooked, till he come here. Far as I could find out, someone told him there was a lot of money in ducks; so he bought him a book that told how to raise them, and then he come cruising up through here and went to Paul Blake in Brunswick and 'lowed he wanted to buy a farm on the bay shore. Zeke Madder wanted to sell. He had about seventy acres, not good for anything except to cut a little hay and raise a few potatoes; and the house was in bad shape, and there wasn't any timber on the place; only hoop poles. It might have been worth seven-eight hundred dollars. But Blake got Pete Mowry to pay twenty-one hundred for it, and Zeke got out and they moved in."

"With their ducks?" I asked.

"They bought them after," Dave told me. "I'd have sold them some at a fair price, but they went to Portland and paid more."

They moved in at the farm, he repeated, and patched the roof in some rude fashion, and knocked together rough pens; and they bought some ducks before they were ready properly to house the birds.

"But they hadn't ought ever to have come up here," he remarked thoughtfully. "They weren't fit for it. You could see that from the start. There was something curious about all of them. It made you kind of uncomfortable, whenever you was with one of them. You looked for them to have trouble; and when they did, you felt sort of satisfied, as if it had happened the way it ought to." He hesitated. "The way my 'coys act to a wild one," he commented, half to himself.

"They did have trouble, then?" I inquired.

"Trouble, yes," Dave assured me. "Nothing else. And it didn't wait long to begin. I told you about Delbert, and that ugly way he had, flaring up at anything. Him and his pa set out to do all the outside work. There was a bunch of alders to get out of the way for their duck pens, and they read in a book that you could pull up alders by the roots. Well, you can, in the springtime, when the frost is coming out; but they couldn't wait for spring. So they borrowed a cranky old horse from Joe Bellows and tried it, Delbert driving the horse. I told you Del was ugly. One day he hit the horse a clip with a stave pole, and the critter lifted on him. Caught him right in the chest and caved in his ribs, and Delbert died of it."

I made some rueful sound, but Happy Brash at my elbow whispered sharply: "H-sh!"

So we sat listening. The wind was from the southeast, but some murmur came across the wind to us. I could not at first define this note in the air, but Dave said swiftly:

"Geese, b'gosh!"

And he got to his feet, stood tautly there. Happy and Asa and I remained motionless, only our eyes moving; but I heard, after a moment, a ringing and sonorous call descending from the skies.

"You ever get geese here, Dave?" I whispered, pulses pounding.

"Haven't shot a goose in the bay for twelve years," Dave confessed; and he added whisperingly: "There they are."

They came down the west side of the island, flying low and heavily, with lagging wing strokes as though weary. I counted nine in the line. They were not two hundred yards away, and I could see their heads turn as they scanned the wide marsh below us here.

"Don't move," Dave warned, and we did not move. I could feel Happy Brash trembling with excitement by my side.

The geese swung in over the marsh. "They're tired!" said Dave. Our decoy ducks in the pond hole babbled childishly, and the geese circled once above them. Then with loosely flapping wings they settled; their pinions hooked as they glided downward. Within a minute after their first appearance they dropped into a patch of open water in the marsh; and Dave bent double, darting toward the sneak boat on the shore, whispering eagerly to me:

"Come on. Come on."

We had only the one boat; so Happy and Asa had to stay in furious regret ashore while Dave sculled me through the grass toward where the geese had lighted. I was as keen as he. A black duck is one thing, but a goose is a dozen. This was luck, and my pulses pounded. I lay flat on my back, craning my neck to peer over the low bow of the boat as we approached the birds. I saw them at last, the old gander with watchful head held high; and we moved toward them, barely drifting.

The moment seemed interminable till at last they rose, at long shotgun range. I sat up to fire, and Dave's gun boomed above my head. The air was full of laboring wings; it rang with their desperate cries, and our guns were clamoring. One great splash, another, and a third.

We picked up three geese, and Dave turned the boat toward shore. The six other birds had circled a mile away to the eastward; and I watched them, and so did Dave. They swung slowly back toward us, and Dave stopped the boat and we lay still as logs. The six came nearer along the

(Continued on Page 64)

"This Lewis Come Up Here Again the Day After. I Drove to Town That Day, and I Saw Him and Nita Down on the Shore at Her Place"

IF YOU'VE sworn off COFFEE ... swear back on AGAIN!

REVEL once more in coffee! Yield to its tempting fragrance! Forget the hour—let its spicy flavor and steaming warmth lure you to a second cup.

For it is not the coffee, but the caffein in it that made you give up coffee. And now you can have coffee *without caffein's effects*. Drink Sanka Coffee—genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.

And such delicious coffee!

Take one sip of Sanka Coffee and you'll wonder why you didn't try it long ago. Nothing is added to it—from it only caffein, the frequent cause of nervousness, indigestion, sleeplessness, has been removed. And remember this! Caffein doesn't even contribute that immediate sense of satisfaction a cup of coffee gives. The cheer and comfort you so enjoy come from its satisfying warmth and welcome flavor.

The choicest of Central and South American coffees and the most skillful roasting and blending produce Sanka's marvelously rich flavor and temptingly fragrant aroma. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer. And Sanka Coffee is equally delicious hot or iced.

Judge for yourself!

Physicians here and abroad endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. Your grocer or delicatessen carries it—ground or in the bean and in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. He sells it on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, return what's left and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

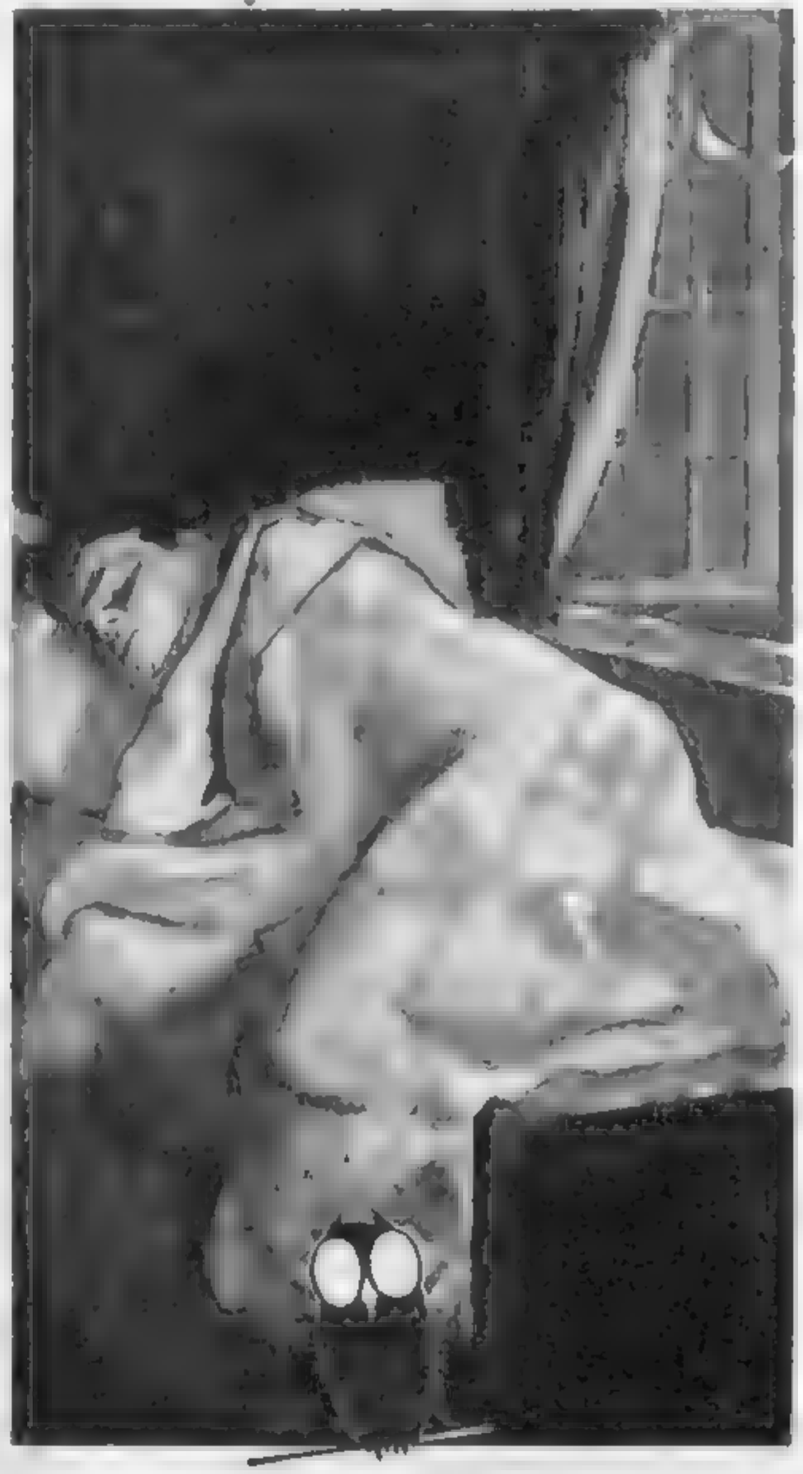
Revel in coffee once more—coffee shorn of all possibility to harm—full of power to delight. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee this very day! If, by any chance, your dealer does not yet carry Sanka Coffee, send 75 cents and your dealer's name and address to the Sanka Coffee Corp., 1 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and a pound will be sent you postpaid.

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine

Delicious

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED



MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night! It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and night—without regret!

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All branches on the same tree;
all growing out of the Chrysler root principle
of standardized quality

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER "77" · CHRYSLER "70" · CHRYSLER "66"

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · DODGE BROTHERS SIX

DE SOTO SIX · · PLYMOUTH

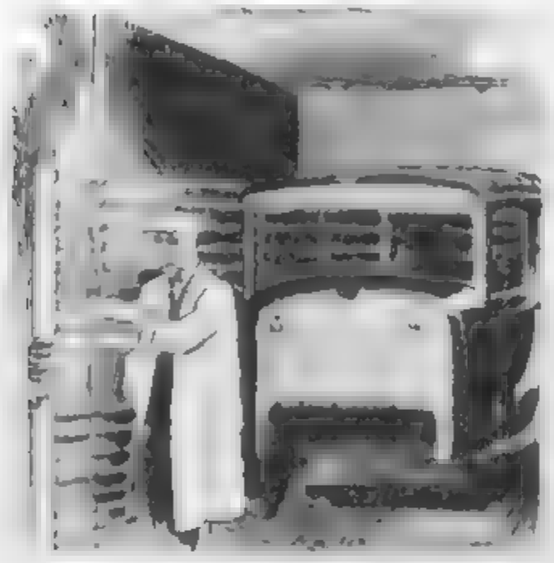
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

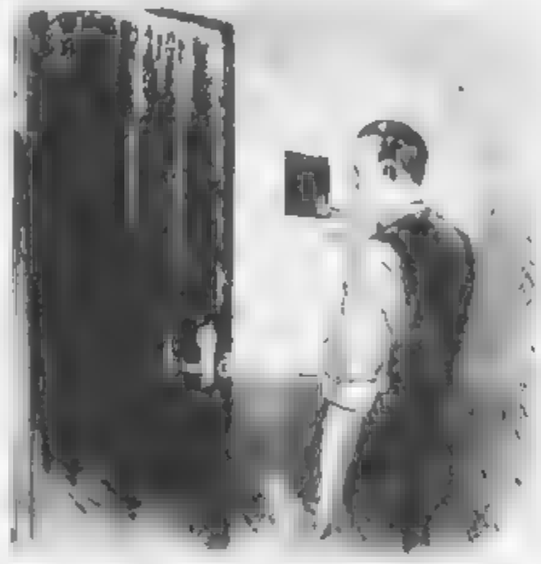
MAKING QUALITY RUN THE GANTLET



A Chrysler Motors car body is placed in a compartment walled with steam pipes. The door is closed, the steam turned on, and the mercury in the thermometer mounts to a blistering temperature. Only the finest materials can withstand the ravages of this terrific heat test. This is only one of several severe body material tests.

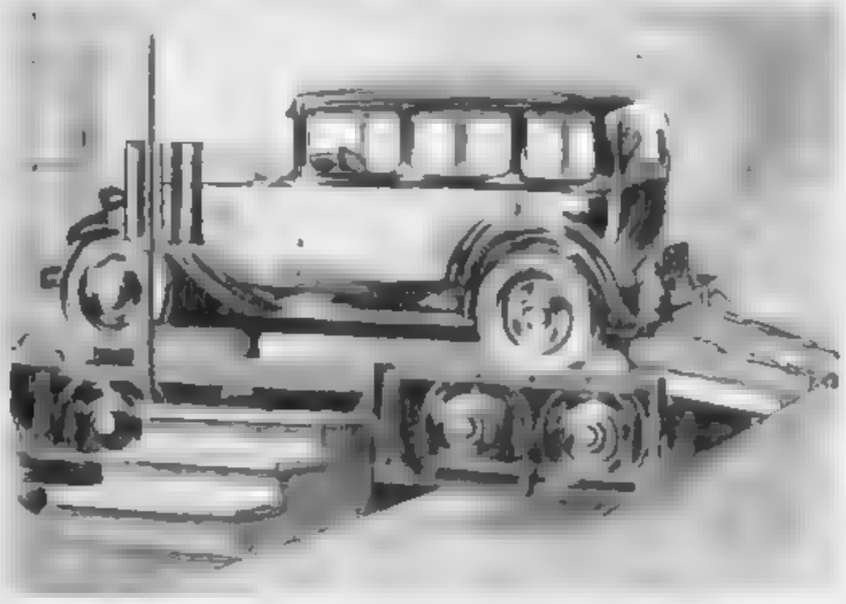
If the world's worst driver could take a car built by Chrysler Motors and drive it for days of the worst weather over thousands of miles of the world's worst roads, he could not even approximate the punishment inflicted in the Chrysler Motors Engineering Building. A few hectic hours in this great laboratory, running the gantlet of all its unique testing apparatus, equals a lifetime of abuse and hardship on the roadways of the world. The Engineering Building is a great scientific censor—harsh, rigorous, fault-finding. Through it all materials must pass before they qualify for use in Chrysler Motors products. It is a definite assurance that every Chrysler Motors car will always be as fine, competent and trouble-free as its builders can possibly make it.

CHRYSLER MOTORS

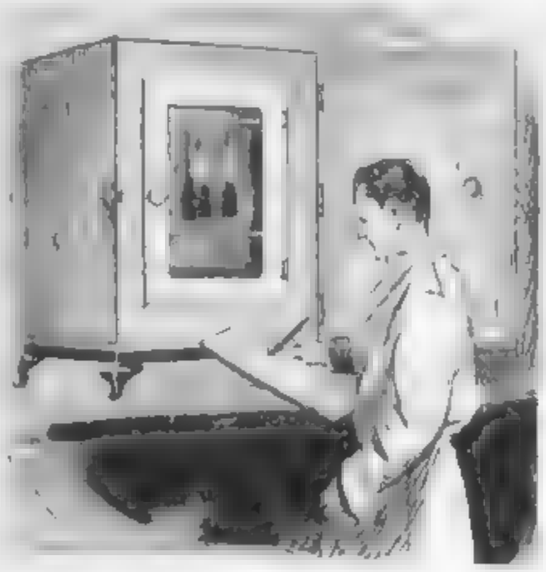


A special make of chromium-plated doorhandles is suggested for adoption by a Chrysler Motors unit. Before determining on its fitness, Chrysler engineers submit this handle to the salt spray test. Samples are lashed for hours by a strong saline bath. Only if they survive without corrosion, are they eligible for use

A certain color lacquer is used on Chrysler Motors cars. A sample of this is periodically subjected to the Violet-Ray test. Day in and day out, the beams of a Violet-Ray machine beat upon a piece of metal finished with this lacquer to determine its non-fading properties. Several years of summer sunshine are thus duplicated. All lacquer used must successfully withstand this test.

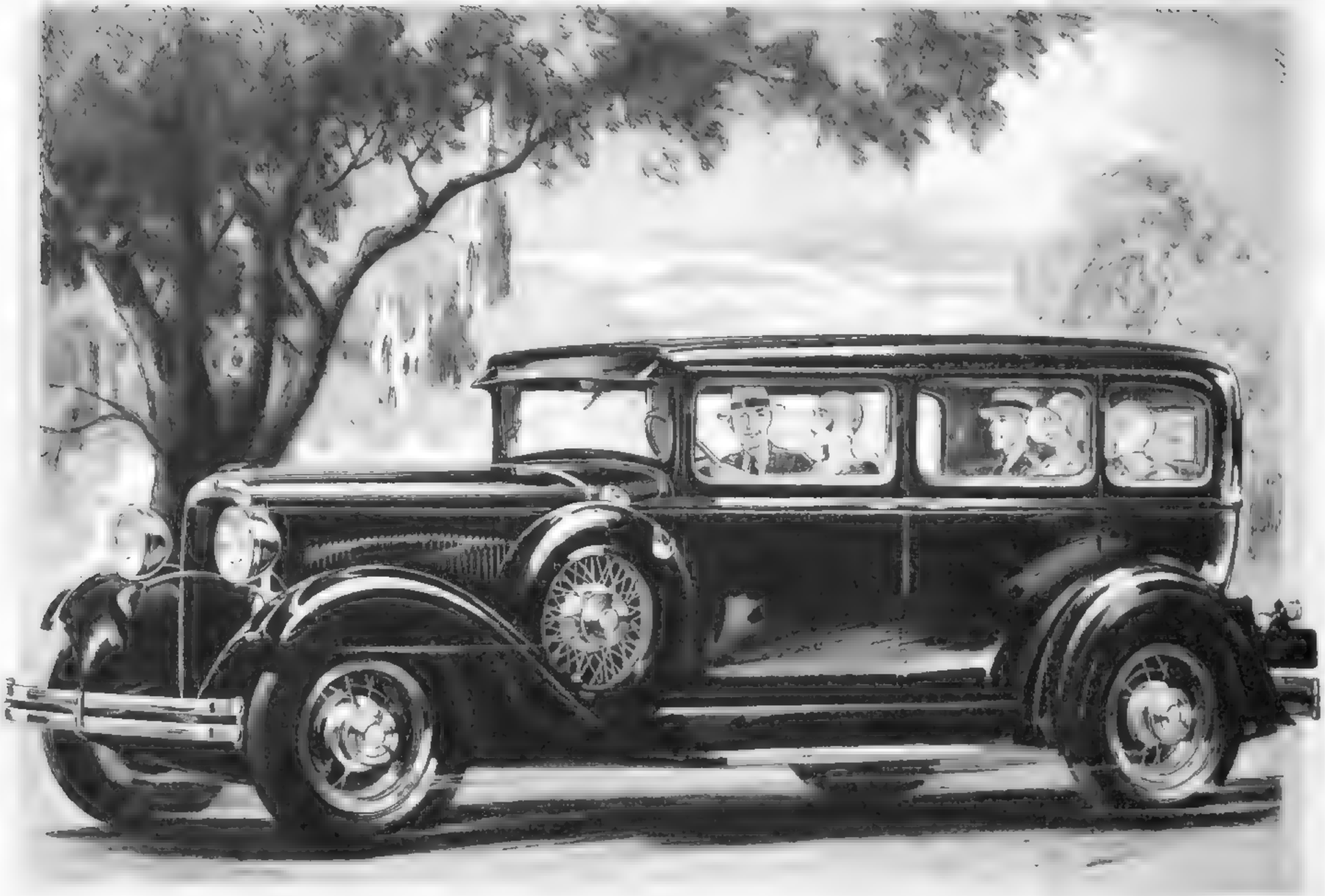


A car is picked at random from the assembly line at one of the Chrysler Motors plants. It is anchored over a series of eccentric rollers, called a Belgian Roll, then run under its own power. Road conditions far worse than those of the western front in war-time are here simulated to be sure this typical car is flawlessly made, and just as flawlessly assembled.



Comes a shipment of rubber for use as engine mountings. At random, several specimens are selected and roasted for hours at a time in the rubber-ageing ovens. Then they are tested for "strength" and "stretchability" in tensile machines to prove their quality under the most severe conditions. Only by such drastic methods can Chrysler Motors insure the utmost in quality.

BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE



The Sedan
(wire wheels extra)

SUSTAINING WELL-MERITED PUBLIC CONFIDENCE

There could be no more convincing indorsement of the fundamental excellence of Dodge Brothers products than the fact that thousands upon thousands of persons who drove the first automobiles this company ever produced are still driving Dodge cars.

Throughout the great evolution that automotive engineering and design have experienced in the last fifteen years, these steadfast owners have had implicit confidence in Dodge Brothers ability to keep ahead of the times—implicit confidence that every good thing in motoring would be theirs at the lowest possible price consistent with a sound business policy of highest integrity.

The New Dodge Brothers Six—handsome, powerful, durable—up to the minute in all its appointments—is the latest and finest proof of this company's intent and ability to keep faith with the public at all times.

Convenient Terms

NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Does Your Morning Shave Last as Long as You Wish?

Now millions of men can answer "yes" because they've adopted small-bubble lather.

WHAT a satisfying morning shave ... when you know it's close enough to really last. No supper-time worry as to whether you need a second shave. No evening embarrassment. That satisfaction is known to every man who uses Colgate's small-bubble lather. He moistens his beard scientifically, so it comes off close ... that's why his shave is longer-lasting. Small bubbles moisten the hairs at their base, as big bubbles can't.

Compare with ordinary lather

We invite a critical comparison—your present lathering contrasted with the Colgate way.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1.—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2.—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base ... ready for your razor.

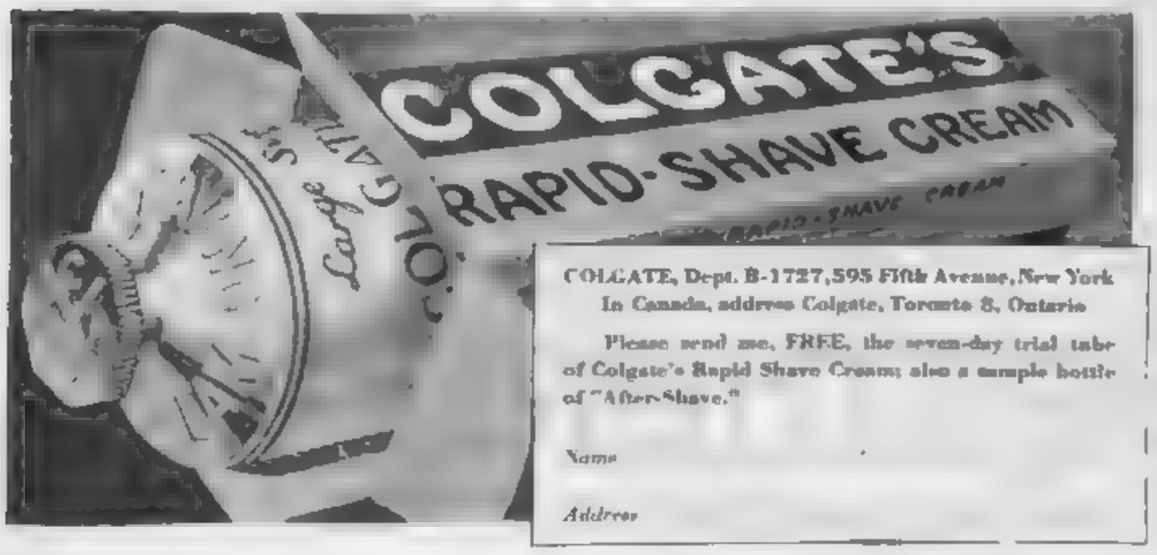
Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle, scientifically authenticated and proved out by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1727, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York
In Canada, address Colgate, Toronto 8, Ontario

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 60)

foot of the island; they saw us and veered warily away from us, toward the shore line, where Happy and Asa waited with their ready guns.

I heard the shots, saw the old gander let go in the air. He turned end over end, he became a ball of feathers, the water leaped under his fall. Five geese flew heavily away, swinging downstream; and by the time we came ashore, where Happy grinned triumphantly, the birds were no more than specks above the distant fringe of trees.

There is a tremendous intoxication in the hunt; but these huge gray-feathered forms stretched here upon the strand would no more trumpet their challenge from the sky; and I was not so sure I preferred them as the rumpled carcasses they were now become. Dave and Happy and Asa had no such reluctance, and their exultation wearied me. They regretted that there had not been another boat; they guessed where the five survivors had gone and whether they would return. And I was glad when I was able to bring Dave back at last to this matter of Nita Mowry; to this tale which he had a while ago begun.

The case of the Mowrys was hopeless from the first, he insisted; these outlanders were unsuited to survive in the surroundings they had chosen. "I've see others try it," Dave declared. "And most generally it ends the same way. Their money runs out and they go back to the city, and that's the end of them around here"

But old Peter Mowry, in his dingy black coat, with his stilted speech, was peculiarly helpless in his new environment.

"You can't talk high-flown to a duck and do yourself any good by it," Dave reminded me. "Ducks take some knowing, and you can't take a sick duck and show him a nice book and make him get well. Oh, they scraped along, but outside of what Nita earned, playing the piano, they didn't have much coming in. Time they'd been here, say a year, they begun to owe money at the store. Nita earned a little by her piano playing, and she used to sew for folks too. She helped out Mrs. Bingham once with some dresses she was making; and she used to come down here sometimes to see the way I did with my ducks. She had sense enough to know she didn't know anything, but she begun to learn. Yes, sir, I liked her; and Mrs. Bingham liked her too. I brought her out here one day and she shot a duck, nice as you'd want; picked him out of the air like a good one."

But the burden was too great for her to bear alone, he told me; and with Delbert dead, there was no man about the house fit for heavy work. Old Peter was brave enough, but he lacked that wit in his fingers which a man who works with his hands must have.

"He couldn't even chop wood," Dave insisted. "He couldn't milk a cow. And it took him the whole forenoon to pick a duck, and then it looked like a pup had chewed at it."

So, by a process of enforced adjustment, Nita began to assume a major share of the responsibility for the ducks. Mrs. Mowry and Mary took care of the house, and Mrs. Mowry spent her spare time chattering querulously to her neighbors, and Mary wrote her futile poetry, and wore a ribbon round her hair like a fillet, the summer long.

"Nita did more than the both of them," Dave calculated. "She'd work all day around the farm, and the nights there was a picture she'd play the piano; and once some actors come and give a show here and she played for them too. And she had time to be friendly with folks. The boys all liked her—the young fellows her own age. And she liked them, the way it looked. But never one of them any more than the others." He shook his head, smiling with a curious regret. "Some folks looked for her to marry, but it was Mary that got married, in the end."

This older sister was, he explained again, a straw-colored, futile woman, with her fillet round her brow, and her haunted eyes, and her way of speaking in poetic phrase. But in the second year after their coming, romance somehow touched her.

"Women are that way," Dave suggested. "They'll go along for years, and you see them every day and never think about them; and then all of a sudden you notice they've got a kind of look, and you wonder whether maybe they may not be pretty nice after all. A lot of marrying comes out of that look in a woman, I always 'lowed; and specially when she's along in her thirties, the way Mary was."

She married Will Russell. No one knew how they first encountered, or what their courtship was. Will lived alone on a remote farm, at the end of a swampy road almost impassable in bad weather; and he used sometimes to drive to town, and someone remarked that he began to go home by the shore road, past the Mowry place. Then someone else saw him stopped there, Mary standing at his wagon wheel. There was mirth at this; but Will himself kept a stolid silence till a certain day when he visited the town clerk's office, and then called for the minister and drove down to the duck farm again; and that night Mary went home with him in the creaking old wagon, sitting proudly at his side.

"Anything to get away from the drudgery at home," I suggested.

"Well, I guess any woman wants some marrying in her life," Dave reflected. "But Will Russell wasn't one you'd think a poet would pick on. Will's all right, but there ain't any more poetry in him than a yoke of oxen, I could ever see."

We heard shots far down the bay, and hushed to listen.

"Someone else got a crack at those geese?" Dave hazarded.

Happy Brash twitched avidly. "I'd like to see them come back up this way," he declared; and Asa nodded his agreement with this sentiment. I held other hopes. I had slain enough geese for this day.

Dave filled his pipe slowly and went on. "Then the second year they were here," he said, "old Pete got killed."

"He too?"

"He didn't know anything," Dave reminded me. "Not anything at all. He didn't belong here, any way you look at it."

"What happened to him?"

"Why, some of his ducks got away, down river," he explained. "It was in a snowstorm, and fog and all, along in March. Pete had an old skiff, and he set out to hunt for them. There was a big tide running, and wind and snow, and you couldn't see anything; and Pete didn't know his way around. I always figured he got lost, and rowed too hard, till he kind of petered out. Heart or something. We hunted for him all that night, a lot of us. Nita come down and got me to help. But it was still snowing, and the river full of slush ice, so it was like rowing in mud, and we didn't find him. They picked him up down at Bath, in the harbor, the day after. In the skiff; and it half full of water. They figured he'd been dead since the night before."

We were silent for a moment, considering this tragedy; and before I could speak again, Happy Brash whispered tensely:

"There they come!" I looked where he pointed, down the bay. Three wide-winged forms labored toward us, still a mile away; but already their lonely cries came faintly to our ears.

"Only three!" Dave pointed out. "The boys down below must have got a couple."

"Why don't they get out of here?" I exclaimed. "Why do they hang around?"

"They'll stay a week, sometimes," Dave assured me. "Trying to find the old gander. These are goslings, likely. They'll wait around till someone gets them, unless another bunch of wild ones comes along."

Happy's eyes were fixed on the three birds, now abreast of us above the eastern river; but the geese flew out of sight past the point of the island, their mournful cries coming more and more faintly to our ears. I knew a deep relief when they were gone.

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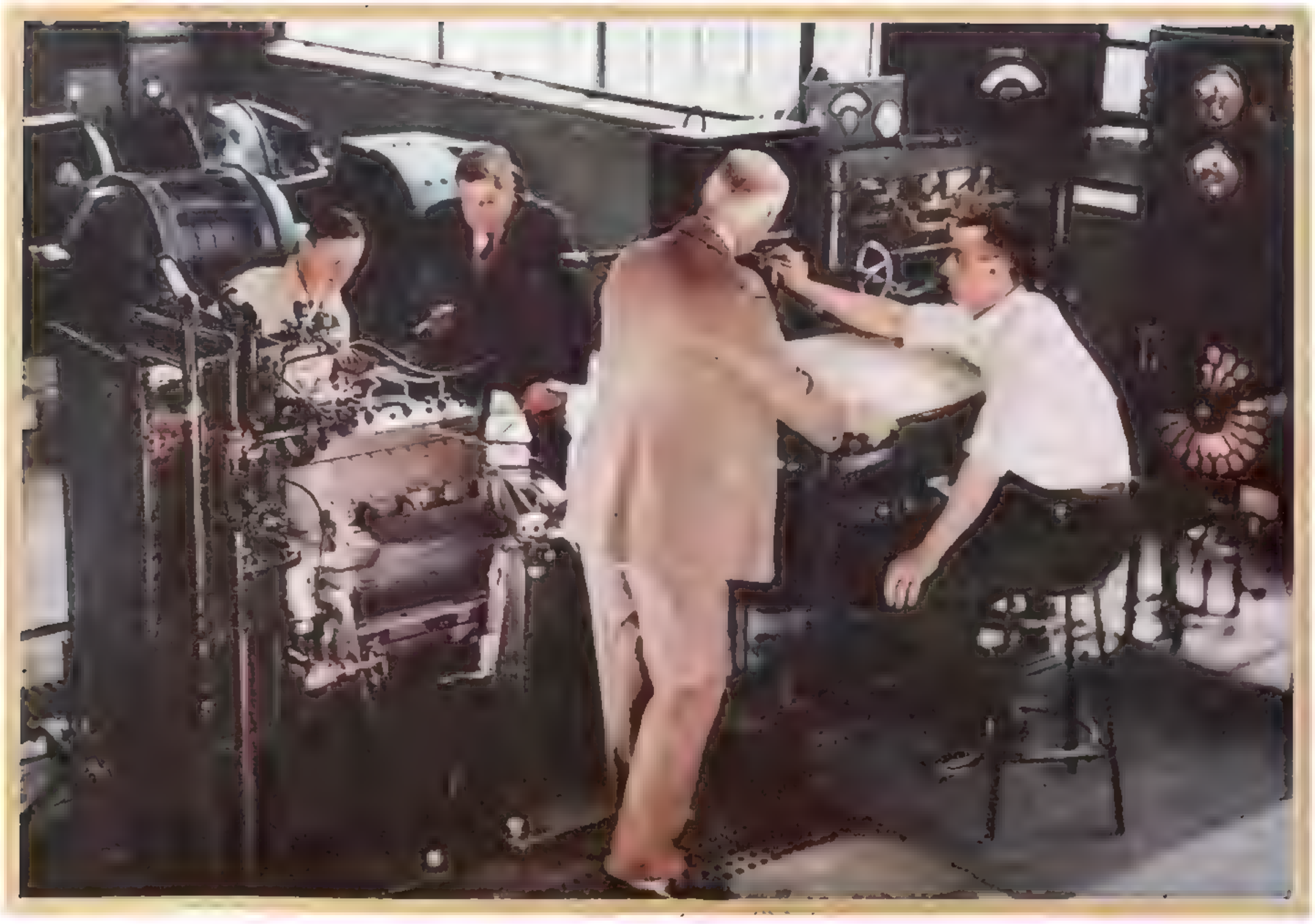

First Comes Sound, Progressive Engineering . . .

In building a motor car, everything begins with engineering. No amount of pains in the selection of materials, no amount of skill in workmanship, no amount of care in inspection will take the place of sound, progressive engineering design.

Oldsmobile recognizes this fundamental truth. And in order that its engineering may be of the finest, Oldsmobile has brought together a staff of talented and experienced men—and placed at their disposal every aid to modern engineering.

The creative thinking which makes Oldsmobile a car that does all things well is the product of a group which is not dominated by individual opinion. Any and every idea is given full consideration, so that the best may be selected through a long process of testing, proving, and comparing of results. Changes in Oldsmobile design are always made for the sake of progress—never for the sake of change alone.

On the Oldsmobile staff are experts in every branch of automotive engineering—men who have demonstrated creative ability along many lines. They are keenly sensitive to the requirements of the modern motorist. Their greatest joy lies in accomplishment. Their highest ambition is to contribute some new advancement to Oldsmobile and, through Oldsmobile, to the motoring public.

At the command of these men are all the vast resources of Oldsmobile and General Motors. They work in their own complete and fully-equipped engineering and research laboratories, drawing upon the experience of General Motors Research Laboratories and availing themselves of the skill of Fisher artist-engineers. And, day in and day out, month after month, these Oldsmobile engineers prove the products of their efforts by the facts developed in gruelling tests on the great General Motors Proving Ground.

The ever-increasing success of Oldsmobile is evidence of the ability of these men. Brilliant engineering is responsible for Oldsmobile's efficiency and dependability—for its spirited performance and restful comfort—and for the low price at which these fine car qualities are available.

Oldsmobile is dedicated to quality manufacture, to honest advertising and selling, and to a broad, sincere service policy. But first of all, and above everything, Oldsmobile believes in sound, progressive engineering as the foundation on which to build.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

LONE TREE

(Continued from Page 30)

The evening had been decorously spent, Mr. Hemingway pledging his guests in a grape-juice punch untainted by anything alcoholic. Dinner the host enlivened with pithy résumés of late shrewd business coups and an inside history of the B. and J. ditch litigation which had threatened to rend asunder both social and fiscal Branlock. He talked well and steadily and Miss Ellis tried to seem interested. But Doyle wore a better semblance of attention because she was listening with a strained look to the cries of her child perishing in the flames.

After dinner Mr. Hemingway had shown Miss Ellis through his house and spoken of the melancholy endured since his bereavement; also of his belief that the home needed a guiding hand. He had stopped tactfully on this, somewhat to the relief of his guest. He was no raffish pawer nor even a premature hand holder such as Miss Ellis had more than once in her social career been obliged to put right.

She was profoundly impressed. This was serious indeed. And the man really had fine eyes; not a day over thirty-five or perhaps thirty-six, with engaging features and hair still adequate, although perhaps a shade or two off the original tint. Miss Ellis demurely said, "One does, doesn't one?" to Mr. Hemingway's not too pointed assertion that a man missed something, however competently he might be looked after by servants. She saw herself as the guiding hand in this establishment, the fulfillment of a girlish dream that had been hers while yet she toiled uncongenially the half of every twenty-four hours—if lucky with cases. Here was the substance of her dream being delicately proffered. And yet ——

Perversely she now felt herself being fed up with Mr. Hemingway's line.

"His talk weighs so gosh-awful much," she confessed to Doyle that night. "Do you guess he ever gets a good laugh out of something?"

This was unjust, because the man laughed heartily after telling how he had, by one clever move, brought the Second National unscathed out of the B. and J. ditch muddle.

It was Burton G. Hemingway who came to the Lone Tree ranch for Miss Ellis on the night of the Carcross housewarming. As he protected her with the rug in his car beautiful, she knew she would be asked to make a momentous decision. She wished to heck she knew her own mind better. In short, she wished she didn't wish that she might be stepping out with a live one instead of being seriously and distantly respected.

Her escort jested, as they went, about latter-day fortunes that were not accumulated by careful attention to a sound banking or other business; those huge accumulations coming—and often going—as if by magic.

"Carcross is a worthy soul," he observed, "but a child about money."

"He's the salt of the earth," said Miss Ellis, being ill prepared to hear any criticism whatsoever of the gentleman named.

"I should be the last to deny that, little woman"—Miss Ellis had always hated being called "little woman"—"but I am wondering if he has realized to what an extent his father-in-law's operations are involving him. Only yesterday I ventured the liberty of dropping him a hint, but he chose to ignore it. I sincerely trust he doesn't at some near date have a rough awakening The old general is so childishly optimistic; and, of course, we bankers are compelled to be conservative." Mr Hemingway chuckled wisely.

"One must be, must not one?" Miss Ellis replied.

"Capitally put, little woman!" And the speaker ventured a liberty not precisely gross, yet without precedent in their acquaintance: He leaned toward her and approvingly patted a hand.

They were within the outthrust brilliance of lights from the Carcross mansion. Mr. Hemingway parked his car among many others, and slangily said of certain fortunes as they ascended the steps, "Easy come, easy go!"

And now they entered a scene of splendor not before paralleled in modest Branlock—"Not even in the seven surrounding counties!" as the Branlock Advertiser would put it in its next issue. The editor of this journal was himself present with his wife—Addie knew her onions so far. The newcomers seemed to be about the last of the elect twenty, Miss Ellis having been delayed by readjustments of her New Art wave, secured that afternoon at the Gloriana Beauty Shop.

There were gentlemen in every scheme of dress, from what the visibly uneasy wearers would themselves have called soup and fish, to "a good plain business suit, durn it—and Ben'll think it's all right, whatever Addie says to it. Gosh, I've seen the time he didn't have as good a one." There were ladies whose raiment was kin to the splendors of that waxen houri of the show window, others who had consulted—and profited by—the mail-order catalogues. There was even a conservative or two, of riper years, standing pluckily by their conviction that "a good black silk" was good enough for any party—or any funeral. Plainly, men and women alike found the rooms rather dark-colored, and not as lit up as they might have been. There was also, somehow, a sort of shushing suggestion about that receiving group—Addie and Vannie and Gail, Mrs. St. John Smythe and Hercule, all wearing imported clothes, countenances and manners—to which the free spirit of the West reacted with a little added loudness in greeting and subsequent speech.

P. J. Snell, M.D., believed himself to be rescuing Ben's party from absolute extinction; as Miss Ellis and her escort turned from greeting their hostess and her friends the doc arose from his post near a table in the imperial drawing-room where cocktails were being dispensed, and advanced upon them, a fragile glass in each hand. Miss Ellis cordially accepted one of these.

"I fear it may contain alcohol," suggested Mr. Hemingway, but she was already sipping from the glass.

"What did you think a cocktail has in it?" demanded Doc Snell, his beard and stiff gray hair seeming to bristle with scorn. Miss Ellis continued to sip, receiving, meanwhile, greetings from the dapper Hercule and a glance of significant approval from his mother.

"The party has begun." This was boomed from Bill Hepburn, who had apparently long been stationed by the cocktail table.

"He's the biggest thing you ever saw that wasn't incorporated," Doc Snell told the near-by guests. Mr. Hepburn eased his bulk closer to the table and thrust another cocktail upon Miss Ellis, remarking aloud that a bird couldn't fly with one wing and, in a lower tone, that this was undoubtedly the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

Ben appeared with Whitey. Whitey was attired in what is often described in print as "faultless evening dress." Its faults were not remarkable and rapidly became less manifest as cocktails were relayed beyond the crowding guests.

Aloof from the surge, Professor Abercrombie engaged Doyle—effective in pale green—in sedate talk. Bill Hepburn found the moment ripe for song and begged Doc Snell to blend a tenor with him. The perturbed hostess on the outskirts of the merry group, not without memory of other though far less important occasions on which Mr. Hepburn had been a Carcross guest, reached hastily out and pressed a button.

In almost instant response to the summons a figure appeared in the archway that led to the dining room. Ben noted that Addie had secured an undoubted butler—a tall, austere person with an almost saturnine face and military precision of bearing. Ben felt proud of Addie. Branlock had never seen a butler like this save in pictures.

On the hush that greeted his appearance, the butler spoke. Without rancor, in the passionless but inexorable tone of one pronouncing sentence on culprits against whom he felt no personal grudge, he said "Madam is served."

"Shucks!" Bill Hepburn was heard to mutter resentfully. "I bet the cuss is putting that on. He can't be like that in his home circle." And he and Doc Snell continued to press a few last cocktails on the guests who had begun flurriedly to follow Addie into the dining room, where, finally, the whole party was properly seated.

Addie had Hercule on her right, on her left Professor Abercrombie, who had ventured two cocktails because of the threatening manner of Mr. Hepburn, who brought them to him with no twinkle in his eye. Ben had Mrs. St. John Smythe on his right and Mrs. William Hepburn on his left.

Mrs. Hepburn anxiously watched her husband, beside Miss Ellis and profoundly aware of it. "He's started," she whispered tensely to Ben.

Bill promptly justified her worst fears. With his eyes fixed on the officiating butler, he announced truculently, "Don't fool me for a holy minute—just putting it on."

The startled hush ensuing upon the repetition of this *faux pas* affected even Mr. Hepburn momentarily, and the talk, to Addie's relief, became low-toned, as befits the dining table of cultivated people.

Mr. Hepburn, although slightly grieved, was not long beaten down. He began visibly counting to himself, and it presently appeared that the objects of his count were the shoulder sprays of orchids adorning the lady guests. "Ten bunches of orchids"—he secured the attention of the table by his manner—"all that money wasted! And think of the poor sailors cast away at sea on a raft without even one crust of bread!"

Again there was an uneasy hush, which this time did not depress Mr. Hepburn. In tones he erroneously believed to be secret, he was inviting Miss Ellis to go a-Maying with him. "Just a nice little trip on my private car down to the white lights of New York. And say, little girl, there's a town that will open your beautiful eyes."

"I've heard of it," Miss Ellis replied in a voice of carrying power equal to Mr. Hepburn's. "It must be wonderful there."

"We'll leave the missus," Mr. Hepburn archly promised. "You know, just be a couple of kids together for one glad week."

Said Miss Ellis, aware of shafts both from the wife of her dinner partner and from Mr. Hemingway, "How wonderful of you to think of such a darling plan!" She here caught the eye of the missus, and thereafter Mrs. Hepburn lost interest in the darling plan, although Mr. Hemingway, whose eye had not been caught, became distrait.

The president of the Second National had heard of defenseless young girls being dazzled by elderly *roués*, and resolved to have a serious talk with this rarely shy blossom at the earliest possible moment; thereby, perhaps, saving her from a fate he believed she would consider worse than death.

The dinner progressed merrily, with but one shuddering glance of anguish from Addie when Mr. Hepburn began to abandon still-lighted cigarettes on a lace table spread that had cost in round numbers some twelve hundred dollars. After each of these mishaps a solicitous butler placed another ash tray before the seeming pyromaniac, but, although there were now five of these, Mr. Hepburn's wit steadily prevailed over such petty frustrations.

At a late space between courses Mr. Hemingway arose, coughed in a refined manner and besought attention for a toast he proposed to offer; a toast to old friends and neighbors in whose good fortune they at the moment so felicitously shared. He begged them to drink with him to the continued felicity of that sterling citizen Benjamin P. Carcross and his devoted helpmate who, through years of struggle and grinding privation, had not once faltered in the path of her chosen duty, but had ever been a guide and a consolation in darkest moments, until the dawn of their present felicity. And might he not add, if they would briefly pardon a more serious note —— There were graceful tributes to the other members of this family in their felicity and, having a fluent platform line, it seemed probable that the speaker meant to leave nothing unsaid.

Then Mr. Hepburn happily afforded him a provocation to sit down by bursting into Sweet Adeline and brandishing a lately filled champagne glass, local showers from which Miss Ellis, with a lace-edged napkin, began to dry from her pale yellow organdie.

General Pettigrew arose at the conclusion of the vocal solo and responded to the toast with a simple dignity that did not fail him even after Mr. Hepburn had listened as long as he could and again burst into song. This time he was joined by Doctor Snell in what Miss Ellis thought of as a lemon-juice tenor. The current orator drolly gestured helplessness and sat down with some good things unsaid.

The souvenir menus were now passing from hand to hand to be autographed and there were calls for pencils. Mr. Hemingway signed his name with a faint show of reluctance; a banker's signature was not to be lightly thrown about and, although he possessed a gold pencil chained to himself, he was relieved when the signing of names had to stop by reason of Mr. Hepburn's dental prowess.

Before this guest's plate grew a mound of cedar splinters—relics, having merely a sentimental value—from the wooden pencils that had come his way. He had bitten these to shreds for the general entertainment, arising with each new pencil so that his admirers might freely observe the neatness of his work.

Addie thought it time to suggest coffee in the drawing-room and the guests were herded there. Addie was still game.

"Dear old Ben, isn't it simply wonderful?" she found time to demand of her husband at this juncture.

"Sure, it's simply wonderful," he told her. "I hope you and the girls are having a good time at our party." He here managed in the doorway a hurried kiss of approval for the flustered hostess.

Something in her joy had raised him above cattle. She was a good girl; she meant all right, and he wanted her to have a lot more fun. He had been a little fussed by Hemingway's speech about struggle and grinding privation. Of course, now and then he had autographed bits of paper for Hemingway at the bank, but he could recall no privations that anyone could say were grinding.

It had been Addie's notion that her guests would sit in the drawing-room over coffee, putting those conversational groupings of the interior decorator to their appointed uses, and after coffee she would show them through the house amid cries of delight and amazement. But some of the conversational groupings were at once noisy, and no wish to be shown art treasures of paneled oak and Chippendale could be discovered. She was glad when the music came and those lesser people outside of Branlock's supreme twenty.

Bill Hepburn had formed a conversational grouping wholly by himself and was telling the world that he was probably a bigger oil man than any other present, also that he could break the human arm by a simple jerk of one hand taught him by a Japanese gardener who had learned it

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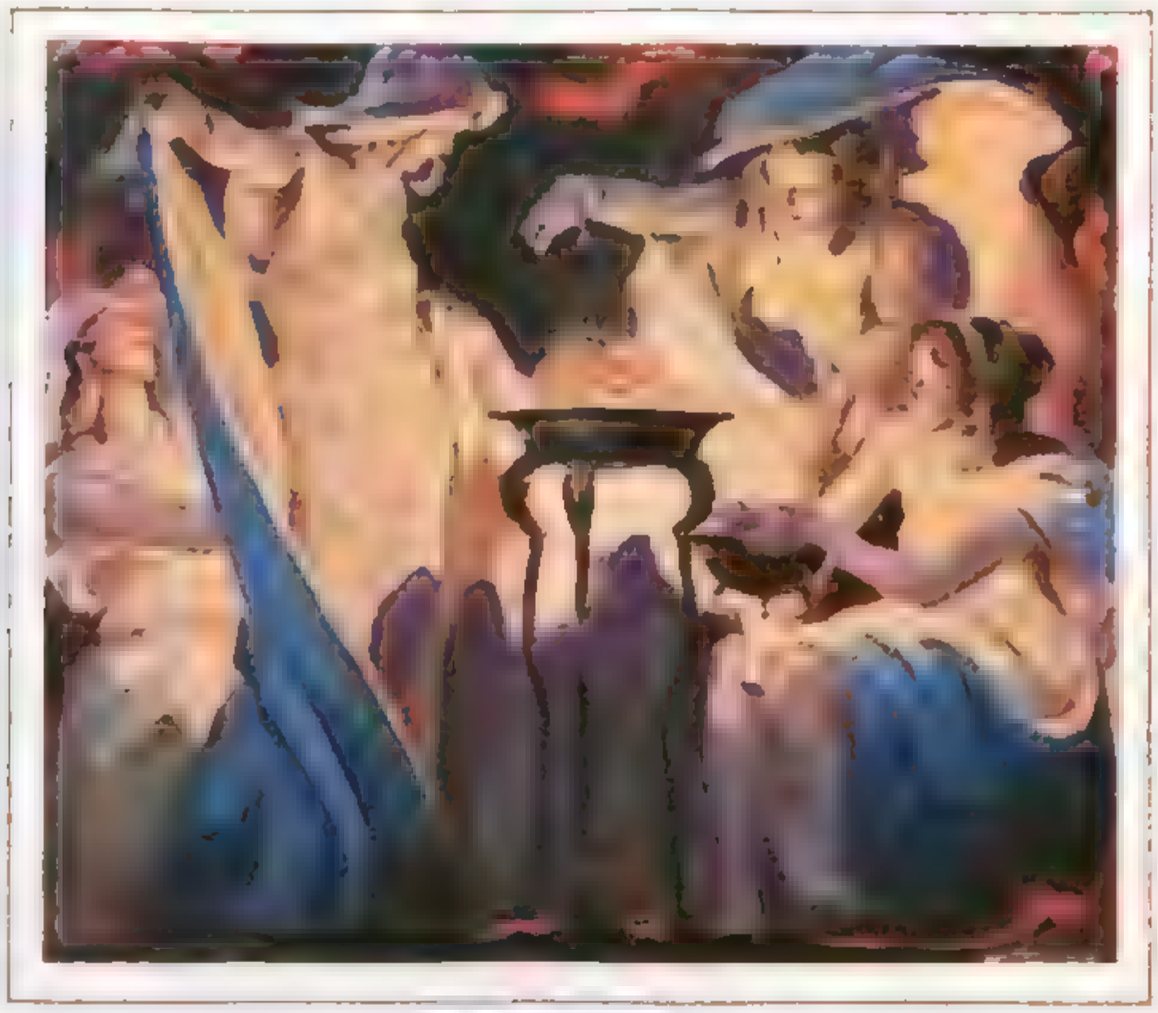
PACKARD



The Roman priestesses of Vesta were consecrated to the protection and unfailing continuance of the pagan temple's sacred flame

Reputation is the most treasured of all Packard assets. It is as jealously guarded, as carefully maintained, as was the undying flame of an ancient empire. For to Packard, reputation is not alone a reward, but a continuing responsibility.

Packard reputation is the result of thirty years of fixed intent—to build the finest of motor cars for a clientele which places quality before price. But the Packard management firmly believes that reputation is never completely earned—it is always being earned.

As a result Packard cars today are far in the forefront of the quality field—in beauty as in engineering. And Packard holds its well-won reputation to be the strongest guarantee that that position of leadership will forever continue.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Watch This Column

Universal's Weekly Chat

{"Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free."}

UNIVERSAL is not interested in the loud talk about mergers and combinations, but it *is* deeply interested in its own business and its great sound and talking program for Fall and Winter. This is so imposing in romance, adventure, drama, mystery, youth and beauty, that I advise the public to keep close track of its local theatres and to join in the "Forward March with Universal." It will pay you to see every Universal, for no company, I am sure, has gone to such extreme lengths to please you.

-C. L.

Such pleasing stars as the following will produce these sound and talking pictures: LAURA LA PLANTE JOHN BOLES, JOSEPHINE SCHILD KRAUT MARY NOLAN GLENN TRYON MERNA KENNEDY CHARLIE MURRAY, GEORGE SIDNEY, BARBARA KENT DOROTHY GULLIVER, GEORGE LEWIS KATHRYN CRAWFORD MARY PHILBEN REGINALD DENNY CONRAD VEIDT MR. and MRS. JIMMY GLEASON KEN MAYNARD HOOT GIBSON EDDIE PHILLIPS CHURCHILL ROSS ARTHUR LAKE FRED McKAYE, LITTLE SUNNYJIM and FORREST STANLEY

Jimmy Gleason in Shannons of Broadway

The first picture to be released on the schedule is "*The Drake Case*," a master mystery story which was a sensation as a novel and has been pronounced unusual motion picture material. I am certain you will get the most unusual thrill when you see it. GLADYS BROCKWELL, FORREST STANLEY and ROBERT FRAZER head the cast, supported by BARBARA LEONARD, EDDIE HEARN, JAMES CRANE, DORIS LLOYD and WILLIAM H. THORNE. It is an Edward Laemmle production. Don't miss it.

Mary Philbin in "The Last Performance"

You know, of course, that "*Broadway*" will soon be in your neighborhood, with its kaleidoscopic magnificence and talented stars. Even blasé New York has given the palm to Universal's "*one and only Broadway*." This, with "*Show Boat*" and "*College Love*" places Universal front and foremost in the ranks of picture producers. All of the pictures mentioned will be made with dialog and in the silent form.

Thomas E. Jackson in "Broadway"

I am now visiting in Europe to see what foreign talent can offer us in the way of something unique, but your letters will reach me wherever I am. If you know a story that will make a good talking picture, write me. Thank you.

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

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directly from his country's ruler. Mr. Hepburn begged for arms upon which to demonstrate his skill, but dancing intervened to divert him.

Mr. Hemingway had hovered protectively about the defenseless Miss Ellis, meaning to save her from the wiles of a drunken debauchee, but he lost this shy blossom when her boy friends from the ranch began to drift in. Miss Ellis was not one to uptown friends who might not be in evening dress; she rather shortly conveyed this to Mr. Hemingway as she left him with Mr. Carcross to see that the boys had a square deal in the dining room.

In this attractive apartment the capable butler now supervised the plotting of what a Branlock Advertiser would later describe as "A *recherché* buffet supper with all the trimmings." Graciously in view on the sumptuous sideboard were bottles, a silver bowl of ice, and siphons in silver sheaths.

Miss Ellis, as she put it, "bought" all the boys drinks and danced with each.

"Democrat!" Mr. Hemingway, who did not care for the modern dances, fondly jeered as she passed him in the arms of a Lone Tree top rider.

"Not on your life!" she denied. "Our family has always been Republican." She didn't see why politics should be brought up just now.

Ben lingered by the sideboard to make sure that his employes should not be unduly impressed by its elegance, also because none of the conversational groupings in the drawing-room had attracted him. At one moment when sideboard custom was in abeyance, he looked into the other apartment to discover that Professor Abercrombie was entertaining one delighted group with an anecdote about a cat and a rabbit. He waited for the outburst of laughter, led by Gail and Vannie, and observed Whitey, apparently congealed in a sinister fascination, at the edge of the group. He saw Addie drawn by the merriment and saw Gail persuade the anecdotist, with no marked difficulty, to tell it all again. Whitey remained a frigid column of awe during the repetition.

Again at his sideboard hospitalities, Ben was chatting with one Butch Kendrick, a former employe now precariously on his own with a dry ranch. Ben was wishing luck to the venture and Butch was looking hopeful when Miss Ellis carelessly entered the dining room to secure a drink which her late partner had confessed he was too bashful to go personally for because he had already taken three. Miss Ellis was being a good pal. Halfway to the sideboard where the two men held speech she was halted by a view of Ben's companion; a blinding view that also froze her, even as Whitey had been frozen, in a fascination that might or might not be sinister.

Butch Kendrick was toweringly tall, with a head of waving yellow hair and flashing blue eyes that shone from what Miss Ellis had learned was one of those strong silent faces. He was smiling at Ben and the smile was another whitely flashing revelation.

For Miss Ellis the housewarming ceased. A moment she stood, stricken, then, with eyes in a still helpless stare, but with a partial recovery of her native wit, she approached the sideboard and nervously begged Mr. Carcross for a glass of water. She trembled in the ecstasy of her moment.

Mr. Carcross carelessly asked her to shake hands with his friend Butch Kendrick. Mr. Kendrick, who had not hitherto viewed Miss Ellis, seemed himself instantly to become paralyzed as their eyes clenched. Then hands were limply shaken, Mr. Kendrick saying huskily, "Pleased to make your acquaintance." Miss Ellis could awkwardly achieve but a wordless murmur far beneath her society manner.

Mr. Carcross, all unaware of any great moment, turned away to assure Pete Snell that he had come to the right saloon for what he might be needing. Coming back, the genial host found that Miss Ellis and her new acquaintance were gone. He looked farther and saw them to be walking stiffly toward the door, neither betraying awareness of the other, yet suggesting somehow that they were welded.

Past the harmonies of the dancing room they went and Miss Ellis dimly apprehended the tolerantly smiling visage—a curiously blurred visage—of a middle-aged gentleman whose name, she seemed to recall, was Hathaway or something like it. She wondered why the man was grinning at her in that silly way. The pair walked like cunningly fashioned automatons, oblivious to salutes from the mere pleasure seekers they passed, and reached presently the quiet library, where they sat stiffly in two stiff chairs not especially meant as a conversational grouping.

They sat and stared at each other. Following a long moment of this they returned uneasily and with partial sanity to a world they had ages ago quitted. They gazed now with gleams of intelligence in their eyes, though there was as yet but scant speech.

"It's awful quiet in here." This was Mr. Kendrick being chatty.

"Isn't it?" weakly replied Miss Ellis, wondering what his name was. She put hands to her burning cheeks and her escort politely told her he would fetch something refreshing. During his absence she stared without flinching at the portrait of General Pettigrew, then took one of two fragile glasses from the returning escort. Thirstily she drank and was alarmed to find the drink so heady.

"Why, it's made me drunk." The confession had none of that verbal lacework she normally achieved without difficulty.

"That can't make you drunk; that's only from the lemonade bowl," said her escort.

"Something's gone to my head," she told him. "My hands are so hot."

They left the chairs for the divan, from which a better view might have been had of the portrait of a distinguished publicist and educator; though this was a privilege neither chose to enjoy. Seated there, Miss Ellis found her hands insensibly edging toward the hands of Mr. Kendrick, which presently enveloped them.

They sat thus a long time, again staring. Miss Ellis at length drew a long breath, blinked her remarkable eyes as might one coming from under a spell, and distinctly said, "Well, I'll be darned!"

Mr. Kendrick put a slow flashing smile upon her and muttered, "You and me both, Miss ——"

She uttered her name and demanded his. Their hands were still blindly involved.

"Say we dance," suggested Mr. Kendrick. So they danced. In their belief they were alone on the floor, and in the belief of Miss Ellis she was dancing for the first time in her long life. She greeted Mr. Hathaway, or whoever he was, very cordially when the dance was done, and detected a slant of bewilderment in his rather good eyes as, clutching the arm of her escort, she led him again to the quieting hush of the library.

Now they talked while Miss Ellis vainly sought to take stock of what had happened to her. "Get organized!" she told herself, and during this process she discovered that what had happened to her was apparently one cowboy but such a cowboy! She acquired his unexciting life history in no time at all, secretly wondering how the film people had so long overlooked him. She saw him "batching it," as he said, in a shack out in the lonely hills with his few head of stock as a start, because he hadn't wanted to work all his life for someone else the way most fool buckaroos did. It was a rough shack; yet, as he described it, Miss Ellis strangely beheld herself adjusting chintz curtains at the windows. Their hands again seemed to be inextricably blended.

"Well, I'll be darned," Miss Ellis once more said.

"You and me both," responded the escort. Again they asked to be told each other's name. After this she called him Butch, though knowing his given name to be Harold, and he called her "You."

Outside, mad revelry was forward, yet it was nothing anyone would wish to bring into the quiet atmosphere of a library in which a portrait of General Pettigrew was dominant. Once Mr. Hemingway paused at the door to favor them with an uneasily prying glance.

Observing him, Miss Ellis mentally issued a pithy command: "Mesh your gears, Waldo!" She remembered the gentleman now. Aloud she said to Mr. Kendrick, "It's the weirdest thing. You won't believe it, but it seems just as if I had known you in another life or something. I guess nobody could explain that."

"It's strange, all right," Mr. Kendrick confirmed with awe in his tone. "You may think I'm a liar, but that's the identical thing I was thinking about you."

"Fate!" thought Miss Ellis and, again still to herself: "Now it's really happened to me." Millenniums flashed by before they were disturbed by their hostess, who brought in some common guests to rave about poppa's oil portrait, painted by an artist chap in Paris. The disturbed pair sauntered toward the door.

"Let's get out of this," whispered Mr. Kendrick, with a glance of disrelish at his surroundings. "I got a car."

"Let's," agreed Miss Ellis. "I'm so tired of society."

"Who did you come with?"

Miss Ellis hesitated. "Oh, I sort of happened to come with a Mr. Hemingway."

"Gee! You must be somebody. You're traveling high, with that bird." He bent upon her a look of suddenly distant respect that she noted with alarm.

"But there's nothing between us—just a couple of good pals," she announced hastily. "He's really a nice old dear. Listen, I'll slip up and get my coat and we can do a fade-away out a side door—in five minutes."

She slunk up a minor staircase and Mr. Kendrick took a look-see through the merry rooms below. The serious drinkers under the leadership of Messrs. Hepburn and Snell were now gathered in the kitchen, where they harmonized. Ben Carcross lingered by the sideboard trying to keep Addie's party from getting rough. Bill Hepburn had already sobbed on his shoulder over the discovery that his friend was only a bird in a gilded cage.

Outside, Miss Ellis was swept into resolute arms and deposited in perhaps the oldest motor car still going—a car that should even then have been advertising itself and its makers in a show window. It shivered abjectly at the initial agitation of its venerable engine, trembling pitifully with protest when put under way. These details went unnoted by Miss Ellis, who would have taken oath in any court that she rode in a smoothly running sedan of the latest classy model. "From riches to rags" was a reflection yet to flaw the serenity of her mind even for an absurd moment.

They seemed to go where the car listed, through streets of darkened houses, then out where appalling stars lighted a world new to Miss Ellis. "Well, I'll be darned," she murmured, remembering that these might be the same stars hanging at that instant above greater New York.

She shivered at the thought and her escort made his far to quit profaning the night with the clamor of machinery disintegrating. He then rummaged out a blanket to reënforce the wrap of his passenger. The blanket, obviously enough, had lately garmented a horse; a hard-working horse, the crime analyst could have deduced; yet to the enchanted senses of Miss Ellis it might have been imbued with the rarer perfumes of Araby.

Mr. Kendrick's car, at rest, was as quiet as any car ever made, and they sat in peace while telling each other all about how strange it was and how they could not yet believe it. Love is wonderful, they said,

(Continued on Page 71)

Why you can please more people with MAXWELL HOUSE *than with any other coffee*

ENCHANTMENT lies in good coffee. Enchantment to make the day happier and more productive after the morning cup. Enchantment to help a hostess knit her guests into a "cordial company."

Such enchantment the old Maxwell House in Nashville offered its patrons. Famous for the charm of its hospitality and for its marvelous Southern cooking, the coffee was its special boast. Distinguished visitors—and they included three presidents of the United States—complimented the coffee. The words of one of them—"Good to the last drop"—have become known far and wide.

For those who sipped this unusually rich and mellow coffee in Nashville sought it for their own tables at home. Their friends wanted it. Gradually its fame spread, until today it is pleasing more people throughout the length and breadth of the United States than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

Maxwell House is not a single coffee flavor, but a sparkling *blend* of many choice coffees. It is the triumph of a man who spent years of experimenting to develop its unique flavor.

That is why Maxwell House Coffee pleases everybody. In it the mild and the pungent, the syrupy and the "winy," are merged in a rich and mellow harmony which comes to the most critical palate as a new and deeply satisfying experience.

You, yourself, will want this unusually delicious coffee to serve daily in your own home. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee nicely sealed in tin to preserve all its rich fragrance and inimitable flavor.

AULD LANG SYNE Many people prefer to make coffee this old-fashioned way. Use a heaping tablespoon medium ground (steel cut) Maxwell House Coffee to each cup of water. If a little crushed egg shell (the egg should be washed clean before it is broken), or a little egg white stirred into cold water, is mixed with the coffee before adding the water, the brew will be very clear. Let the coffee just come to a boil, set it aside in a warm place for three to four minutes, then transfer it to an attractive china pot and serve.

"THE OLD COLONEL" spent many years experimenting to produce the mellow, full-bodied flavor which delights you in Maxwell House Coffee.

LISTEN IN WITH "THE OLD COLONEL" ON THURSDAY NIGHTS "The Old Colonel" invites you to tune in with him at [illegible] every Thursday evening to the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, WLW, WMC, WGN, KSD, WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WTAM, WLW, WRAL, WBT, WJAX, WFBC, WRVA. Don't miss the Thursday evening Maxwell House Concert program.

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

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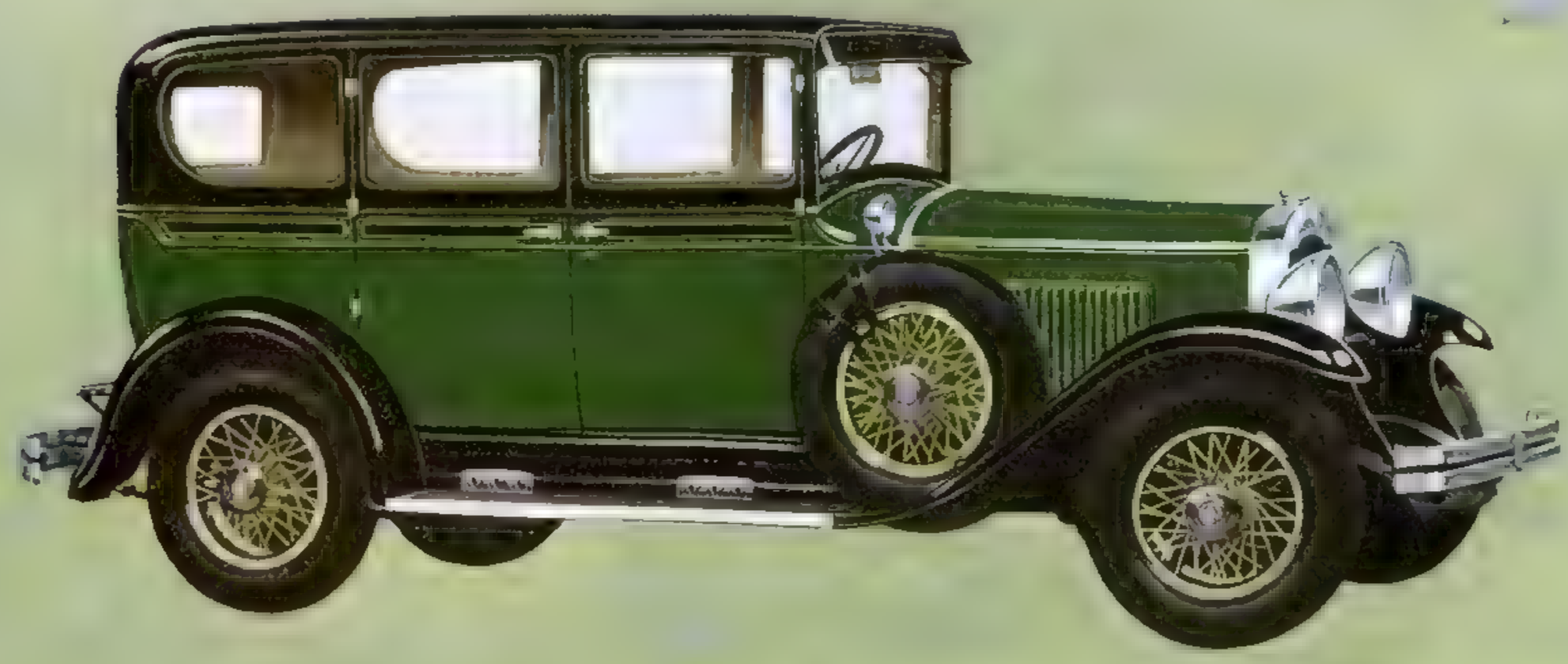
ECONOMY . . is a question of *what* performance for *how many* miles

There is a definite swing today to the really fine, precision-built car—not merely as a matter of motoring satisfaction, but as a matter of motoring *economy* . . .

When we say that Reo is actually the most economical car that *any* man can buy, we mean simply this: Every Reo is built not only to give you four, six and even ten years of outstanding service but also pretty nearly the same brilliant, versatile *performance* with 50,000 or 75,000 miles on its register that it gives you during the first 5,000 miles. And your investment is not cut from under by unnecessary model changes.



Reo Master Flying Cloud 5-Passenger Sport Sedan $1870 F.O.B. factory. 2 spare tires extra.

Reo Flying Cloud *the Master* is not an expensive car—but it is not a *cheap* car. Nothing has been spared in design, in the quality of materials, in careful workmanship, to make it quite the equal—for performance and mechanical dependability—of the finest cars made in this country . . . It has created a new standard in motor car values.

Reo is actually the most economical car that any man can buy.

Reo Flying Clouds are priced at the factory as follows: 5-Passenger Sedan $1395, Sport $1495; Master $1745, Sport $1870; Car of the Month $1970. 2-Passenger Coupe $1375, Sport $1475. 2-4-Passenger Coupe $1395, Sport $1495; Master $1625, Sport $1750. 5-Passenger Brougham, Master $1595, Sport $1720. 4-Passenger Victoria, Master $1695, Sport $1820. Roadster, Master $1685, Sport $1810.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY • LANSING, MICHIGAN

REO FLYING CLOUDS

(Continued from Page 68)

and repeated the truism many times. They tried vainly to convey what each had felt at that first curiously freezing moment. But what was the use? They were helpless with each other.

When the first hints of dawn flashed above some wonderful hills, the Carcross motor passed the empty car of Butch Kendrick where it had died an apparently ignominious death by the roadside a mile from the Lone Tree gates. Some distance ahead two figures hand in hand trudged up the road straight into the eye of day. Whitey stopped when these were overtaken.

"You folks come in here?" he invited.

Mr. Carcross added, "It's a wonder that cockroach of yours got even this far," and opened a door for the overtaken ones. The pair turned upon the occupants of the sound car eyes showing no light of reason.

"We'd rather walk," they both said. The motorists looked out upon them with amazement.

"Mr. Hemingway waited a long time for you," Doyle called. "He was worried about you."

"Who?" demanded Miss Ellis.

"Mr. Hemingway," Doyle returned with careful enunciation.

"Oh, him," said Miss Ellis, and nothing more.

The Carcross motor hurried on and Doyle looked back. The pair again trudged forward into the new light. "Did you notice the condition of that girl's slippers?" Doyle asked.

No one had, but then neither had the girl herself.

XXVIII

WHILE dawn spread over Lone Tree, Ben and Whitey drank coffee in the living room. Whitey asked for instructions about his evening clothes, it being his conviction that these would not again be required. Ben advised storing them. Nowadays you couldn't tell what the cattle business might need.

To them presently came Miss Ellis out of the dawn. She was starry-eyed and marched on air to Ben as he sat. Gathering his shoulders into a close embrace, she feverishly pressed her lips to his, drew herself up, burst into tears and fled from the room.

It was behavior that would not have surprised the St. John Smythes, but it left Ben aghast until he glanced out of the window to note Butch Kendrick on his way to the bunk house.

"Stepping high," he described Butch's gait. "Funny how it takes 'em," he said. "One minute she has Hemingway, the best match in the whole county, eating out of her hand, and the next she falls for a buckaroo that has to count the letters in his name every time he writes it."

"Dames are queer," Whitey professed to have discovered.

A door opened and Professor Abercrombie came, in pajamas and bath robe, for sociable coffee. "Your Mr. Hepburn is truly a type," he told Ben.

"That's one way to say what he is," Ben replied. He had last seen Mr. Hepburn immovably asleep on Addie's renaissance day bed, whither he had crept to be away from it all.

"One of your big oil men, so he informed me."

"There ain't any big oil men," said Ben. "There's only men that big oil happened to. Bill Hepburn was a big brakeman on a fast freight. He got in a poker game on one of his lay-overs and won sixty dollars. He took the loser's cow in payment and then had to get a pasture for the cow. They struck oil in the pasture. That's how Bill got to be a big oil man. Anyone can if it happens." He wanted to add: "But it takes brains to be a cowman."

"That is almost droll," was the professor's comment. "And this chap is so racy of speech. One phrase he used—it was about your lavish entertainment—he remarked that you must have spent money like—like an 'intoxicated seaman,' I think it was—something racy from the rural vulgate."

His listeners were apparently bewildered by the simile, but the professor could do no more for them. "I am positive I have the chap's wording of it," he insisted. "Of course, it's a bit of slang. And I must tell you, Carcross, that your father-in-law is a more vital person than I had suspected; a very forceful personality. He led me to his study for a chat last night and gave me the details of an enterprise he has in hand for a world-shaking photodrama, educational and patriotic in its intention. I was quite warmed by his enthusiasm. With expert assistance he has for months been producing a splendid epic of the air—powerful propaganda against the hideous specter of war, yet rich with drama that must appeal to the pedestrian mind. The completed picture, he assures me, will not only tend to make the world warless but will net a handsome revenue—a gripping drama of the clouds."

"What's that?" demanded Whitey with sudden interest.

"A gripping drama of the clouds—the very phrase General Pettigrew employed. Rather colorful, that."

"What's the name of the company?" demanded Whitey.

"I forget that, if I was told, but the genius who conceived this epic is named Hornblatt—I marked the somewhat unusual name."

"Oh!" said Whitey, and seemed to lose interest in the epic.

The professor finished his coffee and excused himself. "My unwonted dissipation ——" he explained. "It's quite a novel experience, this subversion of time; to be retiring as the world arises."

"Time ain't anything but how you measure something," asserted Whitey. "That Jew friend of yours is just a crackpot."

"Apple sauce!" retorted the professor with a cunning laugh. "*Desipere in loco*," he added. "Meaning 'to indulge in trifling at the proper time.'" He left them with another laugh.

"A gripping drama of the clouds," muttered Whitey. "And little Jake Hornblatt," he meditatively added.

"That house was sure warmed aplenty," said Ben.

"Not a cold room in it when I left," Whitey agreed.

"But that ain't all of it. The next housewarming you'll need that party suit for will be held in France."

"Somewhere in France," echoed Whitey. "How come, sheriff?"

Ben told him how come. Addie and the girls, at a pause in the Hepburn activities, had told him of their latest inspiration. No longer did they yearn for an Eastern home, but for a château in sunny France. Hercule knew the darlingest château, so old and romantic, with a moat and ivied towers and dungeon keeps; rich in historical associations—scene of more than one important murder. And not too far from Paris. Wasn't it a heavenly opportunity? It was now the property of an old family friend of Hercule's, a Count Somebody, who would let it go to Hercule or to a purchaser approved by Hercule—the count naturally wished his château to be occupied by people of the right sort and Hercule would still have to convince him that his American friends were quite all of that, and Hercule thought he could—but, anyway, the count would let this adorable château go at a ruinous sacrifice because in the north of France he suffered from a distressing bronchial affection. And this château would be such a darling *pied-à-terre*. Addie and both girls had familiarly chirped *pied-à-terre*.

"That's French for a place to put your feet," explained Ben.

"Sure," said Whitey. "We lived three nights in one of those ruined châteaus. The guy that ruined this one done a classy job."

"This ain't ruined only on the outside," Ben explained. "And Hercule can pick it up for a mere song."

Whitey had listened to talk about Hercule. "That lad ought to be in the opera," he submitted.

"He certainly keeps up his music," said Ben. "Here I was thinking he had sung all the songs he knew." Yet Ben was pleased by this new inspiration. From somewhere in France it would not be easy to interfere with the proper running of a cattle ranch.

They both yawned. "Maybe I can tell you something about that gripping drama of the clouds," Whitey began. Ben yawned once more, then with lazy shoulders and brooding eyes he stared from the window.

"Look at that worthless old skate out there wasting hay at this hour of the morning. I'll bet he has the other horses call him early so he can get on the job."

"I know all about this little Jake Hornblatt," persisted Whitey.

"I certainly got to put a bee on Art Dugdale about those feed racks. I've told him often enough. They let a horse pull out hay and stomp it into the mud. You'd think hay was something Santa Claus brought us. Well, let's do half an hour's sleep." With marked irritation he went to reverse the broom leaning by the mantel. "How many times I got to tell this help?" he complained.

When Ben had gone, Whitey waited only long enough to replace the broom at its ruinous stance. He had early formed this habit and would watch the broom with a face blank of all but sympathy when the little storm came. He went to his own bed in troubled thought about what Jake Hornblatt might be doing to the Carcross bank roll. So old Jinglebob Pettigrew was the blithering angel?

One by one sleep-ridden cow hands, lately carefree in the dance, emerged from the bunk house, stood an unhappy moment at its portal to yawn at the rising sun, then stumble off to a hurried breakfast and loathsome toil. More than one of them affirmed at this crisis that a buckaroo's life wasn't any life for a white man. You never got your sleep out. And more than one went out to address his mount with profane irritation while saddles were being cinched. Practically all of the string proved to be in a bad temper that morning and were cordially urged to start something if they thought for a minute they could get away with it.

The ranch house stayed unalive until a late hour of the morning, when Miss Ellis appeared. Though not disheveled, she had not been as painstaking as usual about her ensemble. The New Art wave looked old and her lips were unstained. But her remarkable eyes were luminous with young magic.

She went softly from the sleeping house out to the ranch gate to hang there in some eye-narrowing calculation. A mile down the road reposed the object of her tender but slightly deprecating regard. Stark in the full sun, it was, even at a mile, a battered ruin of a car slouching unbeautifully, shamelessly exposing the ravages of senile decay.

That morning when she and her man had been so smartly passed by the important Carcross motor, its owner had called back to them with untimely joviality, "Leave it right there and we'll plant some pretty vines to run over it." She had seen Butch Kendrick flinch under this coarse sally, a spasm of pain compressing his lips. Some people thought they were so smart. Miss Ellis was going to see about that.

She turned from a view admittedly repulsive and made her way to the bunk house, where she tapped at the door. Getting no answer, she pushed into a bleak room of confusion and stuffy disorder relieved only—but how gloriously relieved!—by the inert form of Butch Kendrick blanketed in one of the bunks. With a guest's privilege, Butch was getting his sleep like a white man. Miss Ellis looked down upon him sleeping with little short breaths, a shirted arm flung out; the blue eyes were hidden, but a fringe of dark lashes—the longest lashes, surely, God ever gave to man—were exposed, and all the yellow hair tumbled to view. The eyes of Miss Ellis grew yet more luminous. She bent as if to touch the undulating hair, but straightened and went noiselessly out, reflecting that she must make Butch some pajamas. The night apparel of cowboys seemed not to be styled for comfort and was, in truth, too little unlike the semidress of day.

With purposeful stride, her eyes not less luminous, yet again narrowed with an effect of calculation not usual in one so young, she went to the telephone. The younger Pettigrew was shrilly jerked from needed sleep by a bell which he at first conceived to be one of the instruments in an orchestra. Continued peals brought him to a better understanding of the disturbance and with some impatience he lifted a telephone receiver to one of his outstanding ears. The cross look gave way to another. The voice of Miss Ellis came; a sweetened voice, almost cooing, beseeching the immediate presence of the listener.

Presh hastily dressed. Half an hour later, when he flourishingly arrived, Miss Ellis, restored to her wonted finish of attire and coiffure, seemed to be in light talk with a recently awakened Whitey. She descended to the basest coquetry in her greeting, and Presh was delighted to learn that the little gal wished to buy one of his cars. He dashed into his selling talk, but was shut off. Miss Ellis wished to trade in her old car—a little present from one of her boy friends. It was a good car, but she wished a shinier one for town use, and how much would Presh allow her on the turn-in—wasn't that what he called it?

Presh called it that. The eyes of Miss Ellis again narrowed, though so slightly that Presh saw only the lighted wonder of them.

"You see, I left my car down the road there this morning because I wanted to walk in the heavenly morning air, but you take us down to it now and tell me how much you'll allow poor little me. . . . Whitey—Mr. Petty—will tell you it's a perfectly good car, so you needn't look stern when you see it."

Presh drove them to the wreck. Not more than a gentleman might did he betray consternation when he saw it.

"Of course, it's a used car," Miss Ellis said.

"I see, I see," Presh nobly replied.

"But Whitey—I mean Mr. Petty here—says the engine might be as good as the day it came out of the shop." Whitey's eyes barely flicked Miss Ellis and came to rest on a distant peak.

"It's some little bus," he distinctly said.

"Of course, I'm awful dumb about business matters, but how many dollars will you give me credit for on one of your stunning cars?" queried the customer with a melting glance.

Presh affected a judicial scrutiny of the wreck, walking about it with almost a frown. "Well, let me see, now. Oh, I guess I could allow you not more than three or four hundred dollars." Whitey's eyes sought another and farther peak flashing in the high sun.

"Four hundred dollars," said Miss Ellis. "That doesn't seem much, but I suppose I couldn't do any better. Whitey—I mean Mr. Petty—said I couldn't hardly expect more than that." Whitey shivered slightly under the burning rays of a noon sun, though his eyes still clung to the distant peak.

"Say we run it up to the ranch," said Presh.

Miss Ellis demurred.

"No; I'm so anxious to have the new car—to 'close up the deal.' Isn't that what you call it?"

Presh said that was what they called it, and Miss Ellis said she trusted him fully and wouldn't try for a better bargain with his trade rivals. She felt sure she could be making no mistake in putting her tiny savings into a Luxton roadster. She and Whitey would walk back to the ranch so Presh could hurry out with the new car.

(Continued on Page 73)

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(Continued from Page 71)

Presh was off at an unlawful speed, and Whitey spoke once as they walked: "So that's how the cuss is doing so much business with his new cars?"

"I don't understand you," said Miss Ellis curtly. This was the first car she had bought in her whole life.

One hour later the new roadster glistened at the ranch-house gate. "I'll send out for the old one this afternoon," said Presh. "And say, how about throwing a rough little party this eve?"

"Tonight? Let me think." She appeared brightly to think. "I'll tell you, I'm not sure now, but I'll give you a ring later."

Presh was off and Miss Ellis went to sit on the bunk-house steps. When the yawning Butch Kendrick emerged she for a moment filled his blue eyes to overflowing. Then he was led to the Luxton.

"It's ours," said Miss Ellis. "I mean it's my first present to you."

Butch widened his eyes, removed his Chugwater hat and rumpled his corn-colored hair with a palsied hand.

This was of course part of that crazy dream he thought he had awakened from just now. Dreams were sure funny. You thought you were awake and pretty soon you'd find yourself at a party without your pants on, or something terrible. He cautiously managed a survey of his lower person.

"Says how?" he asked as one groping through a miasma of sleep. He timidly touched a gleaming fender and the metal did not yield. He then glanced about a remembered barn lot. Old Veazey pawed wastefully at hay. It seemed right, but this creature at his side still babbled dream stuff

"It's yours—ours. I hadn't spent a cent in six months. You ought to get a peek at my bank book."

This bordered on sanity. Butch made other contacts with the gift, reaching in to try the hand brake. Maybe he was awake. But the creature spoiled it again.

"You see, I turned in your old car. For four hundred dollars."

"Four hundred what?"

"Dollars. He said three or four hundred and I said four hundred right after that; and he's been kind of a boy friend of mine—just a good pal, you know."

Said Butch Kendrick: "Over a year ago I bought that object from Curt Manning for twenty dollars cash and one killing hog, and at that I was gypped."

"I wanted to give you a present and you needed a better car. Anyway, I'd have only spent the money recklessly."

Butch replaced his hat and made a cigarette, and it proved to be real. That was a good test. You never got a real smoke in one of those dreams.

"Let's try it out," suggested the buyer.

So they did this, and the car moved like a car, not mounting the viewless air and flying over the barn or becoming, under the driver, a cayuse with a hump in his back, or a spread tarp on which dice were being thrown to the jingle of silver. It did none of the things Butch had been prepared for. They sped by the ruin of a former car, but neither of them spared this so much as a side glance.

By then they were prying into each other's past. Butch explained that his trouble was, he had always been too choosy.

"Nothing like you ever happened to me," he said.

Miss Ellis was saying that, of course, she couldn't deny having had girlish infatuations, but the objects of these had invariably proved to be simply no matter—mere puffs. And that old Mr. Hemingway—just a fallen arch.

They returned when the huge red disk of a harvest moon was majestically lifting above the low eastern horizon. The Luxton was halted while they favored this cosmic feat with their notice.

"It always looks so flat and thin," observed Butch Kendrick.

"It looks like a record," said Miss Ellis. And then: "It's our own wonderful record and we'll always play it over and over and over."

"I got a couple of good killing hogs left for the winter," replied her man.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ARCHITECT VERSUS CLIENT

(Continued from Page 17)

governor and legislature in full session. He will be filled with energy and wrath toward a negligent contractor, and will work his assistants day and night, almost as hard as he works himself. As for women, he will outface the worst of them. For in building houses one's clients are always women. If not a wife or a fiancée, at least a sister-in-law or an aunt.

In the history of domestic architecture women have had an enormous part, though they have received little credit for it. Diane de Poitiers, the mistress of Henry II, whose initials seem to be on nearly every château in France, was one of these. But the architects say—and perhaps this is due to an overtone of emotion aroused in all architects by the memory of their strife with commanding women—that she had very bad taste and was at the same time extremely obstinate.

She had no insight into the arts and she insisted upon interfering in everything, overrode the suggestions of her architects and insisted on their carrying out her ignorant caprices. One of her houses, for example, has a lofty Doric column with a newel staircase inside it, intended to form an observatory for her astrological efforts.

Women's Good Taste

But women like the Marquise de Rambouillet can be thanked for great innovations in houses. In building her famous house, the Hôtel de Rambouillet, where Corneille, Descartes, Madame Sevigne and others congregated, she used that sensible ingenuity that bright women have been forcing upon more or less reluctant architects ever since. She saw to it that private rooms as well as public should be provided; that service staircases were indispensable; that dressing rooms, bathrooms, and the like, ought to be near the bedrooms instead of at the other end of the garden; that the cavernous chimney openings of the sixteenth century took all the heat up the chimney when they did not cough all the smoke back into the rooms.

There is a story that when she saw the architect's design for her great house she was unsatisfied with it and called for pencil and paper and then and there made the design herself which was followed subsequently by the architect in every detail. But architects cast indignant doubts upon this story. That she, a girl of twenty-two, suddenly knew all the great slow-moving science of architecture is saying too much! Like saying that a woman, having seen a horse, a ghost of which runs before every railroad train, could design a locomotive. Molière, who lived in her time, said: "People of quality know everything without having been taught anything."

"Just the same," said a generous-spirited modern architect, Mr. Henry Polhemus, "whenever you see a house that is incomparably charming, distinguished, graceful, full of sunlight, fresh air, comfort, a gay affectionate atmosphere, with a marvelous, convenient kitchen, perfect closets—it is hard for an architect to be passionately interested in closets—it means not only a good architect but a wonderful, an exceptional woman. It is the women who have taste. Thank heaven for the women."

Another architect said: "Almost all women want a pink bedroom and think they are being very original. Almost all women want a green drawing-room and think they are being very French and daring. But," he went on as an afterthought, feeling a little apologetic for his sarcasm, "if the average man were to build a house, unpoliced by his wife, it would be terrible! He balks at all color. He is afraid it is unmanly. He wants mud-colored leather, rough putty-colored plaster, varnished furniture, a cobblestone fireplace with perhaps the words 'East, West, Hame's Best' pyrographed on the mantel. He'll be content to spend every evening of his life in a room where there is one chilly overhead light in the ceiling, on a couch that faces the rump of a closed grand piano. No freshness, no gayety anywhere. It will look like a *Rathskeller*, and there will be hideous shiny humidors on rubber-tired wheels scattered around as the most attractive articles of furniture, and a grove of patented ash trays on pedestals."

New England clients want Colonial houses—something prim and intellectual, but esthetically very good. Southerners want Southern Colonial mansions. Italians who have been here long enough to be proud of their ancestry tend to want Italian houses; French want French houses; English want Tudor or Cotswold houses. And there are some Germans who still hanker for brewers' castles.

And this brings us to one of the architect's moral struggles. Say that a bootlegger wants to build a Hollywood house in a beautiful New England village full of gentle, white, austere, peaceful clapboard houses.

A conscientious architect knows that such an interloper spoils the whole landscape. In fact, the hodge-podge of houses is what spoils so much of America. Homogeneity is what makes an old Cape Cod village or an English town so beautiful.

Even Vitruvius, the Roman architect whose writings are textbook to all architects, knew this: "If our designs for private houses are to be correct we must take note of the countries and climates in which they are built. One style of house is appropriate in Egypt, another in Spain, a different kind in Pontus, one still different in Rome, and so on."

Still, when a job comes along from a client who is stubbornly set on an expensive atrocity, it is a temptation. Some architects refuse, like Philip Webb, the friend of William Morris, who would never undertake more than one building at a time, and if a second client asked for a house, the reply was, "I'm afraid I'm already building one," accompanied by a suggestion that the applicant should call again in a year or two. If the would-be client was a stranger to Webb, another difficulty emerged. "Oh, but I don't know you."

But usually the architect accepts the job, pulls in his belt for a struggle with his client in which he uses persuasion, guile, equivocation, snobbery or falls back on the violence of artistic temperament of which there have been plenty of instances since Brunelleschi—1379-1446—the great Florentine, who, in order to get rid of Ghiberti, the rival architect whom the city of Florence had insisted upon associating with him, shammed sickness for weeks. And once he grew so vehement, before the committee of city fathers, in his assertions that his scheme was practical that they grew angry and had the protesting creature carried out bodily.

Good, Bad, Worst

Every architect seems to have built a house that he is ashamed of. The wife of a self-made man had been snubbed by the wife of a prize-fight promoter who had a Spanish house. The self-made man wanted a better and a fancier Spanish house than that of the prize-fight promoter.

"I took the job," said his architect, "because he was a friend of mine—not to admit, of course, that I was the slightest interested in the $15,000 commission—and because he promised never to admit my help. I appeased my conscience by saying that if this man and his contractor were let alone they would achieve still greater monstrosities. I did prevent rough blobs of plaster being slung on the walls with a trowel all over the outside, like a choppy sea that is frozen, and a couple of Turkish minarets."

But often uncultivated people are good clients and give the architect carte blanche. A gruff ex-laboring man's only instructions were: "Nothing that a wop would have, you know."

There are three grades of clients—first, people who build houses costing from eighteen thousand dollars to sixty thousand dollars. These are the best, the most intelligent, the most considerate and have the best taste.

Then there are those who have just become rich, but the curse of social climbing is on these and they are in constant fear that someone will do them. More than that, the novelty of having money makes them more interested in diamonds, square-cut emeralds, champagne, yachts, French clothes, motor cars than in beautiful architecture and the good life.

There was a chorus girl, for example, who had married a millionaire, and an architect built a beautiful house for her. But when it was finished he came home and said sadly to his wife:

"Well, she was very nice and let me do my best, but I don't suppose there will ever be any flowers in that house or a fire in the fireplace." He always, when he had finished a house for such people, told the workmen to burn up the old blue prints and some shavings in the fireplace, "so that at least once there will have been a grate fire; at least the bricks will be blackened a bit."

The third grade of clients are the aristocrats, the very, very rich and socially prominent. These are usually the worst, the least generous, the most know-it-all, and quarrelsome about tiny expenditures. It is no wonder that great architects have had to be formidable men with towering social arrogance.

"The worst client I ever had?" said a prominent architect. "Mrs. —— of New York and Newport. All the money in all the banks in New York was not worth that battle with that woman." She wasted his time. She ordered work undone just to show her power—an attention-getting device. She got sick spells if he balked at her taste, which was very bad. She hired, every few days, another architect, so that her tired husband would have to step in and negotiate peace. And when she could not wound the architect himself she tried to wound him through his wife by giving elaborate parties from which the architect's wife alone, out of an entire social set, was excluded.

It was like the famous battle between the great Vanbrugh and Sarah, the termagant wife of the great Duke of Marlborough. Vanbrugh, like Robert Adam and so many great architects, was a dashing, haughty and fashionable man. When he built Blenheim his wrangles with the duchess were almost epic, and when he married and wanted to bring his young wife with a party of ladies to see his masterpiece, the duchess gave orders at all her gate lodges that he and his wife were to be discriminated against and not allowed in. "So," wrote Vanbrugh bitterly, "my wife was forced to sit all day long and keep me company at the inn while the others were shown over the house."

And the very rich who order million-dollar houses usually have not such good taste as those who build twenty or forty thousand dollar ones. Probably this is

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because often they are people who have bought taste instead of developing their own. Their mansions may be the work of a genius, architecturally wonderful. In the interior the carved-stone staircase has an unearthly beauty, the grand piano is as long as a locomotive; Gobelin tapestries are on the walls. But too often all is bleak and without charm or warmth or grace.

"And if you examine the small purchases of the lady of the house you will see how expensively commonplace they are. They give her away. There are some women, you know, who, by a tiny porcelain figure or a yellow plate or the way a few flowers are stuck in a vase, prove at once that they know beauty and can make it. Such women can buy plans for a cheap little stock house, and by having a porch put on the back instead of the front, by the color of the walls, a French door or two, a garden—a few changes that do not require money at all, but just taste—can make it elegant, sophisticated, charming."

And all that is why, this architect said, he never planned a house before he had visited a client, for thereafter he knew all about her.

There are carpers who look for little defects for years after the house is done. One family thought a line of mirror panels along a wall should have none of the ordinary imperfections of the finest plate glass but should reflect the lines of cabinet work on the other side of the room as perfectly as the highest-grade telescope. For five years afterward, there were gloomy reverberations about this floating back into the architect's office.

There is one type of owner who is sure that everything is going to be an awful failure when he sees it in the raw. One firm of architects issues strictest orders that the usual methods of canvas-covering windows in the interim of building shall never be allowed. The entrances are completed first, and dummy windows, carefully painted to represent the later real ones, are inserted in the window openings so that the building from the first has its final appearance. This is expensive and inconvenient, but the pessimistic laments of the owner are thus avoided and the architect and foremen and workmen are all saved much uneasiness and depression.

The Reign of Horror

Architects sometimes expect sympathy from rich connoisseurs and æsthetes. But these make much worse clients than business men, for there is no man who dislikes trouble more than a man of leisure. A tired business man will shoulder new problems with touching patience.

And then there is the person who approves of a project until he sees it actually under way. Say that he is remodeling his house and orders a wooden turret of the McKinley Period to be taken down. But if he happens to come upon the workmen in the business of demolishing it, he has a nostalgic sentimental pang—begins to like it.

In the last twenty years taste in houses has improved tremendously. Now, Horace Walpole—1717–1797—can be blamed for the bad taste in nineteenth-century houses. He wrote The Castle of Otranto, the parent of the Gothic romance; he built Strawberry Hill, the parent of the jigsaw Gothic mansion. But what attracted him in the Gothic was not the fine medieval masonry; he and his followers liked the dilapidation. They wanted to make authentic ruins. Walpole, in his refectory at Strawberry Hill, used wall paper that imitated stucco; plaster and hangings and wall paper began to be used to cover up defects of construction. Towers that were never climbed appeared on houses, turrets that no one could enter, battlements that no one rose to defend—meaningless irregularities. There is a huge, beautifully printed volume of the villas of Newport in 1876. Amid all these examples of the "novel" and "unique" there is not a single house that would be tolerated by any conceivable line of descendants.

In the midst of all this brummagem Gothic, along came H. H. Richardson 1838–1886 a genius and a great man, with his Romanesque revival—round arches, sturdy columns, heavy courses of rough stone, contrasts in color between light granite and dark sandstone. His buildings were almost like fortresses, a reaction against the tacky infirmities of the Gothic jerry-builder. Someone says that perhaps nineteenth-century magnates liked the fortresslike stone mansions of the Romanesque revival because of the uneasiness of the proletariat in those days. But those who followed Richardson had not his taste and his genius, and so good taste did not survive strongly.

But now? Taste is improving. People know more and see more. There are certain evolutionary tendencies in houses. Kitchens tend to grow smaller and become perfect little laboratories. Baths tend to grow larger and more attractive. Windows, glass area, is expanding. Conservatories will soon appear again. Dens and sleeping porches and front porches are out. I once knew a man who walked up and down before his house, saying, "I wish I knew what makes you so ugly." If nine-tenths of the older pretentious houses in America could answer, they would say, "My front porch."

For Angels and Aviators

In the eighteenth century Alexander Pope's noble friends wanted display in their houses, and "were proud to catch cold at a Venetian door." Doctor Johnson wrote of a house built in the 1760's:

"It would do excellently for a town hall. The room with the large pillars would do for the judges to sit in at the assizes, the circular room for a jury chamber, and the room above for the prisoners."

Then came the Victorians. They wanted to live prosperously but piously. Also, they planned their houses so that their house mates, the servants, worked in dark basements, and at night climbed their special twisting stone stairs to flimsy attics. Menservants slept in their gas-lit pantries. In many of the grandest houses the footman's bedroom and the larder both opened into the same pitch-dark, unventilated passage.

This treatment of the servants, upon whose patient backs the whole of their domestic life was built, is an everlasting reproach to those rich, pious ones. You should read Horace Walpole to realize how much the modern servant, because she is not miserable, degraded, drunken, boisterous, and sluttish, saves you in hard cash, for then you will know that the refined, clever girl who makes your laboratory kitchen possible deserves a nice room.

As for bathrooms, the Middle Ages were called by a historian, "A thousand years without a bath." They began to appear in the last century, but were for a long time a wild eccentricity of earls.

You can now pay fifteen thousand dollars for a nice bathroom with a grate fire in it, Wedgwood medallions in the tile walls, a tub in the middle of the floor, with silver faucets and cut-glass tap handles; glass pillars for the marble wash bowl, costing sixty dollars apiece. The shower bath becomes a closed room with enough dials, handles, gauges, and instruments to run a battleship, and this is to preclude the slightest possibility of an unpleasant shock either from hot or cold water. Many clients have special ideas on the subject of bathrooms one man, for example, wanting a shower bath twelve feet long, so that he could run up and down it, which he considered peculiarly beneficial to his health

Ruskin said sardonically, in 1850, that the Crystal Palace, built in London, was only a magnified conservatory, and architectural critics ever since have poked fun at it, saying that it contributed nothing new to architecture—only train sheds and subway kiosks. But perhaps houses are going to be glass and iron after all. In Berlin last winter a balloon-shaped house of glass was built.

A number of rich people are having solariums and swimming pools under glass roofs that are permeable by the ultra-violet rays. Two years ago two French architects built a sun house at Nice; it was constructed on a turntable and could be revolved by a motor so that the occupants would be always in the sun. It cost fifty thousand dollars. Bernard Shaw contrived one which he turns by hand and which, therefore, cost only a thousand dollars.

The most modern architects say that bedrooms will dwindle into bunk rooms; that bathrooms will swell and become dressing rooms as well; that a gymnasium will be in every complete house. So, in houses as well as in skyscrapers, there is a modern movement with much artistic to-do about it.

But, on the other hand, many are surfeited, depressed, sickened by all modern architecture, no matter how prodigious or interesting. You cannot, these claim, get an A1 architecture out of a C3 civilization, and they are incurably homesick for the eighteenth century, have that longing *malaise* for the days when men "lived on the ground floor." To architectural critics like Lewis Mumford, New York is a wen a skyscraping wen—with its "pock-marked walls," "an architecture not for men but for angels and aviators."

Pleasure in Labor

"A civilization," he says, "that considers buildings as mere machines considers human beings as mere machine tenders. Men take revenge on themselves for their own mistakes; hence the modern mechanized house, with its luminous bathroom, its elegant furnace, its dainty garbage-disposal system, has become more and more a thing to get away from," and, therefore, he says, "the garage and a machine to escape from the house machine."

At present architects build only about 10 per cent of the houses in the country. The vast majority are thrown up by builders, usually to sell or rent at a quick profit. This is mere machine work; no human imprint at all.

"The one thing that makes architecture a thing apart from mere building is love," says Electus Litchfield. "A work of art is always the embodiment of the affection of the producer; 'the expression of man's pleasure in labor,'" said William Morris.

And therefore, architects claim, mere machine work has no love in it, and so has no survival value. Art is the spiritual value we lay on material things to insure their preservation, and that is why beauty is economically justified. Houses that have the living imprint of a mind on them are not callously torn down and replaced. Wren's churches were preserved hundreds of years beyond their state of economical integrity by Wren's personality. And this—say those who are homesick for the past, hoping against hope—shows why machine work may be proved at last to be uneconomical, too quickly degraded.

But never mind. Even now, when you come to think of it, the sound of the riveting hammer has not penetrated way into the country. Just the other day there was a society note in a North Dakota paper: "Saturday Mrs. Olsen was over at Mrs. Peterson's, helping her lath."

Of course you must have beauty in your motor car. But after all beauty is only half the bargain.

There must be beauty plus performance—and the surest way to obtain performance is to make certain that the next car you select comes equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons.

This advanced product is made of Bohnalite which is 62% lighter than iron. The use of this piston means that reciprocating parts can be lightened and a superior performance is the gratifying result.

Most of the best cars in all price classes are equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons, but before you buy make sure. *Ask the salesman. Insist.*

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THE MERGER MOVEMENT

(Continued from Page 25)

But in a sense the merger movement of today is new and entirely different. It is not limited to a small number or variety of industries. It is confined to no one field, but is general in scope and appears to be gathering momentum from year to year. Where it is taking us no man knows, but anyone may speculate and hope at least for an orderly evolution to the next stage of social organization or to a new type of civilization, if that be the goal.

But to drop down to earth again and out of the realm of rosy hypothesis, it may be suggested that marked prosperity and active stock markets always stimulate changes in corporate form and control. Mergers and rumors of mergers invariably go with speculative enthusiasm, in what degree as cause or effect it is sometimes hard to say. But rising prices render manipulation and exploitation through means of new combinations, holding companies and other devices of big business far more practicable and attractive than when the market is in the doldrums and business lags. There were almost as many mergers in the years just preceding 1921 as there have been in the past few years.

A Lesson for New Industries

Mergers may prove to be unloading or sell-out devices, or just an opportunity to make a killing in a temporary speculative fury, regardless of later reports of corporate earnings. Even when intentions and conduct are above reproach, an ever-present cause of the present-day merger movement is the surplus capital ready for investment. Individual corporations have large accumulations, which they naturally use for expansion in fields with which they are familiar. More than that, if a new issue of securities must be sold to effect a combination, the public is more than eager to absorb the offering.

It is true also that many proposed mergers are never consummated. At times the rumors exceed the realities by an impressive ratio. Yet if we look at the general trend it will be found that over a period of years the rumors of mergers usually have had some basis in fact. The realities rarely equal the rosy imaginings of promoters, brokers, speculators and newspaper reporters. But there is usually fire behind the smoke, and often by the time the plans for a combination are announced excited Wall Street interest in the subject has vanished. Many an unverified report of a great combination makes the first page, whereas the official announcement six months later of an exchange of securities is hidden away in a routine column.

But the modern urge to integrate and combine is far more than a financial manifestation or a mere symptom of Wall Street ups and downs. It strikes even deeper than the newly born willingness and ability of great multitudes to invest. For one thing, we find upon a little inquiry that new types of activity are constantly arising which require large-scale operation and combination of separate units. Consider a striking and familiar illustration. It would be difficult to find two companies which represent the merger idea more completely than the United States Steel Corporation and the General Motors Company. Now, the Steel Corporation is the biggest thing of its kind in the world, and yet in certain respects General Motors is larger, although it was not in existence or even dreamed of when the Steel Corporation was founded.

If the current merger movement means nothing else, it means that developments which affected our older industries are now recurring in the newer ones. Consider aviation. First came the discouraging pioneer period when sledding was very hard indeed. But the Lindbergh flight and the development of the air mail brought a boom which resulted in hundreds of new companies springing into existence, in a sort of mushroom growth. Now has come a third period—that of reorganization of the industry into large groups or mergers.

It is much the same with the motorbus. For a number of years this field has been notable for its hit-or-miss growth. First came the ridiculous and irresponsible jitneys, like a swarm of short-lived flies on a June day. These were followed by larger and more dependable vehicles, but many of the lines which operated them were weak and their very numbers made for a disorganized situation. But now order and solidity begin to appear. A few weeks ago it was reported that practically every major bus line west of Chicago would be affected by the proposed consolidation of Pickwick Corporation of Los Angeles, Southern Pacific Motor Transport Company, Yellowway Company and Greyhound Lines.

Or consider the swift changes in corporate organization in those amazing new industries, the screen and the radio. Only a few years ago there were thousands of separate, independent film theaters, but these are now being brought together in immense groups, tied in with producing companies and radio broadcasting corporations. Then, too, the largest of the phonograph manufacturers has been acquired by the largest of the radio companies, which in turn is controlled or dominated by the overshadowing corporations in the fields of telephonic communication and electrical manufacture. Even these groupings and combinations do not represent all that are under way or in prospect in the domain of sound and picture reproduction, which has its vital communications as well as its amusement side.

It would hardly do to describe department stores, grocery stores, drug stores, candy stores, newspapers, hotels, restaurants and barber shops as new industries, but the speed with which the chain idea is spreading in these and other similar fields amounts to a revolution. In some instances chains develop without a merger. The owner of one store opens another. What we have in such a case is not a merger but an operating combination. But hundreds of chains do not stop there. They soon begin to buy out separate units or consolidate with still other chains.

The Public-Utility Labyrinth

But the most conspicuous trend of all toward consolidation in recent years has been in the electrical light and power, or public-utility, field. From 1922 to 1927 some 2028 separate enterprises actually disappeared at a time when production and consumption were going up by leaps and bounds. In other words, they were consolidated. In 1925 alone 1029 companies were merged or acquired. This movement has been accomplished chiefly through the medium of the holding company. The same device has been used for years past in railroad corporate finance, and to some extent in the manufacturing field, but on nothing like the same scale.

In respect to public utilities the holding company has swept the land like wildfire, perhaps because it is not checked by the anti-trust laws, there being no question of competition at stake. But, whatever the cause, company has been piled on company to form an intricate and perplexing labyrinth. Underneath is a sound and growing industry, but the extraordinary extent and accelerative qualities of the elaborate superstructure are among the most confused and confusing developments in the whole realm of industrial organization. That, however, is quite another story, and one to be told by itself.

There is much that is extremely difficult to explain or understand in the merger tendencies of the day. But noted authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, I do not believe there is any complete solution in terms of psychology. All will agree, of course, that the ambitious, restless, imaginative quality of the business enterpriser finds expression in creating larger units. Such men want their place in the sun and value themselves in terms of their setting. The story of mergers is one of an ever-changing movement of personalities engaged in age-old conquest. Perhaps this is one reason why interest shifts from one thing to another, say from motors to oils to chemicals to foodstuffs.

An Age of By-Products

But if we are to explain all activities and movements in human terms, we must dig deeper than the mere desire of aggressive men to organize great combinations. The qualities which make for advancement in science and invention must be sought out. The central and all-important fact is that the Industrial Revolution is still under way, and, such being the case, there can be no finality to the forms or the expansiveness of business enterprise.

Consider briefly only one of many and an exceedingly simple illustration of this fundamental truth. How can business organization be anything but dynamic in view of the marvelous services of chemistry in redeeming the wastes of manufacturing? The rise of the by-product means not only new wealth but new enterprises and new combinations of them. We have a continually increasing diversity among the uses of raw materials. From a comparatively small and relatively unchanging number of these materials chemistry brings into being more and more products.

One can remember when furnace slag was worthless. It is now a valuable by-product of the iron and steel trade. From the one-time wastes of other heavy metals as well as from the petroleum, meat, dairy and other branches of the foodstuffs industry comes an increasing variety of attendant products. Who knows what we will make in the future from sawdust or cornstalks? We do know that the whole force of scientific research is at work upon waste, and as each new process and product comes to the surface a new problem in industrial organization presents itself.

Of course invention does not confine itself to by-products by any manner of means. It reaches out and modifies the industrial system in countless directions. A half interest in the Columbia broadcasting chain was acquired recently by the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Corporation, and an official announcement explaining the reasons for the combination said that "scientific developments have introduced the voice to the motion-picture screen, and there is every prospect that similar developments will shortly introduce vision into radio."

In a foreword to a Census Bureau study of the integration of industrial operation, Wesley C. Mitchell, the economist, speaks of how we erroneously think of the Industrial Revolution as something which took place in England a long time ago, between the days of Arkwright and Watt and those of Cartwright and Stephenson:

"The high lights in our picture are the great inventions and the building of factories; the shadows are the sufferings of the laboring classes. We remember all this as something that happened a hundred years ago on the other side of the ocean. The Industrial Revolution did begin in eighteenth-century England, but it is still going on in twentieth-century America. It was marked at the outset by great inventions and the rise of larger industrial units, but the present is not less an age of inventions and industrial reorganization. The beginnings of the Industrial Revolution were darkened by tragic sufferings; its continuation produces new social problems in each decade."

It is commonly said that business develops from the simple to the more complex forms of organization. But this is perhaps too simple a statement of the case. We all know that nothing is more persistent than the small separate establishment, and thus development is not always from the simple to the complex. It is necessary to make very careful distinctions in these matters. The author of the Census monograph already referred to points out that industry is organized on three distinct planes, with the establishment, or unit of enterprise, at the bottom and fundamental to the other two.

The second plane of organization includes the operating combinations—groups of establishments which are operated from some one central office—and, finally, at the top are found those less tangible alliances, the holding company, the financial combination, the trade association and other similar types.

Mr. Thorp, the author, says that industrial development has by no means reached its final form on any one of these levels of economic organization. Following the introduction and rapid development of the factory system in the United States in the nineteenth century the scale of operations per establishment was augmented at an enormous rate. But tendencies have been more mixed since the beginning of the twentieth century. In certain industries, such as automobile manufacture, we have seen the rise of very large establishments. But a similar expansion has not been shown everywhere, the net result being a conflicting and almost meaningless variety of types or forms.

The Census disregards business relationships—that is, holding companies, financial combinations, and the like—as not coming within the sphere of its activity as defined by Congress. But it does secure reports from separate establishments and combinations of such operated from central offices. From the study of thousands of these the report concludes that the "direction in which modern industry is tending cannot be definitely determined, but it is probably true that the first part of the twentieth century has seen far greater development in terms of combinations of superstructure than it has of the scale of production within single establishments."

Where Authorities Fear to Tread

But even with this limitation, the data upon which Mr. Thorp reaches his conclusions are far more detailed than any others available, and so we should appreciate the significance of his statement when he says that the diversity of the nature of the combinations studied "demonstrates the untold intricacy of our modern industrial system."

That, indeed, is about as far as anyone can go. Beyond this only the charlatan dares venture. But it is fascinating enough to reach even this point and to realize in terms of the combinations of the day, "the untold intricacy of our modern industrial system."

It is unfortunate that the study of industrial combinations has been confined almost exclusively to one feature—that of monopoly. This is not the place to thresh out the trust problem. That restraint of trade, unfair practices and economic oppression in general have too often marked the course of business no one will deny. But not in one case of merger among hundreds is there any pretense to monopoly. The subject is so much more comprehensive than that. Among the reasons for combination, monopoly in any of its forms becomes more and more diminutive.

Each merger has its own story, just as each industry has its peculiar troubles and opportunities. Each case is different, a distinct and separate problem. There are thousands upon thousands of these instances, containing in the aggregate the raw material of much of our economic life;

(Continued on Page 79)

WOULD YOU REPLACE YOUR HEATING BOILER IF YOUR FUEL SAVING WOULD PAY FOR A NEW ONE?

One important reason why half of all Spencer Heaters sold replace other boilers is the saving that a Spencer makes. It saves as much as half the annual fuel cost—and you can readily see how quickly that will pay for a new and more convenient heater.

The Spencer Heater is designed to burn small size fuels which are low in cost because ordinary flat grate heaters are not designed to burn them satisfactorily. The difference in price between small fuels and the larger sizes will pay the cost of a Spencer Heater to replace your present boiler.

For instance, if you use the larger sizes of anthracite now, your fuel bill is automatically cut in half when you install a Spencer Heater, because you then use No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite costing six dollars a ton less. You can see for yourself how quickly this will save the entire cost of this heater. After that you enjoy its convenient, automatic fuel feed,* its even heat, and a dividend on your investment every year, amounting to half your present fuel bill.

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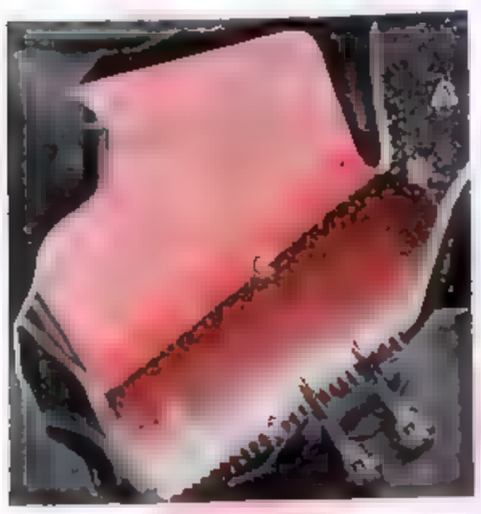
Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It explains in detail why the Spencer scientific principle for burning solid fuels can save as much as half your annual fuel bill. Spencer Heater Company, Williamsport, Pa.



Spencer Heaters are made in two types and in capacities to suit every size of home or building. Illustrated is the cast-iron sectional Spencer with enamelled steel jacket, for homes and small buildings. A complete line of Spencer steel tubular boilers is made for large buildings. Sold and installed by responsible heating contractors.

*Once a day fuel is put into the magazine (A). It fills the sloping Gable-Grate to the level of the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed always stays at the level shown at (C) for as fast as fuel burns to ash (D) it shrinks and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the surface of the fire bed is lowered by this shrinking process, more fuel feeds down of its own weight over the top of the fire bed, with no need for motors or mechanical parts.

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This modern Electric iron

helps silks and rayon fabrics give you longer wear

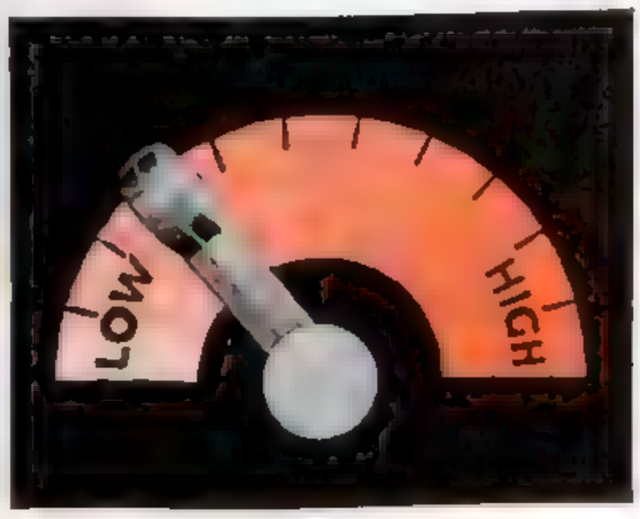
BEAUTIFUL fabrics deserve correct care in ironing. To get longest wear from them, iron them the *safe* way.

If you have been ironing fine, dainty things with an ordinary iron, or a plain "automatic" iron, you may now be getting only half the long wear which manufacturers have been weaving into these lovely, truly durable new materials.

For silks, rayons and other similar materials, authorities recommend a low, EVEN heat. With ordinary irons you have to *guess* at the temperature. Your guess may be wrong—or the heat may increase as you iron. Haven't you noticed that stiff spots sometimes develop in the fabric, where the material soon tears easily? A too hot iron does it. A moment's mistake—and shortly a beautiful garment is worn out, long before its time.

With a Hotpoint Super-Automatic Iron there is no guessing. Merely set the throttle at LOW, and low heat will be maintained automatically, without further thought.

In addition to the Super-Automatic heat control, this iron has the patented CALROD element (cast in solid iron, practically indestructible), the large comfortable Thumb Rest, the Hinged Plug—and other features. See this and other Hotpoint appliances at your electric company or neighborhood dealer's store.



For silks, rayons, and *all* delicate fabrics set the throttle at LOW. For heavy, damp linens, set it at HIGH. Or set it *anywhere* between, according to the exact heat desired for the kind of material being ironed. The heat stays just as you want it—never gets hotter or cooler than you wish.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

(Continued from Page 76)

more of it, certainly, than any student or practical captain of affairs can master or make use of. But we must plunge in somewhere; we cannot remain outside of the seething caldron of fact forever, and so at this point it might be said that nothing is more characteristic of modern tendencies than the urge to integrate.

Now, "integration" is not a synonym, although it is often used as such for words like "merger," "combination," "consolidation" and "concentration." I shall try to use the term carefully and not with the looseness which is so customary. But too careful and scientific a definition will defeat my purpose, for then no one will read this article. We should bear in mind first that combinations are usually described as either horizontal or vertical. The former consists of establishments on the same level of industry, which, if not combined, would be competitors.

Now, a typical horizontal merger would be that which included all the tire plants of the United States. Such a merger would no doubt run counter at once to the anti-trust laws, and indeed many of the horizontal combinations in the past have been accused of monopoly.

It is true that in a certain sense a holding company owning many electric-light plants and also a large chain of stores represents a horizontal combination. But electric-light plants are natural monopolies, and plants in different places do not compete. Nor do even the largest of retail chains seem to have a monopoly. For these and other reasons neither the public-utility holding company nor the chain-store development belongs in this article.

At any rate, the outstanding type of recent industrial development, aside from the public-utility holding company and the chain store, has been along vertical lines, so often termed the "integration of industry." A vertical, or integrated, combination contains establishments which operate not on the same plane but at different stages. The word means to make into a whole. A shoe-manufacturing company may integrate backward and acquire tanneries, or it may integrate forward and acquire retail shoe stores.

Both because it does not run counter to the anti-trust law and for fundamental economic reasons, vertical integration seems to have become an accepted feature of modern organization. Before the Industrial Revolution the shoemaker in his own shop turned the raw hide into shoes ready to wear. With the rise of the factory system and of specialization the processes were broken up, but now they are coming together again. The manufacturer's natural desire is to control as many variables and elements as he can by the domination of successive or related processes.

Pleasant Dreams or Nightmare

The copper-mining companies buy brass mills, the tire companies acquire cotton-fabric mills and rubber plantations. Of all industries, however, iron and steel is the most highly integrated, perhaps because there are so many steps between the raw material and the finished product. In this case there are changes in the character as well as the shape of the raw material; it must be reworked several times.

Obviously there are limits to integration, either backward or forward. No corporation in the world is more rounded and comprehensive than the United States Steel Corporation. Yet to integrate forward to the point where it controls the manufacturing and marketing of all objects made from steel would be manifestly preposterous

"It is definitely to the advantage of the operator to be independent," says the Census monograph on integration, "to rely on the activities of as few other operators as possible. The combination which is self-contained is in a much better competitive position because of its independence and freedom from otherwise disturbing factors."

Anything like complete industrial integration is a rosy dream or a nightmare—I do not know which. Anyway, it is unthinkable. But there are a thousand and one practical shades and degrees and variations of the thing. When a manufacturer expands, the simplest method is to enlarge existing operations. If he has one shoe factory, the first step is to build or purchase a second. But it is almost as natural to expand along other lines, provided they are related or similar in some way. The business man may have knowledge and experience which enable him to expand in directions which are similar in respect to raw materials, process or market.

From Soup to Nuts

First of all, there is the continually increasing diversity already spoken of in the use of relatively few materials. A concern that started to make butter finds it can make cheese, condensed milk, powdered milk and ice cream, all from the one raw material. These might be described as joint products, or if the firm started with one line only, the others might be called subsidiary or secondary products. The word "by-product" has a somewhat different meaning, but, in any case, we all know that the tendency is to make a single raw material or a few of them do more work, in that a larger number of finished articles are derived.

But a business may become more complete along lines of process as well as of raw material. A cannery does not confine itself to tomatoes. Bread and confectionery are not made from the same substances, but there are cases of one company turning out both because of the similarity of the baking process. Or we may have integration in respect to complementary materials, parts and products. A powder company provides the alcohol and chemicals which it uses to make explosives. An automobile or typewriter manufacturer makes parts as well as finished product. A concern may manufacture sewing-machine tables as well as sewing machines, spools as well as thread, cigar boxes as well as cigars. Or a whole auxiliary industry may be needed in the process without leaving a single trace in the final product. Such would be an ice-manufacturing industry as auxiliary to a milk company.

But the most characteristic integration tendency of the day is that which leads the manufacturer to expand along lines which require knowledge of a single or at least a similar market. Recently several farm-implement companies have acquired what is called an end-to-end, or full, line. They can sell implements to till, plant, cultivate and harvest numerous crops instead of a few. Two companies recently combined, one a leading manufacturer of domestic heating and the other of bathroom apparatus, and though this merger represents in no sense whatever a full integration, it is a step at least toward reaching a fuller market. Each of the two products separately had a seasonal character; together they pretty well cover the year.

The emphasis upon marketing is seen especially in what are sometimes called the circular mergers in the food industry. Strictly speaking, this is not integration. In food products the processes are simple and few, unlike those in iron and steel. In a strict sense of the word, a food company would have to produce the raw material or transport and retail the finished product to be considered integrated.

But the food-company merger is quite typical of what is going on in many industries today. One concern, the Postum, started with a single line, but having absorbed eleven other food companies with more than twenty products, it is changing its name to the General Foods Corporation as being more suitable under present conditions. The idea in this and other cases is to handle numerous noncompeting food products on the theory that the same salesman who visits the retailer might as well handle a dozen or a score of articles as one.

One very modern motive behind mergers is to bring about a unit large enough to engage in national advertising. Another motive is to create a company big and important and impressive enough to warrant listing its shares on the New York Stock Exchange. But neither of these objectives requires a monopoly position.

Nor is there any necessity for buying up all the plants in a given line. The field of industry has become far too vast for that; it is possible to form an immense rounded entity and still leave competition aplenty. The modern idea seems to be to rely more upon the variety of articles or services provided than upon ownership of all the producing units.

The circular merger, of which several big food companies are typical, has been described as a supertrust. That may or may not be an accurate description. One hardly knows where to draw the line or exactly what the term means. It is about as vague as the word "superpower." But it does not imply monopoly. If a large number and variety of products related in some fashion turn a company into a supertrust, then we have quite a number of them. The Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, with a score of devices used in many industries for many purposes, and yet somehow having a family relationship in the processes of manufacture, is a case in point.

For Good or Ill

Certainly the General Motors Company, with its automobiles, trucks, cabs, airplanes, motor parts and refrigerating apparatus, comes well within the designation. Surely, too, the Du Pont Company is a supertrust in this sense. Starting as a maker of explosives, it has broadened out into paints, varnishes, dyestuffs, rayon, films and many other lines.

In this particular case we have a striking example of the newest phase of what might, by a very loose construction of words, be considered part of the merger tendency. This is the investment of surplus funds in distinct, separate and unrelated fields. The purchase some years ago of a large interest in General Motors by the Du Pont Company would more properly come under the head of wise investment than of integration. Sometimes what appears to be a mere conglomeration of businesses may be, as one observer says, an "outstanding instance of enterprise on the part of a management not restricted too much by traditional boundaries." Apparently this type of combination, if it can be termed such, is on the increase.

Although the merger of separate companies may have been a more outstanding feature in recent years than growth from within, yet we must not confuse the two things. The Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, in the nearly eighty years of its existence, had reached third place among steel producers by the process of growth alone, not having been enlarged at any time by acquisition, merger or consolidation, as had been the case with the two producers which are larger. No doubt there are other equally striking instances. On the other hand, many companies grow big by both processes, and in numerous cases it might be difficult to separate the two.

One of the foremost of British men of affairs recently remarked that if two large corporations were competing side by side a few years ago, the one which had grown from within would be described as a "business success," a "pioneer," and the "backbone" of its trade, whereas the one which resulted from mergers would be dismissed with the words "combine" and "trust," with all the unpleasant implications involved. "Yet the power for good or ill may be identical in each case."

Trusts and Supertrusts

But he went on to say that the public attitude has changed radically in this respect, and called attention to the fact that the last previous presidential address of Section F of the British Association for the Advancement of Science dealt with Rationalization in Industry—a European word which conveys the double idea of merger and efficiency. Even Philip Snowden, a member of the Labor Cabinet, recently discussed amalgamation in terms of waste elimination, the relations of capital and labor, and as a possible help to international peace.

Beyond question, the change in public opinion regarding combinations is one of the momentous developments of recent years, even more so in this country than in England. What amounts to a literal turnover in thinking is shown first of all by the shifting terminology. We rarely speak of "trusts" any more, but refer almost daily to "big business," or if the expression "supertrust" is used, it does not connote any criticism but rather admiration. The public accepts combinations as a matter of course, as the order of the day.

That wise and venerable economist, Prof. J. B. Clark, recently remarked that great corporations terrified us at first, but we have since discovered that they could be tamed and made to resemble working elephants rather than destructive dinosaurs.

But why has this change come about? The answer would require a whole article by itself. As already indicated, the inevitable changes in industry mean that combinations are formed on different and less monopolistic lines than formerly. Then, too, the more widespread ownership of securities makes people increasingly sympathetic to combinations as compared with earlier days. There is a feeling also that the most humane way out for depressed and distressed industries, like textiles and coal, would be a strong, healthy merger movement. Finally we may say that big business is managed with more wisdom than in the days of the first outburst of trusts.

Despite these facts, our statute books are still filled with laws that not only bear upon trusts and monopoly but profoundly influence the business life of the country. Nor must it be taken for granted, because public sentiment has veered almost all the way around in favor of combinations, that the movement can be accepted with no doubts whatever.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early issue

AT YOUR AGE

(Continued from Page 7)

The two latter responded; Mrs. Trumble even nodded faintly at Tom. But Annie's mother got to her feet without a word, her eyes frozen, her mouth drawn. For a moment she stood staring at her daughter; then she turned abruptly and left the room.

Tom and Annie found a table across the room

"Wasn't she terrible?" said Annie, breathing aloud. He didn't answer.

"For three days she hasn't spoken to me." Suddenly she broke out: "Oh, people can be so small! I was going to sing the leading part in the Junior League show, and yesterday Cousin Mary Betts, the president, came to me and said I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because a representative Junior League girl mustn't defy her mother. As if I were a naughty child!"

Tom stared on at a row of cups on the mantelpiece—two or three of them bore his name. "Perhaps she was right," he said suddenly. "When I begin to do harm to you it's time to stop."

"What do you mean?"

At her shocked voice his heart poured a warm liquid forth into his body, but he answered quietly: "You remember I told you I was going South? Well, I'm going tomorrow."

There was an argument, but he had made up his mind. At the station next evening she wept and clung to him.

"Thank you for the happiest month I've had in years," he said.

"But you'll come back, Tom."

"I'll be two months in Mexico; then I'm going East for a few weeks."

He tried to sound fortunate, but the frozen city he was leaving seemed to be in blossom. Her frozen breath was a flower on the air, and his heart sank as he realized that some young man was waiting outside to take her home in a car hung with blooms.

"Good-by, Annie. Good-by, sweet!"

Two days later he spent the morning in Houston with Hal Meigs, a classmate at Yale.

"You're in luck for such an old fella," said Meigs at luncheon, "because I'm going to introduce you to the cutest little traveling companion you ever saw, who's going all the way to Mexico City."

The lady in question was frankly pleased to learn at the station that she was not returning alone. She and Tom dined together on the train and later played rummy for an hour; but when, at ten o'clock, standing in the door of the stateroom, she turned back to him suddenly with a certain look, frank and unmistakable, and stood there holding that look for a long moment, Tom Squires was suddenly in the grip of an emotion that was not the one in question. He wanted desperately to see Annie, call her for a second on the phone, and then fall asleep, knowing she was young and pure as a star, and safe in bed.

"Good night," he said, trying to keep any repulsion out of his voice.

"Oh! Good night."

Arriving in El Paso next day, he drove over the border to Juarez. It was bright and hot, and after leaving his bags at the station he went into a bar for an iced drink; as he sipped it a girl's voice addressed him thickly from the table behind:

"You'n American?"

He had noticed her slumped forward on her elbows as he came in; now, turning, he faced a young girl of about seventeen, obviously drunk, yet with gentility in her unsteady, sprawling voice. The American bartender leaned confidentially forward.

"I don't know what to do about her," he said. "She come in about three o'clock with two young fellows—one of them her sweetie. They had a fight and the men went off, and this one's been here ever since."

A spasm of distaste passed over Tom—the rules of his generation were outraged and defied. That an American girl should be drunk and deserted in a tough foreign town—that such things happened, might happen to Annie. He looked at his watch, hesitated.

"Has she got a bill?" he asked.

"She owes for five gins. But suppose her boy friends come back?"

"Tell them she's at the Roosevelt Hotel in El Paso."

Approaching, he put his hand on her shoulder. She looked up.

"You look like Santa Claus," she said vaguely. "You couldn't possibly be Santa Claus, could you?"

"I'm going to take you to El Paso."

"Well," she considered, "you look perf'ly safe to me."

She was so young—a drenched little rose. He could have wept for her wretched unconsciousness of the old facts, the old penalties of life. Jousting at nothing in an empty tilt yard with a shaking spear. The taxi moved too slowly through the suddenly poisonous night.

Having explained things to a reluctant night clerk, he went out and found a telegraph office.

"Have given up Mexican trip," he wired. "Leaving here tonight. Please meet train in the St. Paul station at three o'clock and ride with me to Minneapolis, as I can't spare you for another minute. All my love."

He could at least keep an eye on her, advise her, see what she did with her life. That silly mother of hers!

On the train, as the baked tropical lands and green fields fell away and the North swept near again with patches of snow, then fields of it, fierce winds in the vestibule and bleak, hibernating farms, he paced the corridors with intolerable restlessness. When they drew into the St. Paul station he swung himself off like a young man and searched the platform eagerly, but his eyes failed to find her. He had counted on those few minutes between the cities; they had become a symbol of her fidelity to their friendship, and as the train started again he searched it desperately from smoker to observation car. But he could not find her, and now he knew that he was mad for her; at the thought that she had taken his advice and plunged into affairs with other men, he grew weak with fear.

Drawing into Minneapolis, his hands fumbled so that he must call the porter to fasten his baggage. Then there was an interminable wait in the corridor while the baggage was taken off and he was pressed up against a girl in a squirrel-trimmed coat.

"Tom!"

"Well, I'll be ——"

Her arms went up around his neck. "But, Tom," she cried, "I've been right here in this car since St. Paul!"

His cane fell in the corridor, he drew her very tenderly close and their lips met like starved hearts.

III

THE new intimacy of their definite engagement brought Tom a feeling of young happiness. He awoke on winter mornings with the sense of undeserved joy hovering in the room; meeting young men, he found himself matching the vigor of his mind and body against theirs. Suddenly his life had a purpose and a background; he felt rounded and complete. On gray March afternoons when she wandered familiarly in his apartment the warm sureties of his youth flooded back—ecstasy and poignancy, the mortal and the eternal posed in their immemorially tragic juxtaposition and, a little astounded, he found himself relishing the very terminology of young romance. But he was more thoughtful than a younger lover; and to Annie he seemed to "know everything," to stand holding open the gates for her passage into the truly golden world.

"We'll go to Europe first," he said.

"Oh, we'll go there a lot, won't we? Let's spend our winters in Italy and the spring in Paris."

"But, little Annie, there's business"

"Well, we'll stay away as much as we can anyhow. I hate Minneapolis."

"Oh, no." He was a little shocked. "Minneapolis is all right."

"When you're here it's all right."

Mrs. Lorry yielded at length to the inevitable. With ill grace she acknowledged the engagement, asking only that the marriage should not take place until fall.

"Such a long time," Annie sighed.

"After all, I'm your mother. It's so little to ask."

It was a long winter, even in a land of long winters. March was full of billowy drifts, and when it seemed at last as though the cold must be defeated, there was a series of blizzards, desperate as last stands. The people waited; their first energy to resist was spent, and man, like weather, simply hung on. There was less to do now and the general restlessness was expressed by surliness in daily contacts. Then, early in April, with a long sigh the ice cracked, the snow ran into the ground and the green, eager spring broke up through.

One day, riding along a slushy road in a fresh, damp breeze with a little starved, smothered grass in it, Annie began to cry. Sometimes she cried for nothing, but this time Tom suddenly stopped the car and put his arm round her.

"Why do you cry like that? Are you unhappy?"

"Oh, no, no!" she protested.

"But you cried yesterday the same way. And you wouldn't tell me why. You must always tell me."

"Nothing, except the spring. It smells so good, and it always has so many sad thoughts and memories in it."

"It's our spring, my sweetheart," he said. "Annie, don't let's wait. Let's be married in June."

"I promised mother, but if you like we can announce our engagement in June."

The spring came fast now. The sidewalks were damp, then dry, and the children roller-skated on them and boys played baseball in the soft, vacant lots. Tom got up elaborate picnics of Annie's contemporaries and encouraged her to play golf and tennis with them. Abruptly, with a final, triumphant lurch of Nature, it was full summer.

On a lovely May evening Tom came up the Lorrys' walk and sat down beside Annie's mother on the porch.

"It's so pleasant," he said, "I thought Annie and I would walk instead of driving this evening. I want to show her the funny old house I was born in."

"On Chambers Street, wasn't it? Annie'll be home in a few minutes. She went riding with some young people after dinner."

"Yes, on Chambers Street."

He looked at his watch presently, hoping Annie would come while it was still light enough to see. Quarter of nine. He frowned. She had kept him waiting the night before, kept him waiting an hour yesterday afternoon.

"If I was twenty-one," he said to himself, "I'd make scenes and we'd both be miserable."

He and Mrs. Lorry talked; the warmth of the night precipitated the vague evening lassitude of the fifties and softened them both, and for the first time since his attentions to Annie began, there was no unfriendliness between them. By and by long silences fell, broken only by the scratch of a match or the creak of her swinging settee. When Mr. Lorry came home Tom threw away his second cigar in surprise and looked at his watch; it was after ten.

"Annie's late," Mrs. Lorry said.

"I hope there's nothing wrong," said Tom anxiously. "Who is she with?"

"There were four when they started out. Randy Cambell and another couple—I didn't notice who. They were only going for a soda."

"I hope there hasn't been any trouble. Perhaps —— Do you think I ought to go and see?"

"Ten isn't late nowadays. You'll find ——." Remembering that Tom Squires was marrying Annie, not adopting her, she kept herself from adding: "You'll get used to it."

Her husband excused himself and went up to bed, and the conversation became more forced and desultory. When the church clock over the way struck eleven they both broke off and listened to the beats. Twenty minutes later, just as Tom impatiently crushed out his last cigar, an automobile drifted down the street and came to rest in front of the door.

For a minute no one moved on the porch or in the auto. Then Annie, with a hat in her hand, got out and came quickly up the walk. Defying the tranquil night, the car snorted away.

"Oh, hello!" she cried. "I'm so sorry! What time is it? Am I terribly late?"

Tom didn't answer. The street lamp threw wine color upon her face and expressed with a shadow the heightened flush of her cheek. Her dress was crushed, her hair was in brief, expressive disarray. But it was the strange little break in her voice that made him afraid to speak, made him turn his eyes aside.

"What happened?" Mrs. Lorry asked casually.

"Oh, a blow-out and something wrong with the engine—and we lost our way. Is it terribly late?"

And then, as she stood before them, her hat still in her hand, her breast rising and falling a little, her eyes wide and bright, Tom realized with a shock that he and her mother were people of the same age looking at a person of another. Try as he might, he could not separate himself from Mrs. Lorry. When she excused herself he suppressed a frantic tendency to say, "But why should you go now? After sitting here all evening?"

They were alone. Annie came up to him and pressed his hand. He had never been so conscious of her beauty; her damp hands were touched with dew.

"You were out with young Cambell," he said.

"Yes. Oh, don't be mad. I feel—I feel so upset tonight."

"Upset?"

She sat down, whimpering a little.

"I couldn't help it. Please don't be mad. He wanted so for me to take a ride with him and it was such a wonderful night, so I went just for an hour. And we began talking and I didn't realize the time. I felt so sorry for him."

"How do you think I felt?" He scorned himself, but it was said now.

"Don't, Tom. I told you I was terribly upset. I want to go to bed."

"I understand. Good night, Annie."

"Oh, please don't act that way, Tom. Can't you understand?"

But he could, and that was just the trouble. With the courteous bow of another generation, he walked down the steps and off into the obliterating moonlight. In a moment he was just a shadow passing the street lamps and then a faint footfall up the street.

IV

ALL through that summer he often walked abroad in the evenings. He liked to stand for a minute in front of the house where he was born, and then in front of another house where he had been a little boy. On his customary routes there were other sharp landmarks of the 90's, converted habitats of gayeties that no longer existed—the shell of Jansen's Livery Stables and the old Nushka Rink, where every winter his father had curled on the well-kept ice.

"And it's a darn pity," he would mutter. "A darn pity."

He had a tendency, too, to walk past the lights of a certain drug store, because it seemed to him that it had contained the seed of another and nearer branch of the past. Once he went in, and inquiring casually about the blond clerk, found that she had married and departed several months before. He obtained her name and on an impulse sent her a wedding present "from a dumb admirer," for he felt he owed something to her for his happiness and pain. He had lost the battle against youth and spring, and with his grief paid the penalty for age's unforgivable sin—refusing to die. But he could not have walked down wasted into the darkness without being used up a little; what he had wanted, after all, was only to break his strong old heart. Conflict itself has a value beyond victory and defeat, and those three months—he had them forever.

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5. *Combination record container and lid release.* Holds ten 10-inch records.
6. *Special clip and well for tungstone and steel needles.* Nothing has been sacrificed to make this instrument an unfailing joy wherever it is played.

Even at a greater price there is nothing like the portable Victrola. The ideal instrument for the apartment. Don't be content with less.

Portable Victrola

VICTROLA NO. 2-55 $35
LIST PRICE

TOO MANY CROOKS

(Continued from Page 21)

ruby encircled by square-cut brilliants, that caught his attention.

"Say," he murmured, his fingers beginning to tremble, "this sapphire ain't a composite; it's the real goods!"

"Of course," said Gordon, taking back the necklace. "Did you think I'd be worried over a string of beads?"

"Pearls as big as that are worth a lot of money," continued Bertrand in the same low tone.

"Yes, but it isn't their size that counts as much as the matching. It takes years to grade a perfect necklace."

"Sure," said Bertrand as if awaking. "I seen an ad where some house said they had got together the finest string in the world, and they put the price on it in plain print. It was over half a million! Dollars, mind you—not francs."

"Well, these are hardly in that class!" laughed Gordon. "They could probably be replaced for one-tenth of the money."

"One-tenth of half a million?" asked Bertrand thickly, raising glazed eyes to her face.

She nodded indifferently, leaned forward and spoke rapidly to the driver. He bobbed his head and in due course the taxi drew up before the portal of that jeweler whose shop has been an anteroom for generations of royalty. During the last part of the ride Bertrand had been silent and ill at ease, figuring and refiguring the tenth part of half a million, but now by an effort he regained his composure.

"You certainly couldn't have picked a safer place, Miss Hammill," he said, trying to speak casually, but incapable of eliminating a sort of awed respect from his tone. "Would you mind if I came in with you?"

"Not at all." To his own surprise he started to pay for the cab, but she stopped him. "I've had him quite a while," she explained, and handed the driver his fare plus the tip she had promised.

He touched his cap and murmured cynically, "*Si vite au piège? Je vous souhaite bonne chance, madame!*"

She thanked him gravely for his good wishes, and a moment later was standing in the repair booth, with Bertrand looking over her shoulder. Upon her insistence the necklace was promised for the next afternoon, and they started out, pausing, as was only natural, to look at some of the finer jewels. Just as she reached the door an attendant caught up with her.

"They wish to countersign your receipt, madame," he murmured for her ear alone, "if you will kindly follow me."

It required no trick to escape unnoticed from Bertrand, fascinated as he was by such a display of precious stones as he had never before seen. She was shown immediately into a compartment where one of the departmental managers was waiting. He bowed very low.

"Madame, it is our custom to protect our patrons in every way possible. Do not think me impertinent, I beg of you, when I ask if you are thoroughly acquainted with your escort?"

Far was it from Gordon's mind to have herself unnecessarily suspected through the company she happened to be in. Taken by surprise, she could not have avoided flushing, even if she had tried, but the eyes she lifted swiftly to the man's face carried a startled look of fright because she meant them to.

"Thank you, m'sieur—oh, thank you," she murmured. "Only a steamer acquaintance."

"I am charmed not to have offended madame," said the manager, bowing lower than before and holding the door open for her.

She had been gone so short a time that Bertrand had failed to notice her absence; besides, by this time the seed she had sown had taken root and he was deeply preoccupied with his own plans. His first impulse had been to curse Meacham for his absence and to pray for Colonel Rivers' return, but swiftly there had followed the desire to score a ten-strike on his own, free of the obligation to split the profits three ways.

He was the pretty boy of the trio, the ballroom pigeon, and as such had seldom come in for an equal division. Here, apparently, was his chance to even up the score, and by good luck the prospect was a woman. If there was one thing he knew thoroughly, it was how to dance, but what hopes had he of persuading Miss Hammill to go out with him in Paris when he had never been able to lead her as far as the ship's ballroom when they had been fellow passengers? He assumed his most ingratiating manner as they stood waiting for a cab.

"Are you very busy, Miss Hammill? Nights, I mean?"

"Fairly busy. Why?"

"You never gave me a chance, but I do know how to dance. I'll take you anywhere you like, if you'll only give me a tryout. Don't you think you could arrange it?"

"When? Tonight?"

Bertrand could scarcely dissimulate his panic. He was ready to gamble the heavy expense of one evening at the sort of ultra-fashionable resort that would justify her in wearing the pearls, but two such dinners seemed a lot to risk, even for a chance at such a prize. Besides, there was the imitation necklace to be taken into account, for his mind, like Meacham's, had leaped to the obvious ruse of a substitution. What was the probability of his finding one that would pass muster on such short order?

"I've got a date," he said regretfully, "but I could try and break it."

"Oh, no," said Gordon, "don't do that. Let me see: Sunday I couldn't possibly, but I might arrange it for tomorrow evening."

"That's great," he said, his swarthy face flushing with satisfaction. "Where do you want to go?"

"Where do you suggest?"

"I say we do the thing right. Let's go to the Ambassadeurs—below the balcony. You know, they don't let anybody on the dance floor there unless they're in full dress."

Gordon tried to look impressed. She could have told him half a dozen places, all equally smart, but the Ambassadeurs happened to suit her better than any of them. She nodded.

"All right; at nine o'clock. Do you know where to come for me?"

"Yes, I know," said Bertrand, confirming her suspicion that Meacham had not resisted the temptation to appear fully in her confidence, "but nine is awfully late. I'll come around for you at half-past eight."

She dismissed him with another nod as she hailed a taxi and purposely delayed giving a direction until he was out of hearing; then she gave the address of the subprefecture of police. She was kept in the anteroom only the exact time it took for the messenger to present her card and return.

"Mademoiselle!" exclaimed Monsieur Boudin. "I congratulate you. Up so early?"

"For the first time, m'sieur, your flattery has fallen short of its mark," said Gordon with a disarming smile. "I have been up for hours."

"You amaze me," declared Monsieur Boudin—"you amaze me continuously. The mere fact that you exist is surprising in itself, but when you abstain from remaining in bed with cold bandages over your eyes after such a feat as you performed last night, I am astonished, consternated."

"You forget," said Gordon, "that time means everything to me. How is your prisoner?"

"A raging maniac, mademoiselle. He shrieks for an advocate, for permission to write, to telephone, to send one short wire."

"You permitted him, of course."

"*Hein?*"

"You doubtless permitted him both to write and telegraph?"

"*Mais non!*"

"Why not?"

"*Sacré bleu*, but you have reason! The intercepted missives would perhaps aid you?"

"Exactly, m'sieur. I may possibly have actual need of them before tomorrow night."

The subprefect touched a hidden bell and a uniformed officer appeared with a promptitude which, though she had witnessed the phenomenon once before, startled Gordon out of her self-composure. Sergeant Gaspard bowed low to her, straightened, and then, eyes to the front, brushed up one end of his flowing mustache with a crooked finger, as if he wished her to perceive that his hidden lips were smiling.

"Ah, sergeant, mademoiselle's prisoner still raves?"

"Without ceasing, M'sieur le Sous-préfet."

"Permit one of the guards to be bribed or persuaded into accepting for secret dispatch a telegram or a letter. Let the prisoner suspect nothing, and when you succeed, bring the communication to me."

As Gaspard saluted and withdrew, Gordon started to rise from her chair. "I continue to be indebted to you," she said.

"But wait, mademoiselle," begged Monsieur Boudin. "Grant me the reward of your presence during the short time Sergeant Gaspard will require to stage the necessary farce. Let me compliment you first of all on the extraordinary smoothness with which your machinery performed its appointed duty last night, and then warn you against the intoxication of beginners' luck."

"You do well to admonish me," said Gordon gravely, settling back in her chair. "I was actually on the point of going without telling you my plans. It will be tomorrow night, m'sieur, at the Ambassadeurs. We will leave on the stroke of one."

"Let me see. You issue on the Avenue Gabriel, is it not so?"

"On the Avenue Gabriel."

"Clipped trees. Deep shade. Nothing could be better." A few minutes later he was holding out his hand almost simultaneously with Sergeant Gaspard's noiseless entrance. "The telegram, eh?"

"Two, m'sieur."

"Where is the guard who got them so quickly? I wish to compliment him."

"He is out, m'sieur. He insisted for his honor on going to the post office for a receipt for the messages to show the prisoner."

"I will not compliment him," murmured Monsieur Boudin as he passed the telegrams to Miss Hammill; "I shall promote him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gordon, reading rapidly. "It is as I had hoped. They are just what I needed. May I keep them, m'sieur?"

"But of course, mademoiselle. All I beg is that you refrain from asking for the whole of my kingdom, or poor Gaspard's head on a salver!"

Gordon made her smiling adieus and hurried out to keep her appointment for luncheon with Mrs. Leffingwell. She was late, and upon arrival at the Topsy found Kit in a state of excitement bordering on panic.

"Gordon! At last! I can't tell you the tortures I've been going through. I thought surely you'd been kidnaped. That awful man! Last night, I mean. My dear, what happened? My dear, when I saw you disappear into that b-big d-dark car, and him after you —— But what happened?"

"Kit, have you reserved a table?"

"Of course; but it's upstairs."

"All the better. I hope it's in a corner. Is it?"

"Yes, I think so."

(Continued on Page 84)

WHEELS

Yesterday . . . a rutted track below the hill, winding through valley, swamp and village to the far-off city. Women turned often from their tasks to let their eyes stray wistfully along the brown road. Somewhere in the hazy distance was the city. : : : Today . . . from farm to village and village to city, automobiles roll swiftly along the highways. *And every woman has become a citizen of the world.* The city — its styles, its new conveniences, its educational advantages are as familiar to her as her own village or the contours of her farm. The tremendous advantages of constant touch with today's world are evident in the vastly increased well-being of her own person, her children and her home. Never before has life been so broad, so thoroughly liveable!

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A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

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but beware sickening Sunburn

BROWN, happy people basking on the hot sand! Be one of them! Feel the sun and wind on your bare skin. Get a glorious tan. Store up surplus energy for all the sunless, indoor months.

The sun is vitally necessary for healthy bodies; all doctors nowadays will tell you this. But, *too much* sun is extremely dangerous for small children and for grown-ups, too.

Like any other burn, sunburn kills the living cells on the surface of the skin. Poisonous waste products from this destroyed skin area are borne swiftly through the system, causing a high fever, weakness, nervousness.

At the first sign of redness apply plenty of Unguentine, the famous *antiseptic* surgical dressing used in 8 out of 10 hospitals for all burns. Better still, apply Unguentine before you go out into the sun. It permits the beneficial ultra-violet rays to tone up your body while surely preventing them from penetrating too quickly and deeply.

Take no chances with ineffective lotions —or other cosmetics, with no healing power

Get a tube of Unguentine today, and have it ready. Take it with you to the beach and on your vacation. Always keep a tube in your automobile. At your druggist's, 50¢. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. Canada: 193 Spatina Ave., Toronto.

UNGUENTINE SOAP, bland and pure, is the perfect soap for tender, sunburned skin. And because of its Unguentine content it rapidly clears up blemishes.

Unguentine's soothing, antiseptic oils penetrate the burned tissues, stop the terrible burning

Unguentine

(Continued from Page 82)

"Listen, Kit. Can you keep a secret?"

"I can't, but I will."

"You must this time or I won't tell you a thing. Promise on your word of honor you won't breathe it for a week."

"I'll promise for a week."

"The senator—you know the man I mean—is in jail. The subprefect assures me he'll certainly go to Devil's Island for at least ten years."

"So he didn't really get them."

"What?"

"My pearls."

"No, my dear. I promised to show them to you, but I can't. They are being restrung. I can show you the receipt if you like."

"I don't want to look at it. Gordon, you're simply amazing. You're about the loveliest unmarried girl in the world, and you've just sent a man to jail for ten years! What a thrill, my dear! Won't you please tell me what it's all about?"

"Not today, Kit, please. Just give me time and I will. You've been so lovely to me, there's nobody on earth I'd rather talk to all night, but you've got to wait."

"How long?"

"A week. I hope it will be only a week."

"Do you realize what I'm up against with those two men Jim and Ellis Boughton? Just think if I should tell Jim you've got my pearls! That's an idea, Gordon. I really believe he'd ——"

"Please don't," begged Gordon. "Kit, don't think this is a joke to me; it's dead earnest. All my future depends on it, and in a way, all my past. Please, Kit."

"When you look like that I'm not surprised at Eli Boughton."

"What do you mean?"

"He's on the verge of insanity. Only this morning he came around to say good-by to Leffie and me."

"Good-by?" questioned Gordon almost with a gasp. "Is he going away?"

"No. If he were going away he would be sane. He says he can't see us any more because he's going to become a crook."

"He was joking, of course."

"No, he wasn't. That's what makes it so terrible. He said that if you had time only for crooks he was going to become a crook."

"Oh!" murmured Gordon, relieved. "That reminds me; do you know how he got my telephone number?"

"From the police. Not directly, of course. You know we all sign those registration cards, and that gave him an idea. He has a pull, so he went to the embassy and then to the consulate-general, and finally he got your address, your telephone, your sex and your age."

"What about the number of pieces of baggage?" asked Gordon dryly. "I remember signing something about that too."

"Really, Gordon, he's awfully nice. I should think you'd be excited instead of sore; I know I would. Yes, he made a note of the pieces of baggage. He said it only added to the mystery because you were the first smart woman in history without a trunk."

"I'm not sore," said Gordon thoughtfully, "but I do want to be left alone for a while, and you can help."

"If I knew exactly what you were up to ——" began Mrs. Leffingwell doubtfully.

"There you go," cried Gordon, "trying to make me bribe you! I asked you to wait only a week, and let me tell you a week is a very short time for what I've got to do." She glanced at her watch and straightened in her chair. "Oh, dear!"

"Don't say it," interrupted Mrs. Leffingwell. "You looked at your watch to make an excuse to go because you're afraid of me, and for no other reason. Let's be calm, Gordon."

"All right," said Gordon with a laugh as she settled back, "but leave my poor little secret alone."

"Is it a secret where you're going to dine tonight?"

"No. In bed."

"And tomorrow?"

"That's different," said Gordon, hesitating. "I'll tell you, but please restrain yourself this time. I mean don't call out to me the way you did last night. I'm going to the Ambassadeurs, and we'll be leaving at one."

"I doubt if I can get Jim to go there again," said Kit.

"So much the better. It made me nervous having you watch me at Armenonville."

"You didn't show it. Wherever you learned the game you're playing, Gordon, it was in a good school."

"The hardest school on earth—the school of necessity," said Miss Hammill as she arose. "Seriously, Kit, I've got to move on."

No sooner was she alone than she went to the Avenue Gabriel, and strolling by the Ambassadeurs, refreshed her memory of its entrance. Then she passed into the gardens, chose a lone chair in the sun, took out Meacham's telegrams to Rivers and began to study them carefully. One was directed to the Majestic in Cannes; the other to a rather vague address in Paris Hôtellerie de la Grive en Deuil, Passy. The messages themselves were necessarily noncommittal, but evidently the senator had reason to expect the colonel's early return to town. The only indication as to the sender's plight was the cryptic phrase: "Help immediately or I'm up for a long stretch."

She put the messages away carefully, arose and strolled slowly toward her hotel. It had at one time been a barnlike private residence with a carriage entrance at the back. The great gate was never opened now, but there was an inset wicket door which gave access to the court and a back stairway. She decided to use it and avoid the main lobby, as she wished to see neither Bertrand nor Boughton, the only free agents in Paris who knew where she was staying. But as she approached the last corner she met Boughton face to face.

Her first sensation was one of anger, but it quickly evaporated. Nobody could look long at that erect figure, trim as a new yacht and breathing quality from the tips of its boned shoes to the crown of its slightly rakish hat, without feeling a sympathetic surge of vitality and well-being. He was striding along, swinging his cane playfully as if he hadn't a care in the world, but at sight of her his face still managed to take on an added radiance.

"Hello! This is great! How are you?"

"Well, but exhausted," said Gordon quickly. "I can hardly wait to get to a bath and bed."

"Bed! On an afternoon like this? You're crazy. Besides, I never saw anybody look fresher or lovelier than you do right now. Dismiss the illusion."

"You're rather tired yourself, aren't you?" asked Gordon.

"Me? Why?"

"How long have you been walking up and down? One hour? Two?"

"Only one," said Boughton after slight hesitation. "It didn't take me long to find out there were two or three earths to this burrow, so, as your wizard mind perceived, I've been doing sentry duty."

"All things considered," said Gordon quietly, "I think you're taking a liberty to which you're not entitled. Don't you?"

"Don't I what?" asked Boughton.

"Don't you think so too?"

"All things considered, I don't. It's quite true you told me on board you didn't want me for a friend, but you didn't refuse me as an associate, and lately I've been encouraged to imagine I might qualify as something more."

"What, for instance?" asked Gordon unsmilingly.

"Oh, I don't flatter myself you could accept me as an accomplice right off the bat, but you might take me on as a pupil, or an errand boy, or a bodyguard. . . . Don't look at me like that! I want to see you occasionally on your own terms, but I want to see you. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"It would be if I wanted to see you."

(Continued on Page 87)

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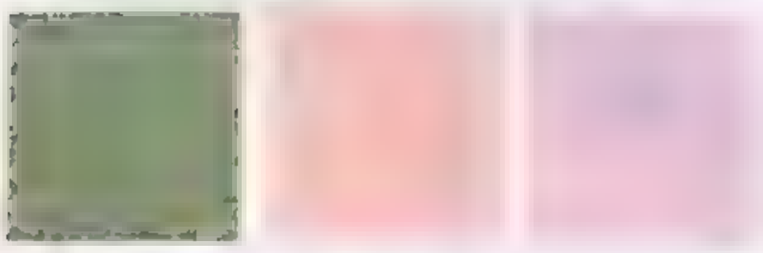

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(Continued from Page 84)

"By heaven," exclaimed Boughton, flushing hotly, "you ought to apply for the job of tripping the guillotine! You're merciless. You look soft, tender, ardent—all the things that make woman the living spirit of flame—but you're as hard and cold as the teeth on a saw. I'm convinced you spent your childhood, if you ever had any, pulling the legs off grasshoppers or breaking the wings of butterflies with a switch."

She might have laughed, but instead the tears rushed to her eyes. "Please let me go," she whispered. "I'm tired—really tired."

Instantly he was contrite, but instead of letting her pass he hailed a passing taxi. "Forgive me and get in," he urged her. "It's the best sort of rest you can have—in the open air. I promise I won't ask a single question. Please try me. Please!"

Her lips refused, but her body obeyed. Presently she dragged off her hat and soon afterward found herself sitting back, relaxed, her face raised to the breeze and her eyes half closed. Soon they were in the Bois with the young leaves forming a pale green canopy above them. She was happy—dreamily happy. She did not want to think of Bertrand or Rivers; she even forgot Meacham's staring eyeballs as Boughton talked soothingly of inconsequential things—of the year when as a boy he had actually skated on the Lac Inférieur, of the first scraggly polo match after the war, of morning canters along the Allée Cavalière. He asked her if she rode, but went on quickly, not waiting for an answer.

She was lulled, numbed by a feeling of having returned too suddenly into an ordered and pleasant world. What a mistake to have stepped out of her rôle, for would it not take hours of self-discipline to re-create the hard shell which had enabled her to cope with Meacham and might have served a double turn with Bertrand? Now she would have to do it all over again—push Boughton out and away and fortify herself into the ambulating simulacrum of an armored car!

They were out of the Bois. The taxi bordered the Seine and then turned to cross the river to St. Cloud, apparently without direction from Boughton. He was still talking, reminiscing, prattling—if so distinctly a masculine voice can be said to prattle. Nor was she altogether silent. She laughed occasionally and answered him sometimes, but almost subconsciously, like a person talking aloud on the borderland of sleep.

Even when the cab, having half climbed the escarpment, swerved through a gate and dived downward to a restaurant terraced against the mountain side, she did not fully awake. She was like a boat, floating lazily, but guided by a knowing oar. She permitted herself to be arranged in a long chair under a huge rainbow-tinted umbrella tilted against the sun, and was only pleasantly conscious that Boughton had made himself comfortable not far off.

He sat half facing her, so that to him her uncovered amber head became the focal point in a kaleidoscopic composition. Green grass and vivid flower beds against a background of scaling, lichen-covered walls. Sunlight and shadow. The haze on the low horizon pierced here and there by the sooty line of a factory chimney, rising from an undulating sea of blackened roofs. The silvered curve of the river and, far away, Paris resplendent under the slanting rays of the setting sun.

"Beauty must be centered," he was saying. "You may gasp at a view, but in the end the eye always turns back from expanse."

She heard him and did not hear him. Her senses seemed to be swinging at anchor and she herself to be drifting in a circle, yet drifting away. When she awoke a soft darkness had fallen, starred by lights in trees and shrubbery, and bounded on its distant verge by the iridescence of Paris at night. All that remained of Boughton was a peaceful face, fitfully illumined by the glow from his cigarette.

"I've been asleep!" she exclaimed.

"Have you?"

He reached up to turn on a cluster of lights above the garden umbrella. Presently waiters appeared; cocktails were served and then the dinner. She changed her seat for a straight chair, but remained half entranced. No troubling questions as to what she would eat or drink, no clattering noises, merely the efflorescence into food of some magic wand.

Here was a peace more active than content, the subtle unspoken joy of companionship. She felt all her defenses crumbling. What a fool she was to worry! Why not abandon herself to the moment, lengthen it out, ride it into that unknown which is forever beckoning the young in heart? She glanced at Boughton's face and immediately was on her guard, for she had glimpsed in it a premonition of victory. It was as though his hand were on the point of reaching out to grasp the reward of three hours of patient strategy.

She arose hurriedly. "What can I have been thinking about? I must go. Thank you so much for everything, but I've got to go."

"Why?" he asked quietly over her shoulder as he held her wrap for her. "Why do you have to go?"

His voice betrayed disappointment but no anger, and that in itself became a source of danger. If she didn't manage to get away from him soon he might still prove too much for her to handle. Up to the present it had been her self-control which had dominated, but now it was his. Somehow the tables had been turned and it was she who found herself face to face with a disturbing imperturbability.

In the cab, though he had fallen silent, he still managed to impose his influence, not as an intrusion but as a sort of diffused pervasion. She could feel him taking possession of her senses again as imperceptibly as a fog engulfs the hulk and then the spars of a disappearing boat, so that when, quite casually, he let his hand fall over hers, it took her a full moment to rise from lazy unconsciousness into startled realization.

She sprang erect, called to the cabman "*Arrêtez!*" and, when he had drawn up at the curb, threw open the door and started to get out.

"What are you doing?" asked Boughton, genuinely taken aback.

"I'm leaving you."

"But why? What have I done?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. It's only that I ——"

"Just because I touched your hand? But that's unbelievable. You're being absurd, like a chorus girl clutching her mad money to her breast."

"No, no!"

"Then stop being silly. Get in, and I promise you a wooden image will take you home. Do you realize you're miles from anywhere?"

"I'm less than a block from the Métro and I'll be at the Étoile ahead of you." She met his eyes steadily as she continued: "Besides, I may not be going home."

He drew back as if the blow had surely found its mark. A moment before he had felt secure, almost triumphant, but a single phrase had served to explode a mine under his self-assurance. He was stunned and showed it, blinking at her out of a daze which verged on the ludicrous. Other women might have declared an intention of wandering alone around Paris after dark and left him cold, but not Gordon, for she seemed to epitomize exactly those qualities which would tempt every grade of malefactor, from common thief to the most exquisite *flâneur*.

He was still standing in the cab when she left him, staring at her with something of the wonder with which the ancients must have watched bright salamanders plunge unharmed into flame. Again he had learned nothing about her. All that had happened was that he had passed the afternoon so charmingly that he found himself more hopelessly enmeshed than ever. It was shocking enough that he should be interested in any girl who went around with Meacham and his like, but it was amusingly incredible that he should have quivered at the thought of taking the slightest liberty with her. Why? What rights to respect had a person who consorted openly with crooks?

In the meantime Gordon had crossed the Boulevard Murat and disappeared into the Porte d'Auteuil station of the Métropolitain. Half an hour later she was at home and in bed, having given orders that on no account was she to be disturbed. When she rang for her coffee in the morning she gave the maid a coveted bit of lingerie to fix her attention and then instructed her to keep guard over the telephone and say to anyone other than M'sieur Bertrand that Miss Hammill had left town for the week-end.

Since Boughton had succeeded in locating her, others could do the same or Kit Leffingwell might worm her telephone number out of him, and Gordon was in no mood for fabricating excuses. She passed a restless and altogether unhappy day, for she could neither sleep nor read. At one moment she was shivering and at the next she was so hot she could scarcely bear the weight of a sheet, and yet she was sure she had no temperature other than buck fever. It was funk -pure funk -and she rejoiced when at last the arrival of the *coiffeuse* took her mind off the hazardous task before her.

She was ready and waiting when Bertrand telephoned, but even when he arrived at the hotel she permitted him to cool his heels for ten minutes before she went down. If she had had any doubts as to his proper equipment for such an excursion, they were dispelled at the first sight of him. He was a handsome brute—too handsome, if anything—and smartly clothed in full evening dress, which he carried well, not because he was to the manner born but because it was the main item of his stock in trade

On her part she was relieved to sense that her own personal appearance, even though still swathed in an evening wrap, had produced exactly the effect on him for which she had striven. For a moment it had taken the wind out of him, leaving him powerless to speak or even bow while he strove to make inventory of an art just beyond his ken. She was neither resplendent nor ornate, and yet, in spite of his limitations, he was conscious of that ultimate touch of finish which sets a chasm between the truly smart woman and the merely well dressed.

He recovered enough to become vocal: "Gee, Miss Hammill, you sure look swell."

"You're looking very well yourself, Mr. Bertrand. Did you keep the taxi?"

"No. I did for a while, but then I let him go. I'll get another if you'll wait inside."

"One minute. We're not in a hurry, are we? Have you heard from Senator Meacham?"

"Not a word. The senator has sort of crazy spells, you know. Shouldn't wonder if he'd grabbed a car and gone to Cannes."

"To join Colonel Rivers?"

Bertrand glanced at her, surprised and vaguely troubled. "Ye-ah," he admitted finally. "That's what I was thinking."

"Let's go somewhere for a cocktail first," suggested Miss Hammill when he had secured a cab. "It's too early to dine."

"All right, but I don't mind telling you it takes me a couple of weeks to get used to having dinner around midnight."

"You can fill up on olives and potato chips."

"Where shall I tell him—the Palais de Glace, Fouquet's ——"

"Oh, no. That sort of place wouldn't amuse me. Did you ever hear of the Grive en Deuil?"

The human body is so constituted that when startled it invariably shows a sign. Normal people are apt to exclaim, nervous ones make the abrupt movement known as jumping out of their skins, and even the steadiest have some such trick as scratching the nose or rubbing an eye or coughing. But with all breakers of the law, particularly crooks, the reaction is almost invariably an immobility so tense that it becomes felt as an active force and thus often defeats its own purpose.

Such a trance fell upon Bertrand so abruptly that a far less observant person than Miss Hammill might have noticed it. He took time not only to collect himself but to think. How much did she know about the Grive en Deuil? Had Meacham taken her there, or merely told her about it? In all probability, if he had not gone to Cannes in his evening clothes, it was in one of the rooms off its sunken court that the senator would be sleeping off the effects of a two days' drunk. Then another idea struck him. If Miss Hammill was so abysmally innocent as to trust herself in the Grive en Deuil, why waste money on the Ambassadeurs?

"What's the matter?" she asked sharply, interrupting his thoughts.

"Nothing," said Bertrand. "I was only trying to remember how to tell him where to go. You see, it's quite some time since I been there, but I've got it now."

He handed her into the cab, and leaned forward to murmur lengthy instructions to the driver, who occasionally nodded his head impatiently, like one listening to a twice-told tale. To Miss Hammill's surprise the route they took was directly away from the section of the city she would have expected. She tried to keep track of the streets, but gave it up, deciding she would trust to recognizing some landmark near their goal.

It was only when they crossed the broad Avenue de Malakoff and she caught a glimpse of the Trocadéro that she was able to orient herself and she also recognized the Rond Point de Longchamp with its seven converging streets, but from there on the turns were so rapid that she became confused. Without her having been able to read a single name plate the cab turned into a narrow impasse and she saw, directly facing her and filling the full width of the alley, a small house bearing across its front the faded legend, Hôtellerie de la Grive en Deuil.

There are some people who cannot force themselves to enter a cave at any price, and there are many others to whom a cul-de-sac is oppressive for the same fundamental reason; they recoil instinctively from the possibility of finding themselves trapped. As Miss Hammill noticed the blank walls on either side she would have surrendered to this primordial fear had she not been absorbed in wonder that Colonel Rivers and his like would ever trust themselves at the bottom of such a well.

The interior of the hostelry provided another surprise; it appeared to have been lifted complete out of some English setting. It was made up of a series of rooms which might better be described as nooks and crannies, for they were neither in equal series nor even on the same floor level. On the left as one entered there was a huge fireplace overhung by a copper bell, and just beyond it a narrow staircase descended by two turns, forming a small platform above which hung a bulletin board such as is generally seen only in clubs.

The irregular interior was dimly lighted and the general darkness was increased by the wainscoting of aged oak, which reached to the ceiling. Miss Hammill shrank back, more than half inclined to turn and leave the place, but as her pupils dilated she was able to size up the few customers, some of them dining before spotless linen and others sipping *apéritifs* before bare tables, and she was reassured by their appearance. Also there was a niche, almost completely inclosed, which held a single table for two.

"Can we sit there?" she asked.

"Anywhere you like," said Bertrand, leading the way. "They call this the confessional." He was anxious to make sure she wore the pearls, and held out his hands. "Let me take your cloak."

"No, thanks, I'll keep it on," she said, drawing the high-collared wrap more closely about her. "It isn't any too warm in here."

They had had a cocktail apiece and he was urging her, a little too insistently, to

(Continued on Page 90

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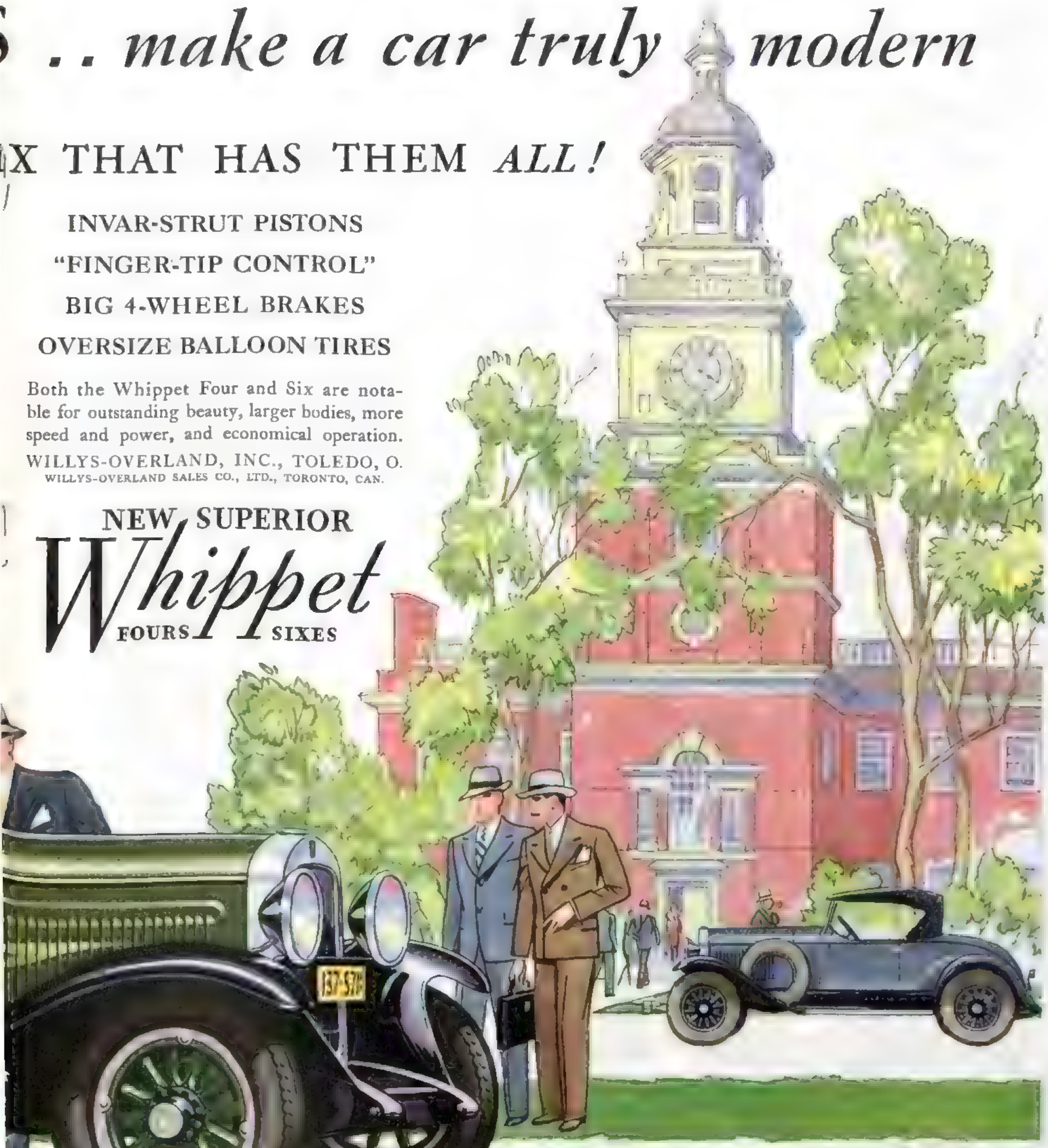

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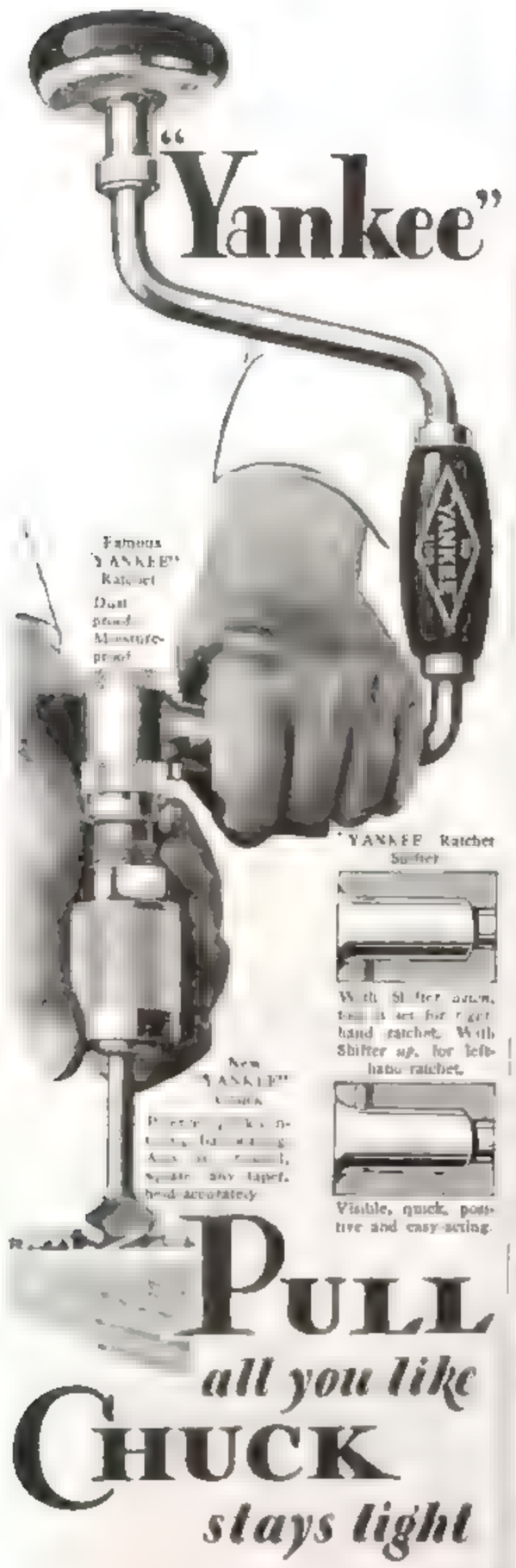

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(Continued from Page 87)

have another when the street door was thrown open and they were both electrified by the same sound. It was by no means a loud sound; it was a voice so suave and low as to have few counterparts. Miss Hammill's eyes fastened on Bertrand's and his on hers, each instantly curious as to what the other would do; then simultaneously they drew back so as to be completely buried in shadow.

They stared at each other avidly as Colonel Rivers, followed by the *chasseur* carrying his bags, passed within a few feet of them, started to descend the stairway, and then stopped on the landing to look over the messages attached to the bulletin board. Bertrand had at first suspected some sort of trap on her part. The world was a queer place. What did he know about this woman anyway? For all he could tell, Rivers himself might have given her the pearls. But a moment's calculation reassured him, only to plunge him into fresh doubt as to what was his wisest move. With the colonel's aid in that of all places, but at the cost of a fifty-fifty split, success was absolutely sure. But wasn't it sure anyway? He decided to go the whole hog, shrank farther into his corner and even held his breath.

On her part, Gordon was so troubled that she felt the blood pounding in her temples. First there was the shock of Colonel Rivers' presence, which in itself was enough to send a cold shiver down her spine, and then Bertrand's inexplicable behavior. He might not wish to speak to Rivers, but she could barely credit his daring not to. Was it possible that he was really innocent of predatory intentions, or was she wrong in looking upon Meacham, Bertrand and Rivers as one? She was still puzzling over the problem when the proprietor hurried around from behind the bar as if he would have liked to intercept Rivers.

"Hello, colonel," he said in accentless English. "What was the matter with Cannes?"

"None of your affair, if I may say so, Rapp," drawled the colonel. "Is Meacham here?"

"No."

"Been here and gone?"

"No, I haven't seen him for two days."

"Two days! That doesn't sound likely. Where would he go for a bender, if not here? No message?"

"No."

"Then there's only one guess. He must be in tow to some blister. What about Bertrand? Don't tell me he's not around either!"

It was the proprietor's turn to think quickly, while both Gordon and Bertrand listened with all their ears. "He was here yesterday," he said without perceptible hesitation. Then he added with a touch of sardonic humor: "It's him that's got a skirt on his hands, if you ask me."

"I don't ask you," said Rivers, starting down the stairs.

"I tell you Meacham isn't down there, nor Bertrand neither. Can't you believe me? But the rooms are full up."

"If anybody's baggage is in No. 3," said the colonel distinctly, but without raising his voice, "I'll throw it out in the hall. Send my bags down."

No sooner had the sound of his footsteps ceased to echo than Bertrand hurriedly laid a twenty-franc note on the table and arose with a backward nod of his head which was like a peremptory order. Gordon was only too glad to move on, but when she started toward the main entrance Bertrand stopped her.

"That's not an exit," he whispered. "Come with me."

He threaded his way between the tables toward the rear, and his warnings at various steps impressed on Gordon that the house had evidently been built to fit the slope of its rock foundations. Presently they came to an open door which led into a long passage with lights so widely spaced that there were bands of what appeared to be complete darkness in between.

Bertrand stood aside politely to let her pass, but when her foot was half over the threshold she had a strange sensation of being an insect with sensitive antennæ whose tips vibrated to the surge of danger. In that light Bertrand's face was merely a whitewashed mask, unreadable, but as she paused he passed his tongue over his lips as if to moisten them. Why should he have dry lips? Why should he be polite for the first time in their acquaintance?

She drew back. "Go ahead, if you please; I might stumble."

"All right," he agreed with a low nervous laugh. "It's pretty dark, so keep close behind me."

"Where does this passage lead?" she asked presently, and by her voice he could tell she was very close indeed.

"I'll show you," he whispered hoarsely, and started to turn.

It was the movement for which she had been waiting, and without the slightest hesitation she gave him a violent push which almost sent him off his balance.

"You needn't show me anything except the way out, Mr. Bertrand. I'm not fond of dark passages and I might start screaming for Colonel Rivers, which would make us both ridiculous."

"Aw, now, Miss Hammill," said Bertrand inconsequently as he recovered. "Gee! What's the harm? This is the regular way out, and here we are."

He unlatched a door which opened inward and immediately afterward they were standing in a street, bounded on its farther side by a blank wall. A few steps brought them to a corner, and looking up, Gordon was at last able to read a name plaque. They were in the Rue des Réservoirs. They descended a stairway into the Place du Trocadéro, and presently secured a taxi.

"*Aux Ambassadeurs,*" ordered Bertrand.

"I'm not so sure I care to go to the Ambassadeurs," said Gordon, drawing herself back into her corner.

"Why?" demanded Bertrand anxiously. "What did I do? Aw, Miss Hammill——"

"It isn't what you did," she explained; "it's what I had a feeling you were preparing to do. You had better understand at once, Mr. Bertrand, that I'm not looking for the usual Paris flirtation. If you have any such idea in your mind you might as well take me home."

As she spoke she opened her wrap sufficiently to give him his first glimpse of the pearls, and then drew it around her more tightly than ever.

"Try me," he urged eagerly; "you just try me. All I want is to dance with you, but a fellow has to find out, hasn't he? Some folks think there's a lot of harm in even a short-time kiss, and some don't. But you try dancing with me. Please, Miss Hammill."

Her silence grudgingly consented, and as it was almost ten by the time they arrived at the restaurant, she was sufficiently famished to give Bertrand ample time to take the edge off his hunger before she put him to the test. He had not lied. He could dance with that perfection which marks the professional and sets him at once in a class by himself. Had a gentleman shown equal expertness he would have been immediately under suspicion; as it was, it was Gordon who knew herself suspected for one of those women who can both afford and dare a paid escort.

"Say, lady, you sure throw a happy foot yourself!" he exclaimed after an unusually apt rendering by the orchestra of a syncopated rhythm. "You and me as partners could make some of these pro girl-and-boy teams look sick!" Then he remembered himself. "I mean you certainly can dance, Miss Hammill."

With the return of respect to his speech he awoke to the fact that he had momentarily lost sight of his major purpose, and Gordon could feel the change coming over him as his eyes dwelt for a measuring instant on the string of pearls which hung low on her bare neck. When he looked hurriedly away she was convinced that he was asking himself anxiously if the substitute necklace in his pocket would pass muster. What would be his next move? Would he wait, like Meacham, until he was helping her on with her cloak, or would he maneuver for an earlier chance?

While in movement she had felt secure, but as soon as they had gone back to their table the mere thought that the crucial moment might be upon her without further notice made her hands and feet turn cold. She put her fingers to her lips; they, too, were cold—cold as ice, for they were colder than her hands—and yet she felt as if her cheeks were burning. She had looked around for the Leffingwells at her entrance, and had been relieved to miss them, but a little after midnight she caught sight of Kit on the dancing floor with her husband. Then where was Boughton?

She glanced around as casually as she could manage, seeking a man alone at one of the tables inside the inclosure, but could find none. There were extra women in plenty, as usual, but no lone man. Then, just as Bertrand arose for the next dance without troubling to ask her if she was ready, her eyes were drawn forcibly to meet Ellis Boughton's. He was glaring at her from the other side of the balcony. Having failed to put on his dinner clothes, he was barred from the floor.

She stepped out on it, convinced that something was about to happen, and by no means sure that it would be along the lines of her carefully laid plans. Consequently she was in a way reassured when she noticed Bertrand's increased nervousness. He had changed his manner of holding her and at each turn his hand rose higher and higher on her bare back; then he actually missed a step.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked wonderingly. "Have you had too much to drink?"

"No, no!" he answered as he caught the rhythm again, but simultaneously his hand moved up between her shoulders and the next instant her necklace went slithering to the floor. "Look out!" he cried out loudly. "Look out, everybody!"

He fell on his hands and knees protectingly over the fallen necklace, acting as a buffer against the crowding dancers, but arose so quickly that few knew what had happened.

"Oh!" gasped Gordon, feeling faint in spite of all her preparation. "My pearls! How on earth could it have happened?"

"You ought to thank your stars they didn't fall off in the street," said Bertrand, elbowing a way to their table. "Look at here; there's nothing broke; the catch just came undone. Let me put it on for you."

The touch of his hands made her squirm inside. She sat down hurriedly and permitted him to fasten the clasp while she glanced at her watch. Ten minutes to one; ten minutes more to go to make sure! She

"Thank you. Let's finish this, shall we?"

He danced at his best for a few turns, a sort of exultation throbbing through his veins and transmitting its exuberance to his partner so that she became actually revivified. If she had to hold him for ten minutes, what surer and more pleasant way than this? No sooner had she taken her first sip of comfort from the thought than disaster loomed before her in the glowering person of Mr. Ellis Boughton, elbowing his way ruthlessly. She had never seen him rude before, but when a man whose manners are perfect lets them go by the board, the result is apt to be cataclysmic. She had barely time to whisper in Bertrand's ear that if he let anyone cut in she would despise him forever, when her astonished escort's arm was seized in a firm grasp.

"I'll finish this, if you don't mind," said Boughton grimly.

"The hell you will!" snarled Bertrand, turning purple with genuine rage. "Get out, or I'll push your face to the back of your head."

"That's enough for both of you!" whispered Gordon desperately. "Mr. Boughton, you must be mad to put me in such a position!"

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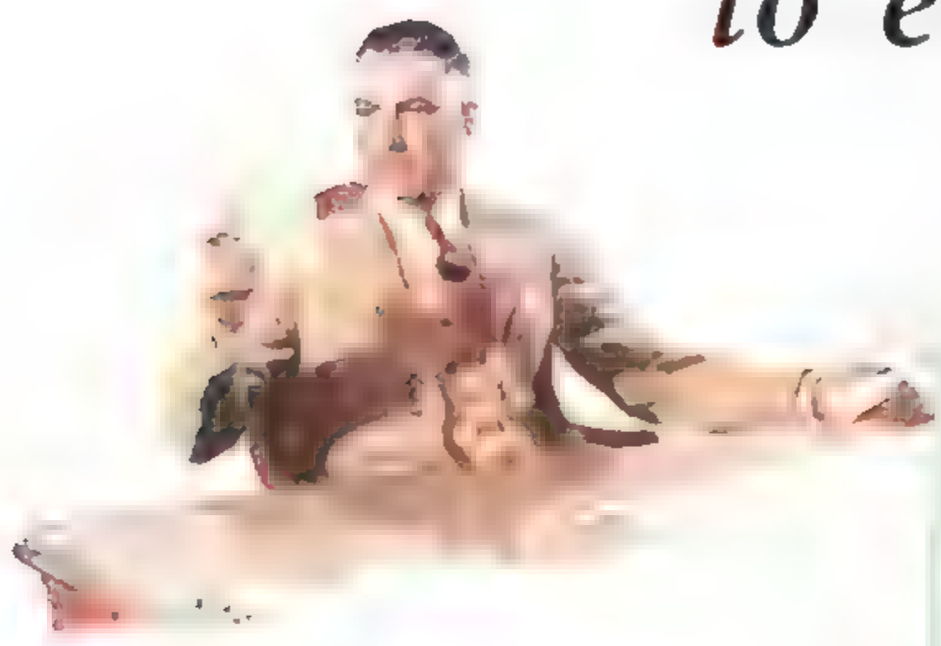
A CHALLENGE

to every business executive in the world



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Boughton remained standing with his body pressed close to Bertrand's; however, at her words, his face softened, his fingers relaxed and he began to mutter an excuse But stranger still was Bertrand's reaction; all his anger had abruptly turned against himself. Fool, fool—triple fool! What a get-away! Why hadn't he smiled and resigned? Blockhead and fool, why hadn't he gone? Was it too late? Couldn't he do it yet?

"Gee, Mr. Boughton, I didn't recognize you! Honest, I didn't!"

But it was too late. An irate floor manager, followed by a cohort of waiters, advanced to do his duty. "Nobody not in evening dress allowed on the floor, sir, and it seems to me I told you that once before"

The dragnet being no respecter of persons, Gordon and Bertrand were carried along, with a minimum of disorder, and quite willingly on her part, all the way to the lobby. She was thinking that all might yet pass off according to her schedule, when to her amazement the half-familiar figure of Sergeant Gaspard's assistant stepped into view, spoke a single word, and with the assistance of the waiters, lifted the amazed Mr. Boughton off his feet, rushed him through the main entrance, and threw him into a large car from whose cavernous depths sinewy hands reached out to receive him.

Gordon gasped, and then could barely choke back a burst of laughter; but almost immediately she realized she had received a crushing blow, for before she could rush forward the car had glided from view and could be heard roaring up the Avenue Gabriel. How was she to hold Bertrand now? More difficult still, how would she get word to the subprefect as to what had actually happened? She turned toward the present possessor of Kit Leffingwell's pearls with a sinking heart. He had been handed his coat, hat and change, and was adjusting his muffler with trembling fingers.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, feigning disappointment. "Are we going now?"

"I am," he muttered

She could scarcely believe her ears. "Mr. Bertrand, you'll please go back and get my wrap."

"Not me. The truth is, Miss Hammill, I don't like being mixed up in this sort of thing." He jerked his head sideways. "Let the Leffingwells take you home."

As he started toward the door Gordon had only the fraction of a second in which to think, but he himself had given her the only possible key. She turned to where Kit was standing wide eyed, one hand clinging to Leffingwell's arm, the other pressed to her lips.

"Kit, for old times' sake—for everybody's sake—will you get my wrap? You'll find Leffie and me outside."

Mrs. Leffingwell disengaged herself instantly. "All right, Gordon," she murmured rapidly, and was gone, leaving her astonished husband in his correct evening clothes, standing like a pillar of salt.

"Leffie," said Gordon brazenly, "if you don't follow me you'll regret it till the day of your death, and afterward."

"The nerve of her!" he muttered, but he followed.

She walked swiftly after Bertrand, who had not dared to hurry, but even so she saw nothing of him as she issued from the entrance. "Which way did the gentleman go?" she asked the *chasseur* sharply.

The doorman was still bemused by the distraction of Boughton's masterly abduction by plain-clothes men from headquarters, but could not mistake the lady's meaning, as only one gentleman had left the establishment since. He made a rotating motion with his chin, signifying that the person in question had walked around into the gardens bordering the Champs Élysées.

A moment later Gordon, running noiselessly on the grass, caught up to Bertrand, seized his elbow, and pulled him around to face her.

"Mr. Bertrand, I'm not accustomed to being left in the lurch, and there's somebody here would like to speak to you about it."

Without looking around, she continued in a tense voice, "Now, Leffie, here's your chance."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Leffingwell, more than ever at a loss.

"I mean your chance to show the world it's not because you're a sniveling coward that you let Meacham and Rivera pick your pocket of three thousand dollars."

"Oh!" gasped Leffingwell; then he asked in a silky voice: "What's Bertrand got to do with it?"

"Only that he's been paying for my dinner with a small part of your money."

It was at this point that Bertrand made his final mistake of the evening. Had he laughed the matter off, or merely kept still, Leffingwell would have remained puzzled and inactive to the end, but fortunately for Gordon, she felt herself reeling across the gravel path from a forearm thrust, and the next instant she heard the impact of a flying tackle as Leffingwell hurled himself at the fleeing Bertrand.

Except for its pristine savagery, it was not a pleasant fight to watch, for the one rule which reigned from the start by common consent was that there should be no rules. Whether they rolled on the ground or the grass, whether they knelt, stood or sat one upon the other, the order of the day was simply damage to the foe—damage to his face, head, body, shins or raiment.

Mrs. Leffingwell arrived breathless upon the scene and first threw Miss Hammill's wrap over her shoulders. Only then did she ask in round-eyed wonder:

"What on earth are they doing, Gordon?"

Again did Gordon have to choke back her laughter and before she was able to answer, a ring of night wanderers had gathered, from which presently emerged two gendarmes, and at their summons, two more.

Thus reenforced they hurled themselves in a body on the combatants, dragged them apart, and proceeded to conduct them to the nearest police station, Miss Hammill and Mrs. Leffingwell following with the rest of the throng.

"Are you there, Kit?" shouted Leffingwell.

"Yes, Jim; I'm here, dear."

"Beat it. Tell the hotel concierge I'll give him five thousand if he gets me out before dawn."

"All right, dear. You were wonderful, darling."

"And, Kit!"

"Yes, Jim."

"Tell everybody you meet I've been happy in Paris—tell the whole world there's a way to be happy in Paris!"

"Do you think he's drunk?" asked Kit of Gordon in a whisper.

"No," said Miss Hammill, "but don't go yet, Kit. I've got to see where they're going; and then leave it to me to get Leffie out."

Ten minutes later she was tapping her foot with ill-concealed impatience while the clerk at the all-night post office laboriously wrote out the number she requested in pen and ink and then took his time about passing it on to his assistant.

"Do you realize," asked Gordon pointedly, "that the number I'm calling is that of the subprefect of police?"

"Certainly, but the hurry is madame's, is it not?" he countered with soft-voiced insolence.

"I assure you ——" began Gordon angrily, and then broke off as she got the signal for a booth.

A moment later she had been put through to Monsieur Boudin himself. She gave the name of the *arrondissement* which held Leffingwell and Bertrand prisoners, and begged him to hurry around with all urgency.

"But why, mademoiselle? I have your prisoner here. We have been waiting for you."

"No, no!" gulped Gordon. "Please, m'sieur, please! Believe me, you have the wrong man."

(Continued on Page 95)

A music-lover's magazine discovers "*marvelous improvements*" in radio

The following editorial is reprinted from the June issue of "The Musical Leader" America's leading magazine for music lovers

"WANDERING around the radio convention in Chicago, we heard some remarkable reception and it was borne in on our consciousness that marvelous improvements had been made. It was our privilege to see and hear the latest Philco radios and find in them the quality of reception for which we had hoped since the miracle of radio.

"Through the Philco electro-dynamic speaker we heard for the first time in our experience a gorgeous piano tone transmitted, and the resonance as well as 'singing quality' came over the air as beautifully as it would in a concert hall. A noted baritone sang splendidly, and the orchestra gave every gradation of tone, registering as clearly as in the auditorium. No matter how vibrant or how deep voiced, every tonal variance comes through the Philco to perfection.

"We became so entranced that we lingered and lingered; orchestras, solo instruments, and the voices of speakers and singers came to us with never a blur from Dallas, St. Paul, Cincinnati, New York and many other cities. A wonderful experience!"

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REVOLUTIONARY tone is truly a "marvelous improvement," but it is only one of the many which Philco has brought to radio.

Still more spectacular is the ease with which the Philco Neutrodyne-Plus picks up *stations thousands of miles distant*. Varying with weather conditions and location, it often brings in Cuba, Canada, California, Mexico, Japan—even Australia. And Philco selectivity is just as remarkable.

So much for Philco performance. Now let's consider its *appearance*. If you had unlimited money to spend, and wanted to provide your home with the most beautiful furniture imaginable, you'd probably consult the designers who created the interiors of America's most distinguished homes. That's just what Philco has done. That's why Philco cabinets are so much handsomer than any you have ever set eyes upon. Richly adorned with bird's-eye maple, butt walnut, maple burls, arbor vitae, etc.

See and hear the new Philco—your local dealer will gladly arrange a free demonstration at home—and soon you'll be as enthusiastic as "The Musical Leader." Easy terms if you decide to buy.

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To avoid distortion in radio tone requires *exact* balancing of all units in the receiving set. This is not easy—therefore it is not common. And so, most people have either resigned themselves to tone-distortion or have unknowingly become accustomed to it. In the new Philco, by super-exact balancing of electrical units, distortion has been *completely* eliminated. You have never heard a radio whose tone is so wonderfully *true* and *clear* and *rich!*

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To appreciate this new-day motoring sensation you must drive this car yourself.

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FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 92)

"I assure you, mademoiselle, and when I assure you I mean that it is impossible that I am mistaken."

"Oh, please, M'sieur Boudin," she gulped. "It is I who ask you—who beg of you ——" Her voice broke.

"Enough. I will be there immediately."

Gordon, returning to where Mrs. Leffingwell was sitting in a taxi, keeping watch on the door of the police station, asked anxiously, "Has anybody come out?"

"Anybody, my dear? You mean Leffie, don't you?"

"Leffie! No, I don't. What possible difference could it make if Leffie got out now or next week? But if the other man has gone, Kit, you can say good-by to your pearls. Has he, or hasn't he?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Leffingwell woundedly, "I don't know—I really don't. I've been watching only for Jim."

Gordon left her and stepped into the station house, where she was relieved to find Leffingwell on one side of the room and Bertrand on the other, each guarded by a gendarme while a third was on his hands and knees on the floor. She asked a question with raised eyebrows.

"Hello, you!" said Leffingwell cheerfully. "They're going to let us go, but we've got to draw lots to see which one gets ten minutes' start. The gentleman on the floor is looking for burnt matches because he doesn't want to break a good one."

Miss Hammill swept the room in search of the officer in charge, and discovered him reading a paper, his back turned on the proceedings. She approached him and murmured, "M'sieur le Commissaire, one of these prisoners has robbed me and I advise you to let neither of them leave until the arrival of the subprefect."

"Indeed?" said the commissioner, without bothering to look up. "The subprefect in person, I suppose."

"Damn!" exclaimed Leffingwell as he lost the draw.

"I mean my friend, Monsieur Boudin," explained Gordon rapidly. "When I telephoned him ten minutes ago he was still subprefect."

The commissioner leaped to his feet as Bertrand, rearranging his clothes and turning up his collar, started for the door. "*Hein?* One moment, m'sieur; not so fast."

Bertrand lowered his head and bolted, only to collide with the subprefect and his aide. They turned him around, pushed him back into the room and remained in the doorway themselves, standing side by side. Gordon went swiftly to Monsieur Boudin and gave him both her hands.

"You are indeed my friend!" she exclaimed, and told him in as few words as possible all that had happened.

To her surprise the subprefect's troubled face did not clear as she had expected. He raised his hat, scratched his grizzled head with a long-nailed little finger, put the hat on again, and studied Bertrand thoughtfully. Finally he gave his brief orders. Leffingwell was to be released; Bertrand and mademoiselle, if she would be so kind, were to accompany him.

Leffingwell rushed out in search of his wife, and the two of them were so overjoyed at the happy turn events had taken that they failed to notice Gordon's departure. She sat on the back seat of the same big car which had played so important a part in the capture of Meacham. Next to her was Sergeant Gaspard, with his wrist manacled to that of Bertrand beyond, and on the *strapontin* opposite them sat Monsieur Boudin, still troubled.

Nobody spoke until the arrival at headquarters, where Boughton, a plain-clothes man on each side of him, was standing rigidly in the embrasure of one of the windows.

But once there, Monsieur Boudin murmured to Gordon, "Mademoiselle, will you be so good as to examine the object lying on my desk?"

She stepped forward confidently, and then suddenly leaned over in amazement, her eyes glued to Kit's unmistakable necklace. She touched it unbelievingly with one finger and saw that the thread had been severed as if with a razor. Her tired brain once more in a whirl, she heard the subprefect's voice coming to her from an immeasurable distance:

"Now, mademoiselle, who was right—you or I? And when you have solved that question, answer me another: Which is the real thief yours or mine?"

She raised her head slowly and met Boughton's eyes, staring full at her, but betraying neither denial, resentment, curiosity nor appeal. They appeared simply to defy her to read what was in or behind them as if he were deliberately leading her on to believe he might possibly have carried out his threat to become a crook with the rest of her intimates. A little too deliberately, she decided. Dismissing him temporarily from her mind, she grasped the edge of the desk with both hands, bent far over and studied the severed necklace fixedly. Finally she threw up her head and faced Monsieur Boudin with a smile.

"M'sieur," she said, "you are doubtless familiar with a small illicit instrument capable of clipping the head off a scarf pin without the knowledge of the wearer. Permit me to remind you that I was the wearer of this necklace when its waxed string came apart so neatly, that I was dancing at the moment with my prisoner, not yours, and finally, that yours happens to my certain knowledge to be a gentleman far more apt to give a woman pearls than to steal them from her."

"My compliments!" murmured Monsieur Boudin to Boughton with a stiff nod which yielded nothing.

"Say you discover such an instrument on either of the prisoners," continued Gordon rapidly. "I'll concede that that man is the true thief."

"I also, mademoiselle," said Monsieur Boudin, his eyes suddenly brightening.

At his words Bertrand whirled, picked up Gaspard bodily, and holding him locked in his arms, crashed through the unlatched door and out into the hall. Before the guards who rushed forward could reach them the two men could be heard thudding and thumping down the stairs as they rolled over and over down the steep flight.

"The fool!" exclaimed Monsieur Boudin without moving. "He's manacled, and does he think he can pull Gaspard apart?"

"No," said Gordon dryly, "but he can rid himself of the evidence if ——"

Before she could complete the phrase Monsieur Boudin was out of the door, calling orders to Gaspard and his aides. Presently they returned, supporting between them a Bertrand battered out of all recognition, but still struggling with the frenzied desperation of an animal at bay. They threw him, stretched him out, pinioned his wrists and ankles, and proceeded to frisk his pockets one by one. They were about to give up the search when Boughton spoke quietly in English from the window embrasure where he still stood, though now unguarded.

"If you know the word for fob pocket, tell them to look in that. It's just below the trousers waistband on the right."

Gordon explained, and an instant later a small steel instrument like a tiny forceps was tossed dramatically, to fall with a tinkle on Monsieur Boudin's desk. He stooped over to look at it; then he sat down, picked it up gingerly, toyed with it and finally clipped the necklace in a fresh place. "Regard the cuts minutely, Sergeant Gaspard."

Freed from his prisoner, Gaspard approached, fixed his loupe in the socket of his left eye, and subjected the severed thread to long study.

"There can be no question, m'sieur," he declared at last. "The similarity of the cuts is unmistakable, even to the bruises on the two pearls away from the blades."

"Good," said Monsieur Boudin, gathering up the pearls and handing them to Miss Hammill. "We may now proceed to the depositions." He looked toward Boughton and bowed from the waist. "M'sieur ——"

"Boughton—Ellis Boughton."

"M'sieur Helice Beauton—*gentilhomme, n'est-ce pas?*"

"American."

"I gather you witnessed the theft, m'sieur?"

"I did."

"What then?"

"I approached and picked the thief's pocket. I had no idea it would be so easy. When ——"

"Pardon me, M'sieur Boudin," interrupted Gordon, "but I am very tired and can stand no more. I beg that I be permitted to give my evidence tomorrow."

"Most certainly, mademoiselle," the subprefect agreed. "In fact, we are all tired, and is not tomorrow already today? I adjourn the hearing to fourteen o'clock this afternoon, and may I be permitted to suggest that, barring the prisoner—your prisoner, mademoiselle—you choose your escort from among us?"

Every man present except Bertrand cocked his ears, and Boughton, though frowning darkly, went so far as to make an impulsive movement forward. However, Miss Hammill's eyes fell smilingly on Monsieur Boudin first, then moved slowly to Boughton, but passed him by to settle definitely on Sergeant Gaspard.

"Now Then, Señor, Have You a Final Request Before We Shoot?"
"Yeh,—Don't Shoot!"

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr Chamberlain The next will appear next week

The pipe he left behind him

WILL the next arrivals at the tee want to bury it—*hastily?* Or will they sniff enviously and admiringly at that mellow, fragrant, tantalizing aroma? If that precious briar of yours is packed with Sir Walter Raleigh it will be as good company on the eighteenth hole as on the first. It's milder. It's *full* of flavor. It's cool and smooth—to the last flake of choice leaf in the bowl. Pack a tin on your hip before your next round of golf and watch how a sweet disposition improves your game.

If you don't know Sir Walter Raleigh, send us the name of your regular tobacconist and we will see that you have a chance to get acquainted with this rich, milder tobacco.

Dept. 14, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

B.W

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

KEEP THE HEART OF SUMMER IN YOUR HOME FOREVER

Nothing on earth can take the place of mother's solicitude for her child . . . and surely nothing should be omitted that can ease the burden of her responsibilities . . . Winter is no time to take chances with the children's health or hers . . . home must be assured of warm and even temperatures in all weathers . . . health must be fortified against storm and cold . . . nights and days are coming when the sleepless, twenty-four hour vigil of American Radiator Heating will be just as essential in the home as a mother's care! American Radiator Heating preserves health, promotes happiness, and caters to the human longing for continually finer living conditions in the home.

Not expensive . . . in fact . . . not an expense . . . but an investment in family welfare and property improvement.

I am interested in . . .

- receiving particulars of your convenient payment plan by which my home may be heated for less than $75 a room.

The fuel I plan to use is: • Coal • Coke • Oil • Gas

- receiving a booklet "About Your Heating and Hot Water Supply."
- receiving interesting book with illustrations in color . . . "Heat and the Span of Life."
- receiving information on the Arco Vacuum Cleaner

MY NAME IS _____ SEP—8-29

MY ADDRESS IS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

40 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK • AND ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

DIAMONDS

(Continued from Page 13)

"'Not quite ten thousand, but the stones are mostly larger, mostly between three and five carats, and quite a few of as much as ten. The price per carat, you are aware, must increase with the size.'

"'Not necessarily; not in America. Stones of one carat are most in demand here. The rule you refer to, Mr. Berezov, suited the days when diamonds were bought and hoarded by princes, but American women only want as many diamonds as they can wear. However, let me see the goods and I'll take them or leave them.'

"'At your office this afternoon, Mr. Brown?'

"'Agreeable.'

"'Two o'clock?'

"'I'll be there.'

"We were as brisk as that, Case, upon my word. And at two o'clock that afternoon Berezov walked into my office in Forty-fifth Street here with a brass box under his arm, opened it at that table by the window and produced from it some four pounds avoirdupois of fine diamonds.

"I was incredulous to the last, unwilling to believe he could make good, until the last tissue-paper packet was opened. I would require time to study the goods, but they were certainly diamonds—the adamantine luster, the refraction, the incomparable hardness when I touched them to a zircon I had by me. And they seemed to be fresh from the cutter's wheel, judging by the number that were cut in the newly fashionable styles—square, marquise, pendeloque, briolette. While these are not new, it is only of late years that jewelers have ventured to cut fine stones into shapes that deny them their peculiar virtue of brilliance. 'We may consider the deal closed tentatively, Mr. Berezov,' I said, masking my surprise.

"A group of the most responsible firms in the council—Ornstein Brothers, Rothchild & Abbot, Emerson Levy and Maurice Lapidowitz—supplied the funds, backing me staunchly, not to say blindly. That I, out of my own slender resources, contributed eighty thousand dollars was an encouragement to them. And they had reason to felicitate themselves, eventually, on their participation, as the price was substantially under the market. They had rendered a service to the trade and helped themselves. Service is, of course, the ideal, the pure gold, but when it is not hardened with the base metal of self-interest the benefactor is rarely free from an uneasy notion that he is too soft.

"The immediate result accorded with our expectations and hopes; the American-Diamond Shop was closed. Passing by there, I saw that the place had been gutted by workmen, the store front torn out, partitions removed; three stores were being thrown together to accommodate some mercantile enterprise that could afford to pay a rent of five thousand dollars a month; we were apparently done, and well done, with Mr. Pavel Berezov.

"We were disillusioned after a few weeks. I saw a clump of citizens before the new and expanded store, following in rapt suspense and with sympathetically curving tongues the strokes of an artist who was lettering on the new and stately plate-glass front. The legend that occupied him proved to be THE AMERICAN-DIAMOND SHOP—WE MAKE OUR OWN. Berezov was inside, ordering the disposition of extensive new show cases of plate and nickel; I went in to him at once.

"'Good morning, Mr. Brown,' he said with a new amiability. 'Pardon me? . . . Yes, I thought I should have more room. I am putting on ten salesmen at once, but I shall need twenty or thirty more very shortly, I imagine. We open for business on next Thursday.'

"'You have a new stock?'

"'Yes, I've made up another batch. My delay was in the cutting and setting, but I have now on hand some thirty thousand carats. Would you care to buy another lot? I could let you have twenty thousand without interrupting business, and then another fifty thousand in five weeks.'

"'And then?' I said, lighting a cigarette for my nerves.

"'And then,' he said, proving that he had been mocking me, 'perhaps the Jewelers' League will cease trying to sweep back the sea with its little broom. You will be well advised to abandon your hostile attitude.'

"'We have not been hostile to you, Mr. Berezov.'

"'The courts shall decide that,' he said curtly. 'I have instructed my attorneys to bring suit against Tifft & Neeley for five million dollars because of statements that reflect on my business. I shall protect myself, Mr. Brown. And now, do you care to buy that twenty thousand carats and to contract for fifty thousand more?'

"'Not today,' I said mildly.

"He was evidently after advertising; and he surely got it, though with results perhaps not entirely foreseen. The newspapers of the following morning chronicled the filing of the suit; in the afternoon they set out *in extenso* his claim to the possession of a process for the manufacturing of diamonds of merchantable size and unlimited quantity. He made a voluntary engagement within the week to manufacture diamonds under the eyes of the reporters. He could do that easily enough; he was not yet selling stock or obtaining any sort of financial credits on the strength of his claims, and the demonstration would therefore be under his control, showing what he pleased.

"The trade smiled knowingly and tolerantly in public, but that week saw its sales of diamonds cut in half. It was some solace that the business lost to us did not go to Berezov; he opened his new store under the interested eyes of New York and put a two-million-dollar stock on sale, but the public, awaiting the voice of authority, would not buy freely. People who had been tipped by friendly jewelers knew that Berezov's were genuine goods, but they decided to wait until he got into mass production. A few of us who had orders for gem stones filled them secretly and cheaply with Berezov, but most of us shared the public wariness.

"I sent a cable in cipher to a London correspondent for transmission to Sir George Beers. Berezov, if able to throw great lots of stones on the market, was a more vital threat to the syndicate than to us, though we stood to lose a dismal sum, and meanwhile we let the story of his Dartmoor experience leak into the newspapers; we had to improvise defenses and couldn't be overnice.

"I had a new theory which, like the discarded ones, fitted the facts; it was that Berezov's stones were stolen from the mines. The syndicate calculated losses by theft at about 3 per cent, or some hundred thousand carats per annum. I had to believe that a great part of that leakage had been canalized and was coming to Berezov; against that was the vigilance of the mine owners and of the Sales Syndicate, and the severity and comparative certainty of punishment. They have a salutary law in South Africa—salutary from the viewpoint of the mine owners and not of the thieves—that they call the I. D. B. Act, and that provides fifteen years at hard labor for illicit diamond buying; and a queer feature of English law is that it is enforced. Our American laws are codes of ethics, expressing aspirations and ideals, and are passed with pious hope but sometimes with small expectations. When the English say fifteen years at hard labor they don't merely mean that that's what the chap ought to have.

"You remember how Berezov broke the public embargo on his business—he raised his prices 10 per cent and he piqued curiosity by offering the American Museum of Natural History a hundred thousand dollars for the largest of its meteorites—the one called Ahnighto. It was a safe offer, even had the museum been ready to do business; Ahnighto weighs more than thirty-six tons—it is the largest known—and had been brought from Cape York in Greenland. The offer, which he declined to explain, excited much scientific and pseudo-scientific comment. The newspapers, sedulously minding their own business, exploited it in their Sunday supplements, retaining astronomers to proclaim what everybody knew who knew anything. The public was thus advised again that diamonds were of common occurrence in siderites. Here was a hint of explanation of Berezov's offer, to be elaborated by each reader's fancy. Perhaps, it was suggested, Berezov was aware of some transmuting element or property in meteorites. The magical lore of precious stones was raked over, bringing to public notice the widespread Oriental belief that diamonds are produced by strokes of lightning.

"The museum authorities, badgered for an answer, declined to consider the sale of its property; whereupon Berezov marked his diamonds up another 2 per cent. Evidently his supply was limited, was dependent somehow on meteorites; the public judged that meteorites would stay up, and diamonds with them, and flocked to the American-Diamond Shop. It is my information that Berezov grossed a hundred and twenty thousand dollars in the week following his second raise in prices; the next week he did three hundred thousand dollars' worth of business; and the third week's sales approximated a million. He boosted his prices 2 per cent a week, and we were selling practically nothing.

"I was watching diamond shares on the London stock market. They fluctuated violently, but within a narrow compass, meaning that they were sensitive to Berezov's operations, but were being protected. If Berezov had thought to make a coup in diamond shares he had miscalculated; he would have to measure his purse against that of the diamond syndicates. If he could not buy other people's stocks he could float his own.

"He was still inviting the newspapers to watch him make diamonds, and he was getting good galleries with every demonstration. An improbable feat must be constantly repeated to hold credulity. I don't doubt that, if the art of flying were lost, intelligent people of a generation hence would smile good-humoredly at the tales of the old-timers. Thinking with method, accepting of explanations the one that comported with their experience, they would believe in liars and optical-illusions but not in flying machines. This would be enlightened skepticism. Travelers are not wanting who have seen Indian fakirs throw ropes up into the air and proceed to climb them. And, meeting our expectations in some measure at last, a well and favorably known Wall Street house invited public subscriptions to the stock of the American-Diamond Manufacturing Corporation. Berezov's exhibitions became then the proper subject of inquiry; I attended at his laboratory in East Twenty-first Street near the plant of the Consolidated Gas Company.

"There were about fifty of us spectators, including reporters, physicists, prospective investors and the merely inquisitive. We were seated on three rows of chairs fronting Berezov and his electric furnace; glass jars of chemicals and a carbon crucible waited on a table. He made us a short prefatory talk; he seemed to know his stuff, but was a halting speaker, which added to the everyday and matter-of-fact atmosphere. The only item that suggested the charlatan—or Berezov's peculiar scientific method, if you will—was the half of a meteorite about as big as his fist, its section polished to show the typical striation.

"'Until recent years,' he said, 'it was generally accepted that Nature made diamonds by heat and pressure. As a matter of fact, it is possible to obtain diamonds of microscopic size in this way, and they were made by Professor Moissan and by Sir William Crookes. Their method—in which they supposed they were following Nature—was to fuse carbon and iron, and to plunge the molten mass into water; the outer iron solidified, exerting immense pressure on the still liquid interior; and it was found, on cutting the mass open, that tiny diamonds had formed.

"'We had also to mislead us the evidence of meteorites, which are, roughly, 90 per cent iron, 8 per cent nickel, and traces of cobalt and phosphorus. These meteorites are liquefied by the friction of our atmosphere, and then cool rapidly on diving into the earth. Here is one that has been cut with a ribbon saw, and you can see in it with this glass the crystals of diamond and olivine.

"'I can't be too candid with you, since this is a business enterprise and it wouldn't suit me if you learned enough to go home and make your own diamonds, but I will tell you that I do not agree at all with the conclusions of these other scientists. It is my belief that diamonds grow in the earth by a process of accretion. An element—the same that I employ—acts as a solvent of carbon under very moderate heat. I was humble enough to accept a hint from the folklore of the diamond, if I may call it such. We have been told since ancient times by the natives of diamondiferous regions that diamonds grow. In China the natives look for diamonds after thunderstorms; in India they let worked-out earths lie fallow, returning to work them again after some months. And they find diamonds. Such evidence was smiled at by our scientists, who had preconceived ideas. You will remember that they smiled, until recent years, at the old tale of Dædalus who flew through the air; they dismissed with a shrug the legend that Solomon cut the stones for his temple with diamonds. They thought that was only a poetic way of saying that the diamond was the hardest of all materials, but now we have diamond-toothed saws and we use them to cut the stone for our buildings. Hypnotism, mental healing and destroying, the telescopic lens, dragon lore—scientific research brings us piecemeal, across the gulf of the Dark Ages, the secret knowledge of antiquity. Substantially all of it was prefigured in our fables, and I, for one, was not too vain to learn.

"'Diamonds can be destroyed, gentlemen, but not made, by high temperatures. With oxygen supplied, they burn at the temperature of molten silver; without oxygen, they melt and turn into graphite at the temperature at which bar iron melts. I make mine at a temperature of a mere six hundred degrees Centigrade, and I make them out of sugar, using Nature's reagent—steam—to bring to bear the element that produced diamonds for Moissan and Crookes and for the Consolidated Mines of South Africa. My modest claim to scientific recognition consists in my having discovered this element in the meteorite, in having distinguished its peculiar office, and in having isolated it in quantities great enough to produce diamonds of commercial size. I shall now make diamonds and have them for your examination in eighteen minutes.'

"There was a murmur of applause and anticipation as he busied himself with the apparatus on his table. But I had arranged for an interruption at this point, in the interest of an experiment of my own. 'Is it permitted to examine that crucible, sir?' asked Professor Carvell of Princeton University. Carvell ranks with Sir Oliver Lodge as a physicist, and I had brought him on from Princeton to give weight to my wishes. Berezov hesitated, bowed curtly and handed him the crucible.

"It was a vessel of carbon, of about a quart capacity and shaped like a tobacco

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A SHAVING CREAM
BY SQUIBB

jar. A piece of standard laboratory equipment made by Benziger of Great Jones Street; I had acquainted myself with Berezov's methods and had traced the sources of the materials used by him. . . You are not interested in the detective work involved in this business and I do not bore you with it.

"Carvell glanced into the empty crucible, bowed his contentment and was about to return it to Berezov's waiting hand when the man sitting behind Carvell asked to see the vessel; Carvell passed back the crucible to this man—a dexterous chap who was a member of the National Association of Magicians.

"I was watching the crucible perhaps as alertly as was Berezov, and I suffered a pang of disappointment; it turned and flirted in the magician's right hand, and then, if I could believe my eyes, his left hand returned it to Berezov.

"Berezov set it on the table in plain view, put a fine-meshed sieve over its mouth and proceeded to fill it. He sifted into it a blackish powder that was, he said, powdered charcoal and sugar; he added other elements without explanation, putting them through the sieve, screwed the lid onto the crucible and put it into his furnace. With a complaisant smile he gave the sieve to Professor Carvell and turned on the current of the furnace. When the temperature of his oven reached six hundred degrees Centigrade, Berezov held it there, reducing the current.

"At that temperature, Berezov would need the mysterious element he spoke of. Diamond is, of course, only crystallized carbon, and carbon doesn't melt under thirty-five hundred degrees Centigrade.

"Berezov's glance returned frequently to me; he guessed that I was there to apply a test and he was striving to divine its nature.

"He said now challengingly: 'We have with us, gentlemen, the managing director of the Jewelers' League, and perhaps he'll be good enough to verify our results. May I ask you to do this, Mr. Brown?'

"'I'll certify to any diamonds that you produce, Mr. Berezov,' I promised boldly, 'and I won't object to the widest publicity.'

"'Let me ask you this, Mr. Berezov,' said Professor Carvell: 'Do you know in advance the size of the crystals that will be produced?'

"'Approximately,' said Berezov. 'Today I expect to find in the crucible crystals of from three-quarters of a carat to three carats.' He pondered his answers before making them, which did not impress us unfavorably.

"'And can you predict what the total weight of diamond will be?' pursued the professor.

"'I'll hazard a guess,' said Berezov obligingly. 'I'll say that the total weight will be between ten and twelve carats.'

"'How much does it cost you to make these diamonds?' asked a reporter.

"'Enough,' said Berezov tolerantly.

"'Can you make real big ones? Can you make one bigger than the Koh-i-nur or Cullinan?'

"'Our difficulty is precisely in making the small sizes that are most in demand. We may eventually confine ourselves to producing crystals that will finish at five carats or more, and we can get rid of the competition of the mines by selling diamonds of one carat or less at the cost of cutting and polishing.'

"Berezov consulted his watch and turned off the electric current in the furnace. He drew the carbon crucible forth and set it on a metal plate in the table. 'It must not cool too quickly,' he explained, 'or the diamonds will burst.'

"With Berezov's gracious permission, Professor Carvell examined the crucible, manipulating it with pincers; he displayed it to the reporters—five, and from the leading metropolitan newspapers. They scrutinized it closely and nodded their assurances to one another. Berezov received it onto the table again and broke it open with chisel and mallet; it was full of a black and resinous mass which, to me, was only powdered charcoal and caramelized sugar. Berezov explored this material, pulverizing and spreading it, eagerly observed by those of the audience who did not know of the exchange of crucibles that had been made by the gentleman who was a member of the National Association of Magicians.

"Berezov was studying his material with growing puzzlement; he lifted to us eyes that were still with wonder.

"'I take it, Mr. Berezov,' I said, 'that your experiment has not come out according to your expectations.'

"'It has not,' he said, but did not appear at all crestfallen; joyfully incredulous, rather.

"'Perhaps I can throw some light on your failure,' I said, stepping to the table. 'Here is the crucible that you handed to Professor Carvell, who gave it to the gentleman in the second row, who is a sleight-of-hand artist. He kept it, giving back to you the crucible that you have just broken open. That this is so can be attested by these reporters, who put private marks on the crucible brought here by me.'

"'Yes?' he said evocatively. 'And then?'

"'I propose to shatter and examine this crucible!'

"'Do it now,' he said. I was momentarily discouraged, thinking that I was on the wrong trail; I had expected denunciation, voluble protest. If the crystals which he pretended to manufacture were concealed in the crucible, he was inviting me to expose his trickery.

"The audience had hedged me about; I took up the mallet and chisel and broke the crucible. Points of light showed at once in the shattered base of the crucible, being from diamond crystals that had been concealed under a blanket of fusible substance.

"'There they are, by George!' cried Professor Carvell.

"Berezov stared at the crystals as I worked them out with the chisel; his attitude was not that of a culprit, of a detected swindler, but of an eager assistant.

"'These, I judge,' I said, 'will weigh from three grains to three carats each, with a total weight of ten or twelve carats.'

"'Let's try them,' said Berezov, bringing forward his diamond scales. In his voice was suppressed exultation.

"'But what have you to say about this, Berezov?' demanded one of the reporters. 'This is the crucible you were going to use, and you had the diamonds hid in it. The one you used is the one Mr. Brown brought here. Look! There's the mark that I scratched on it outside. Give us a statement!'

"'Gentlemen,' said Berezov with polished insolence, 'you may publish anything you please. I have nothing to say.'

"And we left him like that. The newspapers of the following morning published the exposure of Pavel Berezov's pretense to making diamonds. The sale of the American-Diamond Manufacturing Corporation's stock was halted at once. Threatened with criminal prosecution, Berezov bought back at one hundred cents on the dollar the stock that had been sold, and also offered to repurchase any diamonds that had been bought in the American-Diamond Shop. His restitution was complete; his docility was admirable. Many of the customers of the American-Diamond Shop, misreading the evidence and thinking that his diamonds had been proved imitation, hastened to receive back the inadequate sums that they had paid and to return stones that they couldn't buy again for much more.

"The American-Diamond Shop was closed, and with its passing the public forgot Pavel Berezov and his astonishing enterprise. He is remembered, when remembered at all, as just another swindler, another exploiter of popular credulity and lack of knowledge. But I tell you, Case, that Berezov was prepared to throw six hundred thousand carats of fine diamonds on the market, and, lacking knowledge of the source, believing in limitless quantities to follow, the public's reaction would have broken the market and probably dissipated the glamour of diamonds. That would have been the result, as I see it, if he had rested on his statement that he was making the diamonds and hadn't felt compelled to display his process in reaching for a subsidiary income from the sale of stock.

"The public thinks that he was trapped inescapably and forced to discontinue his operations, but that, you must see, was not the case; he could have snapped his fingers at us and resumed selling diamonds and not stock in the manufacturing process. For several weeks after the greatly advertised exposure, I waited in growing anxiety for word from Pavel Berezov. I knew that he wasn't making diamonds, but he had been getting them. And then he came to see me, here in this office.

"'Brown,' he said, strewing before me on this desk seven crystals of octahedral shape, 'what are these?'

"'They look like rough diamonds,' I said.

"'They are diamonds,' he said. 'The smallest weighs five carats and the largest nearly thirty-one. Brown'—he shot out a forefinger at me, staring me in the eye—'I made those diamonds!'

"I smiled, shrugged and cut a cigar.

"'Brown, I've spent over twenty years in trying to make diamonds of size. For years past I've been on the verge of discovering the secret, only to have it slip away from me. My calculations have been wrong somewhere. You know that I've descended to fraud; when stopped by lack of money, I've got it wherever available. If I convince you that I can make diamonds by making them—will you come in with me? I don't need capital now; I have plenty to go on with. But there's something you can give me.'

"I shook my head.

"'You were in my laboratory the other day, Brown. You might have observed that I wasn't much disturbed by your exposure. But you don't know why. I'll tell you. It was because I had just found crystals in the charcoal in the crucible. I had made diamonds. After you left I found these crystals. I've tried to repeat and have failed. Something is again missing. The secret was in my hand and is gone again. You can tell me—you must tell me. Was there any chemical, any substance, in that crucible? There was something in it that acted as a solvent or reagent; it must be so.'

"'Take it more easily, man,' I said. 'Don't put your hands on me, please. I'll tell you what I can. Yes, there was something in the crucible. I put a half ounce of inert material in it so that if you tried to face the matter out and deny that the crucibles had been exchanged, I could challenge you to examine the contents of the crucible before the people present. I could tell them what would be found in it. You think that what I added completed the magical formula, do you?'

"'What was it, Brown? Tell me!'

"'Here, now, my man. I'll make you a proposal. I don't believe you made these diamonds and I don't care for any share in your business. But I'd like to know where the diamonds came from that you were selling in the American-Diamond Shop. Tell me that, and I'll tell you what I supplied to your mixture and you shall be free to make all the diamonds you can.'

"'On your word as a gentleman, Brown?'

"'My word.'

"'My diamonds,' he said, 'were from the Russian Treasury. They were part of the hoard of the Russian Imperial Government. . . . And now what did you add to my formula?'"

Beekman Brown paused, staring in tantalizing silence at the end of his cigar.

"You will have guessed, Case," he resumed, tacking, "how I discovered so readily the perpetrator of the diamond switch on Mr. Simson of Brooklyn, when the police couldn't find his picture in their index. The rock crystals that Simson had

Continued on Page 101

EVERY commercial and industrial building, every hotel and apartment house, every hospital and school building must have vertical openings, of course. Elevator shafts, stairway wells, pipe shafts and ventilating shafts require that there be openings through floors.

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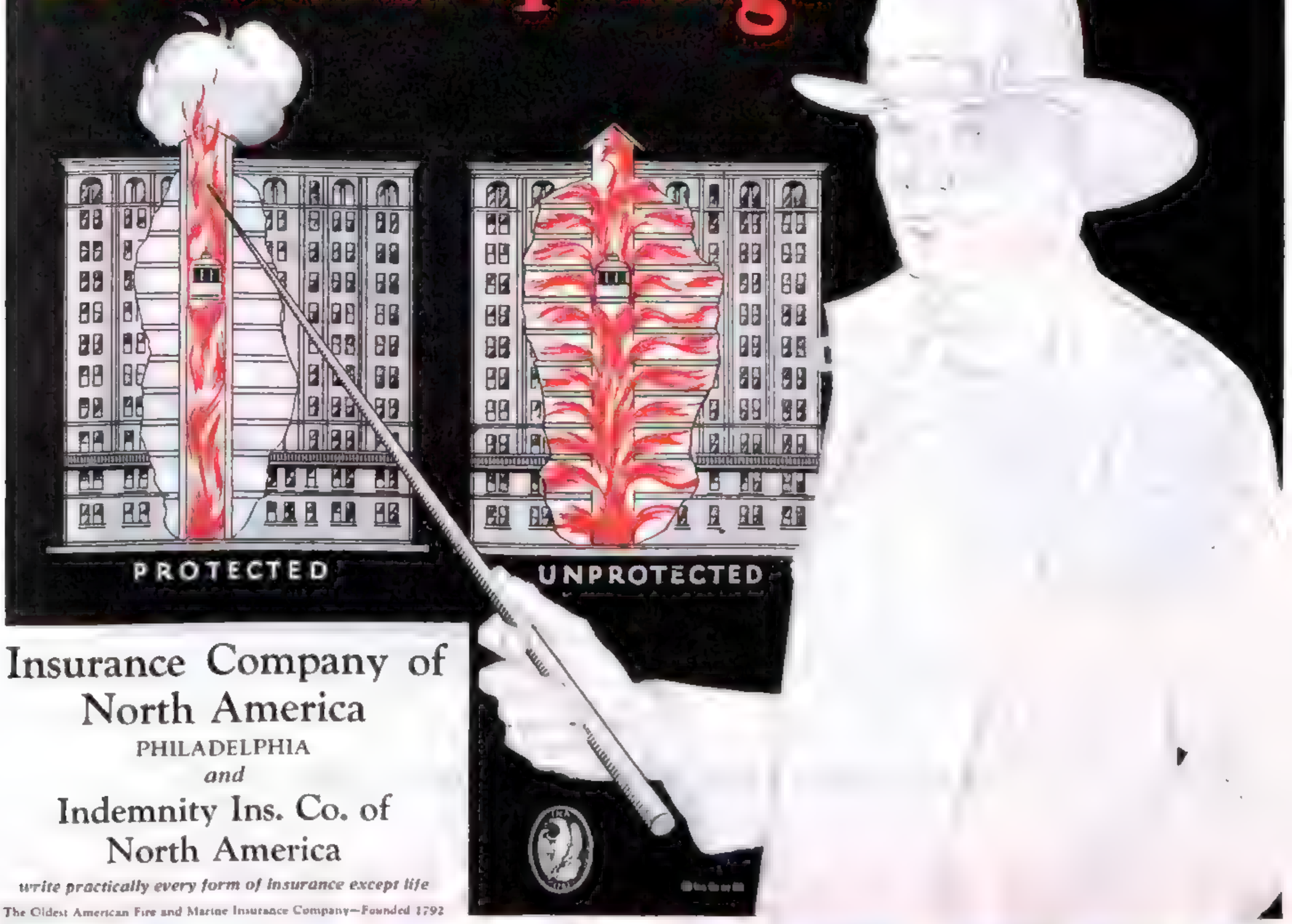
The White Fireman urges protection of vertical openings



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For *new car performance* – use

PERFECT CIRCLES

(Continued from Page 98)

to show for his attempt to buy stolen goods were of the sizes of the rough diamonds that Berezov showed me that day. I presented the chap with the four thousand dollars because I once profited in a greater sum at his expense. You remember the three million dollars' worth of his diamonds that we bought in our first effort to get rid of him; my share netted me a profit of fifty thousand dollars."

"But do you believe ——"

"I've told you what he said. I don't vouch for it, but it's plausible. The Czar is supposed to have had gem stones by the sack; he had some of the most celebrated, including the Orloff diamond that many informed people believe was the Great Mogul. The Soviets, you will remember, put out feelers several times with a view to marketing the Czar's hoard, but they were repulsed; the French told them that they'd have to pay the Czar's debts before cashing his assets. Fair enough. So they took up with the notion of marketing them secretly in America. Berezov worked with them until he discovered, as he thought, how to make diamonds for himself. He was then as eager as we to put an end to this Russian competition. That was his story, and there's no proof of it but its intrinsic probability. For myself, I believe it."

"He took your bare word that you'd tell him," I mused.

"Pardon me, Case?"

"And a natural thing for him to do. But he hasn't flooded the world with diamonds since, although you suggest that he succeeded that once. What was it that you put in the crucible?"

"The seven crystals that he found in it, supplied to me gladly and gratis by Sir George Beers of the Diamond Sales Syndicate. A half ounce of inert material worth ten thousand dollars in the open market. With that ingredient Berezov can repeat his experiment with infallible success. Diamonds!"

MYSTERIOUS CHICHEN-ITZA

(Continued from Page 5)

yesterday. Who once climbed that stair? Kings, star gazers, prophets or watchmen, priests, soothsayers, astronomers? *Quien sabe?*

The Tlachtli Court was Chichen's stadium and ball park, scene of many a vivid, hard-fought game. The thing is immense, with massive thirty-foot walls, one hundred and twenty feet apart and more than four hundred long. One wall is crowned by the splendid Temple of the Tigers, with highly spirited friezes. Centuries ago, two huge stone rings carved with intertwined serpents were fastened in the middle of the side walls, twenty feet from the smooth pavement. Now one ring has fallen, to lie in grass and weeds like the two vast stone serpents that stretch across the ends of the court, near the temples that inclose it. In days remote, uncountable thousands of Mayas used to gather there to root for their champions who tried to drive a rubber ball through the rings. The very first European mention of rubber is in Spanish descriptions of this glorified handball, as seen among the Aztecs:

> The ball was made from the gum of a tree . . . which, after having holes made in it, distills great white drops that soon harden; and being worked and molded together, this material turns as black as pitch. The balls made thereof, although quite hard and heavy to the hand, did bound and fly.

Kings, hierarchy of priests, and commoners all witnessed the game with equal enthusiasm. Before time was called, officials burned copal incense to the gods—of whom there were a-plenty. Umpires were stationed just above the rings, and also at the ends of the court. The idea was to project the ball through the holes without touching it with the hands. The players had to strike it with the wrist, shoulder, elbow or hip. Doctor Morley gave me some details:

"To make the ball bounce higher, the contestants wore leather pads on those parts. So rarely could any player put the ball through, that a rule provided, when it happened, all the adherents of the losing team forfeited their clothes and ornaments to the partisans of the winners. Sometimes when a goal was scored, an old Spanish account says that all the losers fled. The winners chased them, and 'dragged the mantles from their backs; the whole causing much merriment.'" Prehistoric strip poker, in a way? Just fancy this custom being introduced at a big-league baseball series or at college football games!

Accompaniment for the Ghosts

It was at the Ball Court that I committed the most frightful social *faux pas* possible to imagine. Native legends tell that, of moonlight nights, ghost music of the ancient ones may still be heard there. Doctor Morley offered to give me the effect, without trusting to the spirits of departed kings and warriors. He carried a phonograph out to the temple at the far end of the court, and stationed me—with a crowd of the Carnegie staff—at the other temple. The idea was that the Tlachtli Court forms a wonderful listening gallery, so that a mere whisper traverses its entire length. I was told to wait for marvelous effects, mysterious, eerie and inspiring.

How bright the full round moon glowed over the jungle, the palms, the silvery-gleaming temples, all that vast city of the dead, rich with a million memories! How ripe and lovely, the tropic stars! I'd been climbing over, under and around pyramids and things, all day, and really felt I could listen to ghost music very much better lying down. So I reposed my weary bones amid sculptured columns where once high priests chanted their solemn hymns to Kukulcan, the Feathered Serpent; to Ah Puch, Lord of Death; to Yum Kaax, God of the Harvest; to Itzamna, the Creator. I closed my eyes to wait for the expected music and ——

A disgusted archæologist dug me in the ribs. Digging, you know, is an archæologist's specialty.

"Get up! We're all going back to the hacienda!"

"Up? Without the concert?"

"The concert's all over. Has been for some time. And by the way, you accompanied it. Next time, please try at least to snore in the right key!"

Nothing I can humbly say or do will ever lighten that dark blot upon my reputation.

And yet I tried my best to see and appreciate everything. The trouble is, Chichen swamps you, physically and emotionally. It's too vast, too overpowering for a mere amateur. One has to be a hard-boiled professional to get away with it.

Take the Court of the Thousand Columns, for instance. You could spend weeks there, write thousands of words about it, and never wholly grasp or tell the whole wonder and glory of that stupendous construction. Twenty acres of it—one court alone five acres in extent. Dazzling white in the sunshine, the heat and silence, there stand immense stairways balustraded with huge stone feathered serpents; the serpents whose trail lies over all of Mayan life and art. And temples rise there, amid forests of pillars carved with plumed warriors; temples where wondrous colors still cling to age-bitten walls, to altars of departed gods. A marvel of marvels!

My Indians led me not only all over but also all under this vast pile. For tunnels and passages have been dug there to explore a secret, buried structure under the great Temple of the Warriors. And there a wondrous art treasure has been found—a mosaic disk hidden in a limestone jar many centuries ago; a disk not more than nine inches in diameter, but inlaid with thirty-five hundred pieces of turquoise in an exquisite pattern. Few, if any, modern lapidaries could equal it.

Down under that temple I explored mystic passages, feeling exactly like a character in She, as, followed by the watchful Mayas, I lit matches, groped down ladders, felt my way along tunnels that most disconcertingly branched into yawning darkness where pits of bottomless depth might lurk. When I tried to penetrate one of the side tunnels, an Indian whistled sharply and commanded:

"No, no, *señor! Por aqui se sale!*" This is: "This way out!"

Why he wouldn't let me take that other turning, I never discovered. But imagination offered a score of fascinatingly perilous reasons as I clambered up as he bade, and came again into the cutting sunlight. From somewhere unknown, a whole group of Mayas had suddenly collected. They indulged in a harsh, choking, complicated whispering; and my merry Indian boy laughed again. Then silence fell, so intense that I could really hear it, while everybody stared at me with beady black eyes. I recalled the old-time custom of cutting out the captive's heart with an obsidian knife, throwing the heart in the face of Kukulcan's statue, and then heaving the body down the sacred stairway to the waiting multitude—and felt glad the year was 1929 instead of 929.

A Mountain of Stone

Why did all those Mayas walk to the temple parapet, look over, and laugh again? What were they thinking, remembering? No one can ever know. But a great wonder lay upon me as I departed from that temple, which, like a blinding white cliff, leaped up against the azure of the Yucatan sky.

Your main thrill, of course, comes from climbing the immense Castillo, the stupendous pyramid topped by the supremely sacred place, Kukulcan's own temple and sanctuary. Anybody can write statistics that the base of this pyramid covers a whole acre; that the cost of rebuilding it, with its terrace, would be thirty-two million dollars; that its height, in nine immense steps, is more than a hundred feet; that up each corner runs an undulating stone serpent so gigantic that a dozen men could hardly lift one of its component blocks; also that the platform on top is sixty feet square and supports a massive temple with a more than forty-foot front. But figures are less impressive than just the atmosphere of the thing, with magic sun-and-cloud shadows crinkling over it, and the far blue sky above. You've got to ponder the Great Pyramid, dream of it, absorb it; and once you've done that, never will you forget the majesty and mystery of this glorious creation.

Behold, then, a mountain of stone; a mountain superbly and most cunningly proportioned by master minds, raised by generations of toiling devotees as the supreme symbol of their faith. Upward at an angle of fifty degrees it soars, each face once covered with beautifully carved and paneled stone. One corner of this facing has been restored by the Mexican Government. Overpoweringly against the heavens its vast gray masses tower, dotted with vegetation—Mother Nature's ever-patient effort to destroy man's handiwork.

An immense, ladderlike stairway sweeps boldly up the middle of each side; a stairway with the narrow treads and high risers that always say: "We were built and used by a sandal-wearing folk." The orientation is just a few degrees east of north. Perhaps when the pyramid was built that orientation was exact. If so, cannot modern astronomers calculate the date of building?

(Continued on Page 103)

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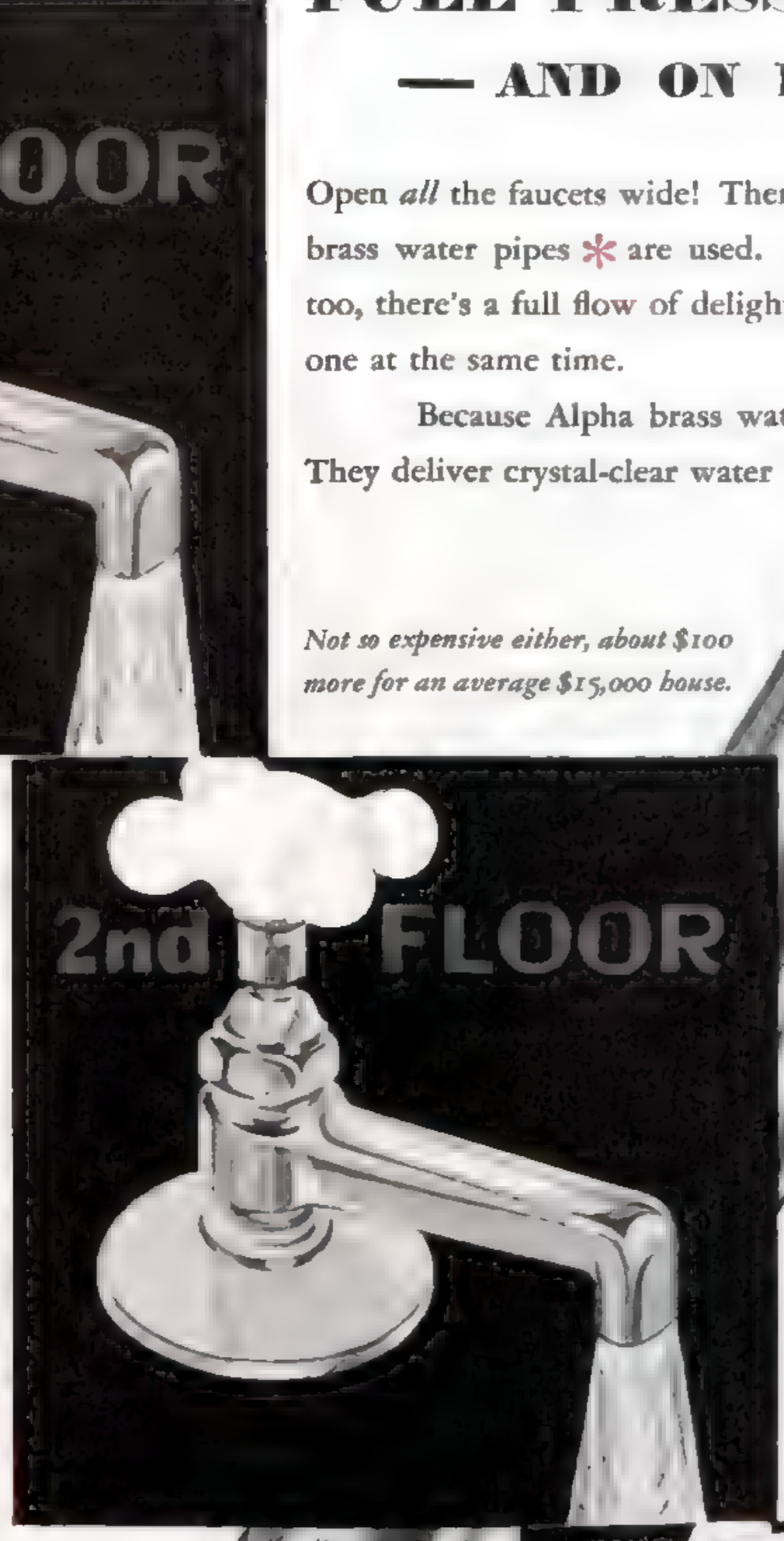

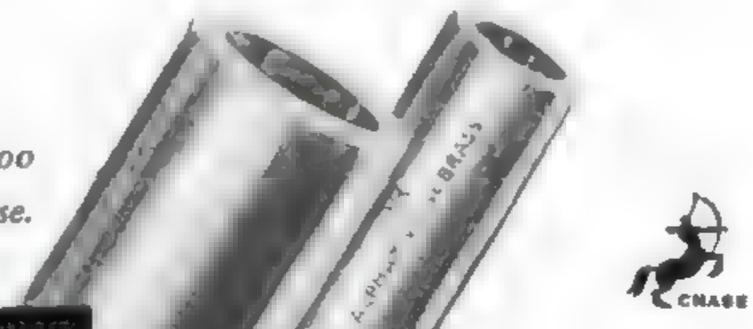

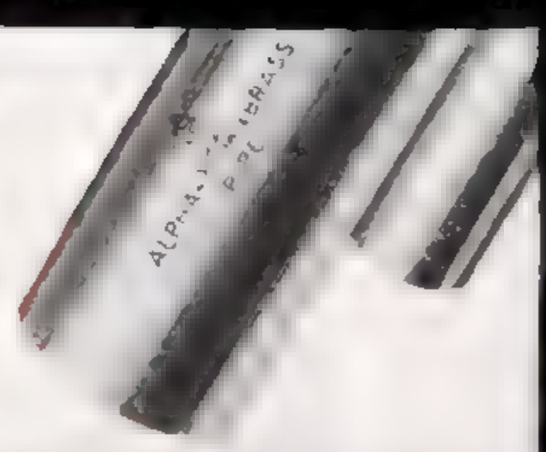

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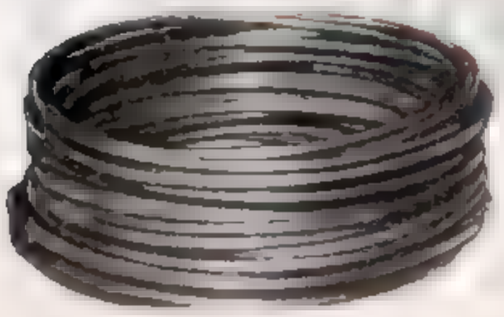

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(Continued from Page 101)

The north side is obviously most important of all. For there you find the great ceremonial staircase, nearly thirty feet wide, and flanked at the bottom by two immense serpent heads. Monolithic, these heads are feathered, have vast yawning mouths, prominent poison fangs, and forked tongues. The eye sockets, now empty, once gleamed with inlays of precious stones. Conventionalized into two colossal ramps of stone, the bodies of the serpents stretch upward to the summit, even to the principal entrance of the holy of holies itself.

Imagine great religious processions up and down that stairway! It must have taken a sure-footed, steady-nerved race to negotiate such perilous steepness with any kind of dignity at all. The huge ceremonial stair is today impracticable. But when you climb the western one, of like angle, you feel a cosmic urge to hang on by your hands as well as your toes. A stout rope stretching up the pyramid, however, helps you some; and if you don't get panic-stricken you eventually reach the top.

Myself, I did a fool stunt—tried to climb the ruinous south side, with practically no stairway left. When I got pretty nearly to the top, loose stones and earth began to slide, and I looked down; and believe me, I had a bad quarter of an hour! I just lay on my tummy and hung on, and did a backward turtle crawl down that dizzy height, steeper than the pitch of a roof. Much shaken, I at last reached the good old ground level again. No more of that free-lance pyramid climbing for me!

The west side is safest. Even there, coming down is worse than going up. It's wiser to descend backward, clinging to the rope. If a fellow hadn't hold of anything, and happened to grow giddy or stumble near the top, he'd bump the bumps in royal style. There wouldn't be enough left of him to brush up with a dust pan, by the time he hit the bottom.

From the unrailed, narrow space on top—just wide enough for two or three men abreast to walk round the temple—you get a splendid panorama of all the excavated buildings, with the flat, unbroken jungle of Yucatan stretching beyond to horizons of mystery. But the temple itself holds most of your attention. For this was the very focal point of the Mayas' religious life. Here in this sanctuary the kings and priests performed their supreme rites, chanted their solemn invocations to their ever-present gods. The temple is worthy of such honor; a huge, impressive sacred shrine.

A Mystery of Bearded Men

Its main door is supported by two vast and partly destroyed monolithic serpents, their heads forming the bases of columns, their tails the capitals. Walls three feet thick and massive stone pillars support immense sapote-wood beams that hold up a triple-vaulted stone roof; and this in turn bears carved stone battlements to protect watchmen or readers of celestial omens.

The various chambers of this marvelous palace of the gods, at least a thousand years old, are decorated with carvings on lintels of stone or of sapote. Colors still cling to the walls. Serpent masks, sacred symbols, human figures still are visible. Strangely, some of these figures are bearded. The Mayas, you know, are beardless.

"Who were the prototypes of these bearded figures?" asks Willard, in his City of the Sacred Well. "Were they the mysterious, blue-eyed, fair-skinned people clad in armor, who were supposed once to have landed near Tampico? Norsemen? Or were they the old Atlanteans whose country Plato says 'sank in one day and one night beneath the waves of the ocean'?"

Another question, never to be answered!

Still another problem, ever-present: How in the world could Stone Age aborigines construct and decorate so marvelous a shrine? A kind of dumb wonder falls on you that mere brute strength, backed by inexhaustible patience though it was, could ever have accomplished these miracles.

How was it all done? Later, I asked Doctor Thompson.

"Unlimited and unpaid man power and deep religious feeling, directed by a highly intelligent class of rulers and priests," he answered. "Remember, time meant nothing to these people. They reckoned it in centuries and eons. They needed no machinery. If ten men on a rope couldn't pull a stone up, they put on more and ever more till the stone moved. They built inclined planes of earth, laid down tree trunks for skids, and hauled the stones up by main force. Sometimes they used rollers. I've found some of those rollers myself. But man power, tugging on fiber ropes, accounts for nearly everything."

"And how about quarrying without metals?"

All the Time in the World

"Oh, it was simple enough. They just worked like ants, that's all—in hordes, and endlessly. They used wooden or bird-bone drills, and twirled them in sand and water on the rock. After a few months—or years, it didn't matter—they'd get a row of holes drilled. Wooden pegs driven into those holes, with water poured on them, split off the blocks. Quartzite hammers, flint and calcite and nephrite chisels, with tireless patience, shaped them. What was there to hurry for? Rubbing stones smoothed the stones. Under the direction of master builders they were set in place. Masons laid the courses with splendid mortar. Plasterers finished the walls, rubbing and burnishing them till the magic structures gleamed like frosted silver against the velvet blue of the sky.

"Then came the artists, wonderful sculptors who toiled years with knives of obsidian and flint. It took maybe a thousand times as many men to build a temple as it would today with our methods. But with unlimited men, what odds? Powerful machinery was needless. The overlords and priests of the Mayas had subject to their wills slave labor and religious forces not to be measured by modern rules."

We talked of all this, and of the strange fact that though the tremendously intelligent Maya engineers had rollers and used corbeled arches with capstones, they never evolved the wheel or the true arch with a keystone. Either those concepts lay just beyond their grasp, or else they knew of them and rejected them as not worth while. Certainly they never used vehicles of any kind. All weights were moved by sheer hauling or on the backs of sweating laborers.

Woodworking must have been a man's sized job, without any saws, planes or boring tools of metal. How the Mayas ever cut and smoothed their great beams of sapote wood, hard as teak, was a great mystery to me till Doctor Thompson explained it. Then, nothing simpler. All they had to do was keep a rope wet with sand and water, and drag it back and forth on a log a few months, and presto, the beam was shaped. A few more might suffice to carve it into complex figures of animals, men, gods.

Time—infinite time to use! Patience unlimited!

You can imagine a Maya youth, questioned by his prospective father-in-law, answering:

"Have I got a steady job, sir? Rather! I'm working on stone Number 869, for the eleventh tier of the eighth terrace, north side, of the Great Pyramid. I'm twenty years old, now. This job is good till I'm at least eighty-seven. So, please, sir, may I marry your daughter?"

"Take her, my boy; and Kukulcan bless you!"

Exaggeration? Perhaps, but consider the magnificent jade carving these people did. The Mayas of Chichen had plenty of jade; though where it came from is another mystery. No man now living has ever found even a single piece of native American jade. The nearest source is China; and even that is doubtful, for Chinese jade is much softer than the Mayas used. At all events, the Itza artists made quantities of jade beads, plaques and ornaments, delicately and exquisitely carved. And every bit of this work—on stone so hard it will cut glass, stone nearly as hard as diamond—was done by simple abrasion—just by rubbing. In the same way, the artists gave their jade work a polish so exquisite that it has lasted unimpaired for two or three thousand years.

Patience? Did any like it ever exist anywhere else? Our modern muscles ache even at thought of it!

One vast difference between those wondrous people and ourselves is that they had all the time in the universe, and we're always hurried. In the Maya tongue are words for time periods tremendously longer than any we can find a name for. One of their time units was two hundred and fifty-six years. Another comprised four hundred and sixty billion days! These and many other periods all had names. Yet, for all their prodigality with time, they measured it with exquisite precision. Not content with one calendar, they had at least three—computed by the sun, the moon and Venus.

They had twelve months of thirty days each, also eighteen months of twenty days; and they knew all about how to arrange the extra days, left over. Every day in the year had four names. The Maya time adjustments were far more accurate than the Gregorian system we ourselves use. Their Great Cycle corresponded to the 1460-year Sothic cycle of the Egyptians, but the Egyptian calculation had an error of twelve days for the cycle, while the Maya system was precise to the very small fraction of a day. The Maya lunar calendar was like the Metonic cycle of the Greeks, but the Mayas used it with far greater ease. In the very dawn of their history, their calendars had been for many centuries functioning. Their Perpetual Day Count was cosmic in its sweep, dating back to a zero of October 14, 3373 B. C.

Without telescopes or chronometers they could predict eclipses and solve the most intricate astronomical problems. In these, as in so very many other ways, they far excelled the Spaniards who called them savages and butchered them wholesale. With only stone monuments to serve as sighting lines for the naked eye, night after night their priest astronomers scanned the heavens and developed a mathematical system so complex that you would have to be almost an Einstein to grasp it at all.

Naught is Everything

"Civilization has five great steps," Doctor Morley one day told me at the hacienda. "These steps are the use of fire, agriculture, beasts of burden and domestic animals, metal tools, and the principle of the wheel. The Mayas, really a neolithic people, took only the first two steps. And yet in many ways they far excelled anything at that time known in the Old World. They were the first people ever to invent a symbol for zero. In fact, they had three such symbols, far antedating the Arabs."

Doctor Morley is perhaps the greatest decipherer of Maya hieroglyphs in the world. He can take a mass of scrambled curlicues carved on a monument and tell you just what the date is; so he's a man one eagerly listens to.

"It wasn't until about the sixth century A. D. that zero was introduced into Europe by the Arabs. The Greeks and Romans never had it at all, which greatly limited their mathematics. For you can't have numeration by position till you get a zero sign. The Mayas knew all about such numeration. They used something like our decimal system, only they began at the bottom and made each position increase twenty-fold, upward. That's the vigesimal system. They invented dot and bar figures—a dot meaning 'one' and a bar 'five.' Their mathematical skill was simply amazing."

They were wonderful traders, bartering cloth and pottery for pearls, gold, turquoise and many other things all the way from Colombia as far as Arizona or beyond. In agriculture they were marvelously skilled,

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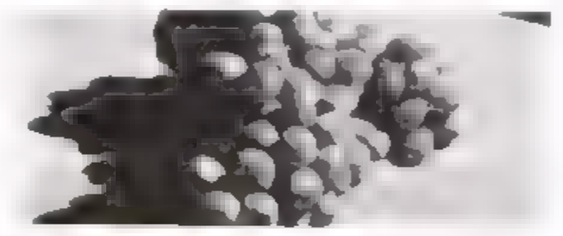

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being first-class farmers at a time when Europe was still nomadic. Yucatan isn't a place where you can live off the country. You've got to dig there. The soil is thin and hard, water is scarce, and the jungle is a network of fast-growing hostility.

Without metals, the Mayas cleared vast plantations, scarfing the trees with stone axes, waiting till the trees died, and then burning them down. They flailed the underbrush to death, and likewise burned that. Maize, their staple, exhausted the ground in three years, so that fresh clearings were always necessary. But they lived well, with squashes, corn, pumpkins, several kinds of beans, many tropical fruits and a tuber called *ekmacal*. This tuber has a chestnut taste and is a wonderful bearer, yielding three times as heavily as potatoes. . . . By the way, why can't American farmers try raising *ekmacal?*

Think what the Mayas gave us! Maize, peppers, henequen, common and sweet potatoes, tomatoes and cacao; peanuts, tobacco, rubber, ipecac, cocaine, quinine and cascara; pumpkins, vanilla, chicle, squashes, sarsaparilla, beans; cotton and cassava; indigo, copal, cochineal; strawberries, persimmons, pawpaws and pineapples; guinea pigs and turkeys; and such a list of other things as would astonish you. Our modern debt to them is simply incalculable.

They weren't big meat eaters. All they needed, they got from hunting the deer, the ocellated turkey, the crested curassow, the peccary. They had fish, too, from their underground pools, as well as from the sea—these latter fish brought by swift runners from the coast, along their wonderful roads. Domestic animals were minus, and of course milk and poultry. But the Mayas didn't care. They had enough and to spare.

Corn was their mainstay. Some thousands of years ago, Maya priests took three kinds of wild grasses and by selection evolved three varieties of maize. The Pilgrims at Plymouth, by the way, had two of these varieties, transmitted through the long centuries, northward from Yucatan.

Ashes of Civilization

Parched corn was a standby of the Mayas; and they had real cornflakes, too, thousands of years before package goods were ever dreamed of. Their flakes were made of corn with chocolate and vanilla; a delicious dish called *ztanchoqua* that's still in use. They had one corn that matured in six weeks, another that resisted drought. And always they planted three times what they expected to need—"One for ourselves, one for the birds, one for the masters' table"—that is to say, the service of the gods.

Their roads covered the peninsula, some being straight as an arrow for many miles, splendidly macadamized, and polished to a smooth white surface. They had music and the dance, dramatic performances, books and literature—the books being written on deerskin or on agave paper, and sometimes beautifully illuminated in colors. The Spaniards, by the way, made practically a clean sweep of the entire Maya literature, when Bishop de Landa, on the plaza of Mani, burned all that could be collected. "The bishop," says Doctor Thompson, "seeing in these old rolls of deerskin and volumes of maguey paper symbols that he could not understand, concluded they were of a diabolical nature. . . . There were destroyed five thousand idols, thirteen altar stones, twenty-seven rolls of ancient hieroglyphics, and many other objects. The natives were much affected and made a great outcry of woe as they saw the written lore, accumulated knowledge of their race, going up in smoke."

Thus, in part, were the Mayas "civilized."

Only three books—the Books of Chilam Balam—have come down to us. In one place these say, concerning the conquest:

> Then began the construction of the church. Great labor was our destiny. Then began the execution by hanging, and the fire at the ends of our hands. Then also came ropes and cords into the world. Then the children of the younger brothers—the Mayas—passed under the hardship of legal summons and tribute. Tribute and Christianity were introduced on a large scale.

Coming from Cozumel on the schooner so picturesquely laden, I got acquainted with a Mexican civil engineer who spoke Maya fluently and knew the people well. This engineer told me not only of a still-flourishing Maya city far in the interior, a city where the old civilization even today exists, and which no white man can reach alive, but he also asserted that he knew a very aged Maya who still has several of the ancient books. I suppose such books would be worth about a million apiece. Sometime—if I ever get to it—I'm going after those precious volumes of this Greeklike race.

A Maya Goes A-Wooing

The word "Greeklike" is advisedly used. Peaceful, deeply religious, artistic, the Mayas in the course of centuries produced one of the few really great and coherent expressions of beauty so far given to the world, their influence in America being historically as important as that of the Greeks in Europe. Nothing—not even centuries of subjugation, of slaughter and abuse—has been able to eradicate their gentle, poetic strain. Doctor Thompson tells me how he once saw a Maya youth lay a young bird in the lap of a maiden, saying in their own tongue:

> *"I bring thee a little bird,*
> *That I took from a nest in a tree;*
> *And its mother is crying for it,*
> *As my heart is crying for thee!"*

Poetry? What else?

True artistic appreciation, marvelous craftsmanship, and a civilization of the highest, all stand revealed in Mayan ceramics; textile, feather, gold and copper work; architecture, painting and sculpture; mosaics of jade and turquoise, and a hundred other products. Never warlike, the Mayas were backward only in their weapons. They used not even bows, but merely the *hul-che*, or throwing stick, to fling their arrows.

Spanish armor was too tough for them, and Spanish blunderbusses, belching out what they believed was lightning, shattered their morale. So, too, did their ancient traditions that some day a bearded race would come to rule them. Thus the amazing event happened that in one supreme battle—at Ti'Hoo, now Merida—two hundred Spaniards defeated a Maya army variously estimated at forty to seventy thousand!

Their civilization was a real theocracy; their economic and agricultural life a form of communism; their moral code strict, with serious infractions punished by enslavement or by death. In the modern world, religion has become a secondary matter. With the people of Chichen it reigned supreme. Their every act and season had its religious aspect. Seedtime and harvest, festivals, labors, games, as well as construction, art and literature—all were offered to the high gods. From birth to death they lived their faith; and even today, through a veneer of Christianity, still privately offer bowls of *posole* to their god of wine, burn copal incense to dim spirits of mightier deities.

All their thoughts, before the white men ran through their country like wolves through a sheepfold, were of industry and peace, of spiritualizing their lives with the songs of their lips, the labors of their hands. Never coarse or sensual, never bloodthirsty like the Aztecs, they kept human sacrifice at a minimum; and offered still-palpitant hearts to Kukulcan only because they knew no more precious gift—unless, indeed, those spotless virgins that now or then were cast into Chen Ku, the Sacred Well.

From the top of the Great Pyramid you can still dimly see the Sacred Way extending off northward through the forest to that Well of Death. Even a careless heart beats with a more sober tempo in that pathway where perhaps the most dramatic spectacles of all history have taken place. To me the hour was a great one in which I trod that Via Sacra, now half obliterated, where solemn processions of feather-decked priests, musicians with horns and flutes and pulsing drums, once accompanied the litter-borne bride of Yum Chak.

Grim walls and deadly pool, what stories you could tell! Wide-circling parapet now overgrown with jungle, what multitudes from all the Maya world once gathered there to see the young girls—decked with jade and gold—flung to the waiting depths!

One's blood must be cold indeed, one's imagination torpid, not to stir at sight of those ominous waters from whose profundities Doctor Thompson has brought up the skeletons of more than a hundred maidens, and many captive warriors, together with thousands of rare and lovely offerings. The Sacred Well invited me to muse and dream; and so, on the very platform of sacrifice itself, I fell as it were into a kind of tranced beatitude.

Through it at last I heard the clarion of a horn; and then a distant, confused humming; and ——

"The priests," I thought. "The multitude, again."

Whence and Whither

Alas, a truck, honking and buzzing, came a-jouncing down the Via Sacra—a truck laden with lumber for some new construction work. And who was this, driving the truck? A Maya! Perhaps a lineal descendant of some high priest or Chichen-Itza king?

Alas, once more. Truly, "the times change, and we, too, change with them!"

Whence came these wondrous people? Why and how did their mighty power so swiftly fade? After having so sublimely carved a tremendous American civilization out of the sun-parched jungles of Yucatan, what caused them so suddenly to fade away?

Thick volumes have been written on these matters; and after all, have they proved anything? It seems probable that the Mayas are of Asiatic stock; possible, that certain elements of the population may have come in from that famed Atlantis which can hardly be all a myth. To my mind, the most reasonable explanation seems that the great majority of the Mayas must have descended from some Oriental race that maybe fifty thousand years ago crossed to America by way of Bering Strait and the Aleutian Islands.

Uncounted æons were required for these primitive nomads to work south, gradually evolving into an agricultural and civilized people. When they first began accumulating in the cul-de-sac of Yucatan, who knows? Le Plongeon claims some of the Maya ruins date back eleven thousand years. Perhaps three thousand would be closer. But the deep jungle may yet reveal other still-unknown cities that may substantiate the more remote calculation.

One important fact stands out clearly—that the Mayas, cut off by two oceans from all outside influences, developed a mighty and indigenous civilization, 100 per cent American; that at one time the Maya area was the most densely populated and highly cultured region on earth. As to why their powers fell, diverse opinions rage. The Mayas' own traditions mention the wrath of the gods. Had I space, I could tell some of these stories. Archæologists speak of famine, flood, fire, pestilence, climatic changes, war, even such vague factors as wanderlust or the closing of the life cycle. To me it seems reasonable that a failing food supply, in that harsh land, may have been a determining factor. Without plenty of food, no such swarming cities as Chichen-Itza and all the others could permanently endure.

Nearly all races have a savior god who comes, teaches, vanishes, with a promise to return. So, too, the Mayas, in the deified hero, Kukulcan. Nearly all races, when ruled by men, feel a longing to lay the blame for everything on women. The Mayas are no exception. One of their best folk tales relates that a certain great *batab*, or king, of Chichen-Itza—but let a Maya tell it to you, as he told it to me one night as he lay smoking one of my cigarettes in a sisal hammock under the big-eyed tropic stars:

"Yes, *señor*, that great king—I do not remember his name—fell in love with a very beautiful girl. And so did another powerful king, of Mayapan. The girl, she preferred the *batab* of Chichen. So he of Mayapan hid his wrath and came with many warriors to the wedding feast. A great feast, *señor*, with much *balche*—wine. Everybody happy! But the king of Mayapan and his warriors, they only pretended to drink.

"When all the Itzas were far gone, the Mayapans attacked, wounded some, killed others, stole the bride and carried her away. Wicked deeds, *señor*. Oh, very wicked! And a woman was the cause of it all; no?

"Then my people, the Itzas, declared war. At first they beat the Mayapans, but these ones called in seven Aztec chiefs with their armies to help them. So our people were defeated. Many of us were killed. Our holy city was destroyed. The League of Mayapan, that had stood many centuries, was broken. My people wandered as outcasts. Later, the Aztecs conquered all, and Mayapan fell. Every tribe fought every other. The end of our greatness came. Night fell upon the Land of Maya. And why, *señor?* Because of a woman—nothing more. A woman caused it all!"

So much for the Maya version of *cherchez la femme!*

Perhaps some grain of truth lies in the legend. But the larger mystery still remains. What really happened to this mighty race, so that when the Spaniards came they found it already in full decadence, with only a few miserable campers living in grass huts amid the ruins of stupendous palaces? What brought the Mayas so low that their last capital was but a village of such huts on an island in Lake Peten, Guatemala?

"Babylon is fallen—is fallen!"

And why? Fully solve this stupendous mystery, and fame with fortune will be yours!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

the cataclysm will occur within the next five minutes."

"I bid one no trump," said Mrs. Jones.

"Two spades," said Mrs. Smith.

"The planets Venus, Mars and Jupiter," continued the announcer, "have left their orbits and exploded. The Continent of Africa has sunk beneath the ocean. London has been destroyed by an earthquake. Paris is on fire, and there is a terrific tornado sweeping down upon the United States."

"I pass," said Mr. Jones.

"I pass," said Mr. Smith.

"The sun has broken into fifteen blazing parts, and one of these is approaching the earth at an estimated speed of seven thousand miles a second. There is also a gigantic comet plunging rapidly toward the earth."

"Well, I positively refuse to play any more," said Mrs. Jones. "Here I bid a no trump, and my partner is so dumb he don't even indicate his strongest suit."

"Is that so?" bellowed Mr. Jones, rising swiftly to his feet and slamming his cards angrily across the table. "How do you expect me to indicate when I haven't got anything higher than a six of clubs?"

"In exactly thirty-five seconds," continued the radio announcer, "the Continent of North America will burst into a million pieces, and that which is now the earth will dwindle into a thin fiery mist."

"Well, you needn't get mad and throw down your cards," snapped Mrs. Jones. "But since you've got up, I wish you'd turn off that infernal radio. Who is there that could possibly want to listen to the weather report?"

—CLARK ODELL.

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*Dealer's Name*_____

*Address*_____

SEP 31 29

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BOOMERANG

(Continued from Page 19

"It seems ample," said the prosecutor.

"So it does," agreed Peter. "So it does."

"May we regard your—er—informal investigation as closed?"

"You may not," said Peter. "In fact, you may not regard it as commenced. We are in, gentlemen, for a long day, and no adjournment for lunch."

"Let us proceed," said the prosecutor.

"I may say in the start of what you may call my defense," said Peter, "that one check from an attorney of the caliber of Mr. Packer is an incident, two is a coincidence and three arouses curiosity. I am curious by nature. . . . Will Police Detective Snow take the stand?"

The detective arose and seated himself in the witness box. His face was expressionless.

"Mr. Snow," asked Peter, "have you had under observation a half dozen lawyers who have made statements here today?"

"I have."

"For how long a time?"

"Upwards of three weeks."

"Were you in the closet off my chambers on June seventeenth?"

"I was."

"What did you hear?"

"I heard Attorney Packer ask you to take charge of a fund for Tom O'Grady."

"Were you alone?"

"Ted Plank of the News was with me."

"After you listened to this conversation, what did you do?"

"I followed Mr. Packer from the building."

"Where did he go?"

"To the City Hall. To the office of Commissioner Marcus."

At the mention of the commissioner's name the room became suddenly still and rigid.

"What took place in the commissioner's office?"

"The two of them went across to the bank. Mr. Marcus drew five hundred dollars, which he gave to Packer."

"And after that?"

"They went to Busby's saloon. There's a room upstairs there that the commissioner uses a lot for private conferences—political powwows and the like."

"You knew of this room before?" asked Peter.

"You told me about it," said the detective.

Commissioner Marcus scowled darkly at this. It came as unpleasant news to him that his use of that little room over Busby's saloon was known to persons not deep in his confidence, for it was there he conducted the more secret portion of his enterprises.

"Then you lost sight of them?" asked Peter guilelessly.

"Oh, no. We were ready. In fact, I had been there before with Ted Plank of the News, and we had made arrangements—at your suggestion."

"What arrangements?"

"It's a kind of spotted wall paper on that room, judge, and we had bored some holes through the partition—maybe half a dozen—so they came in black spots where they wouldn't be seen. We could see through them, and we could hear through them."

"And did you see and hear through them?" asked Peter.

"We did."

"What did you hear?"

"We heard Commissioner Marcus tell Packer that the time was ripe to get you, and that he was to keep on feeding you checks as long as you would take them. He told Packer he'd protect him from any consequences"

"What did Packer say?"

"He told the commissioner he guessed he wasn't worried about being protected so long as the bridge contracts were being handled the way they were."

"What was the reply to that?" asked Peter.

"Marcus laughed and said the bridge contracts were a nice piece of business and that Packer could buy him a new house when it was settled. Then they quit talking about you and talked about the new bridge."

"About the bridge, eh? And what did they say about that?" asked Peter.

The prosecutor was on his feet, objecting: "The bridge has nothing to do with this inquiry!" he shouted. "I object to following this line of questions any farther!"

"I judged you would," said Peter. "You see, you come into it later. Just have patience. . . . What about the bridge, detective?"

"Well, they lighted up cigars and Marcus said the bids for the bridge were running about two million and a half with four bidders, and that between them the crowd ought to do pretty well."

"Did he mention any names?"

"Of the crowd? He did. He mentioned Supervisor Mattison and Prosecutor Bemis, and he said with so many to divide among they'd have to get a big chunk of money out of it. He said the safe way to handle it was as they had been doing: For Packer to do all the negotiating—to be the go-between—and to handle the money when it came through. He said he had set his heart on a quarter of a million out of the deal."

"Is that all?"

"No. He told Packer to meet a Mr. Windus at the Palace Hotel in Room 52 that night at eight o'clock, and if Windus came through with a quarter of a million, to tell him the contract was his; and they went into terms and arrangements."

"What arrangements?"

"Before the contract was signed by the commissioner, Packer was to collect the boodle in money and fetch it to that room. He said Packer needn't bother about dodging for Canada with the pile, because three men would be following him; and he said the division would be made there."

"What did you understand by all this?" asked Peter.

"I understood the commissioner and his friends were taking a bribe to give the contract for the new bridge."

"And after that?"

"We kept on Packer's tail. Next day he passed around money to half a dozen police-court lawyers and told them to get you to cash little checks or to contribute to the Tom O'Grady fund. He said Marcus would protect them if they testified against you—these men who have made statements here today."

"Does Mr. Plank of the News write shorthand?"

"He does," said the detective. "He took down that conversation between Packer and Marcus, and other conversations."

"Has the bridge contract been let?"

"It has," said the detective.

"Did Mr. Packer receive a sum of money and take it to the room over Busby's saloon?"

"He did"

"Were you present at its division?"

"I was"

"Alone?"

"There were four men with me—Ted Plank of the News, Mr. Roswell P. Joyce, Mr. Hiram Newsome and yourself."

At this the court room drew a deep breath. Roswell P. Joyce and Hiram Newsome! These were two men whose testimony could not be doubted. One had been senator from the state, was many times a millionaire, and was regarded by the city as a sort of Nestor—a splendid, public-spirited old gentleman whose motives were not to be questioned, and whose life was admirable and blameless. Mr. Newsome, a younger and more active man, was of the same quality.

"Who were present inside the room?" asked Peter.

"Marcus, the prosecutor, Supervisor Mattison, Packer, Alderman Jevons and Alderman Neap."

"You could see the money and hear the ensuing conversation?" asked Peter

"We could. The prosecutor, Mattison, and the two aldermen got twenty-five thousand dollars apiece. Packer got ten thousand, the commissioner got fifty, and the rest, he said, was to go into the kitty for expenses. But it didn't."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that after Marcus was alone with Packer he sort of grinned and gave Packer another five thousand, and said there wasn't any use wasting good money on folks who couldn't appreciate it. He said the kitty was a handy gadget, because there wasn't any kitty, and what he got in his fingers he didn't let loose of."

"In other words, he cheated his associates?" asked Peter.

"Yes, Your Honor," said the detective.

Peter smiled down at the prosecutor. "Any questions?" he asked. The prosecutor made no reply. He was in a corner with Commissioner Marcus and they were in heated conversation.

"Evidently no questions," said Peter. "Fetch in Mr. Windus, officer."

Accompanied by a uniformed policeman, Mr. Windus of the Spartan Bridge Company came in, a shaken, apprehensive man, broken of nerve. He held nothing back.

"You have been made no promises of immunity?" Peter asked.

"None."

"You are willing to tell the whole truth?"

"I am. I was persuaded by Mr. Joyce and Mr. Newsome and the other members of the Citizens' Vigilance Committee who have been working on this matter."

Mr. Joyce and Mr. Newsome had done their work well; Windus made no reservations; he was frankness itself, and his confession was damning to the city's Boodle Ring, as the newspapers called it that evening. When he was through, Peter addressed the room.

"We are now somewhat late for lunch," he said, "and I think no more is necessary at this informal inquiry. Warrants already have been served upon the supervisor and the two aldermen. I see them being served on the commissioner and the prosecutor—who, by the way, have ceased to hold office. The evidence was laid before the governor of this state last night, and, acting upon it, he relieved the prosecutor and commissioner of their duties pending formal trial. I myself am under arrest, charged with bribery—although the governor advised against that step."

"We all regarded it as unnecessary," said Mr. Joyce, arising to his feet.

"Nevertheless," said Peter, "I desire to be cleared of these charges officially."

"A praiseworthy position for a young man to take," said the old gentleman. "However, Mr. Newsome and myself have been discussing the matter with Attorney Packer in your chambers. Mr. Packer has been made to see that he will atone for his conduct in part by a full confession. He is at present dictating it, clearing you wholly of any charge of conduct unworthy of a judicial officer. In view of this we feel, as representatives of the public, that nothing more is required."

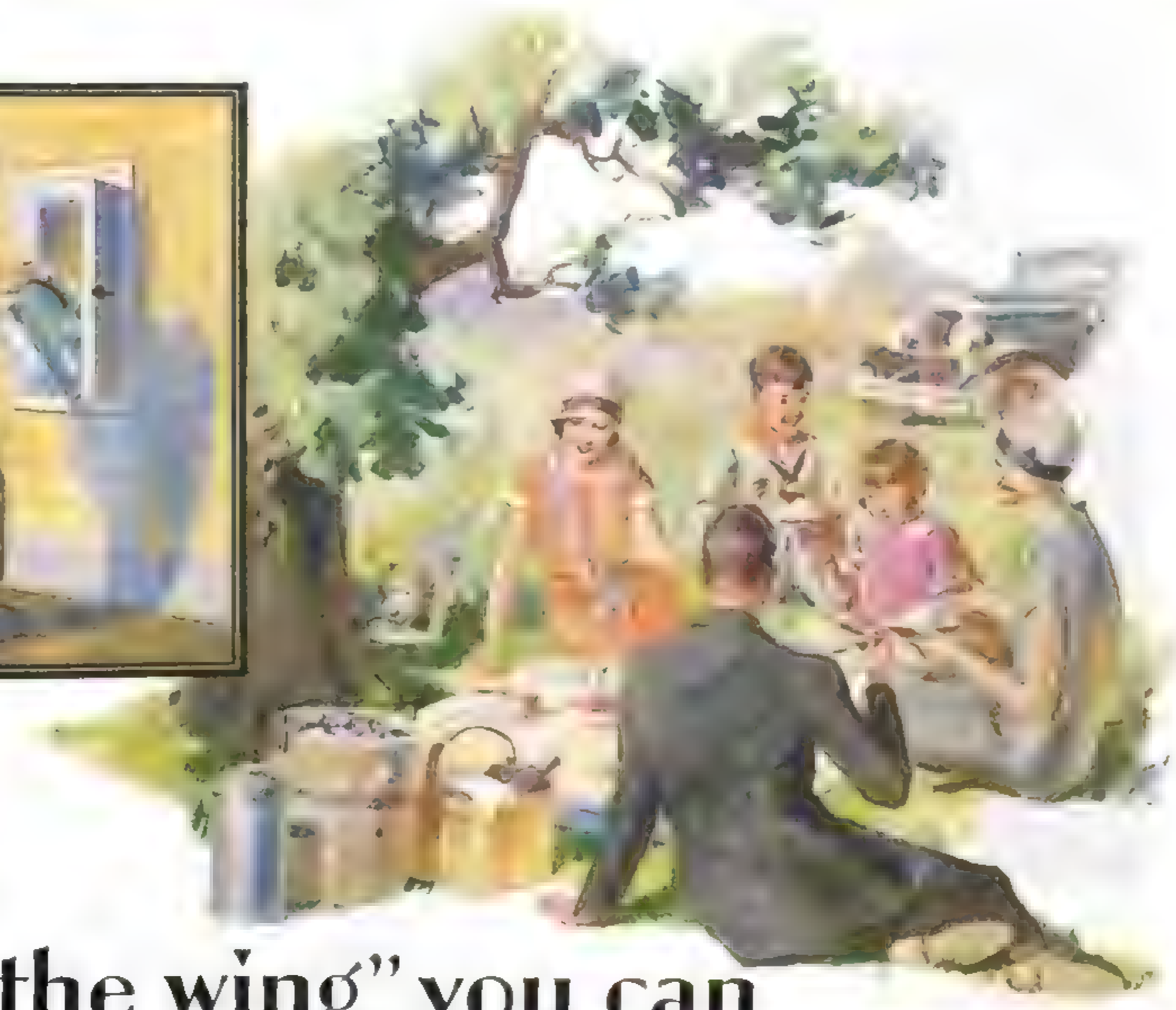
"Thank you, gentlemen," said Peter. "Court is adjourned."

III

BLACK headlines flared across the evening papers, and the name of Peter Case was on the lips of every citizen. Public sentiment was at the boiling point and Peter was the popular hero. At one stroke he had cleaned their city, and the manner of his doing it tickled the fancy of all and sundry. Trapped himself, he had turned the trap into a boomerang to bring down his enemy.

The remnants of city committee and county committee met in joint session to consider the calamity.

(Continued on Page 108)



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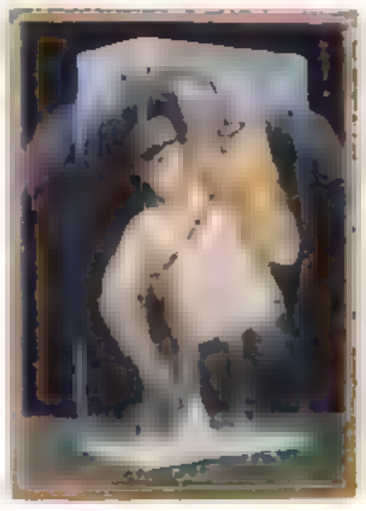
You never need fear an ice shortage, even on the hottest days or right in the midst of your biggest parties, if you are a regular ice customer. Just be sure that you have a good sized refrigerator and that you give your ice company instructions to keep the ice chamber well filled. Then, even when you take a generous supply of ice with you on your outings, you can return to a refrigerator that has been iced in your absence and is ready again to serve as only a good ICE refrigerator can do.

Outside Icing a Great Convenience

Of course, you can arrange with your ice company to make ice deliveries during your absence from home, even though you may not have an outside-icing refrigerator. But with an "Outside Icer," you can forget completely and for all time the question of ice supply. An "Outside Icer" permits the ice man to service the ice box in your absence.

Most ice refrigerator manufacturers now build outside icing models which cost very little more than regular models.



Ice Makes and Keeps the Air Just Right

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Rusco Aero Products—Aero Rings, Shock Cord, Airplane Fabrics, Safety Belts, Etc. Standard Equipment on Military and Commercial Aircraft.

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RUSCO BRAKE LINING

(Continued from Page 106)

"It's ruined the party," moaned a politician. "We won't be able to elect a dog catcher at the next election."

"Marcus might 'a' been a crook," said another, "but him and Mattison was wise. They knew how to run politics. Of course it's a good thing to get them out, but what we goin' to do?"

"Might's well go out of business for a couple of years," said another. "We're busted."

"We ain't," said a quiet individual who chewed a big cigar, "if we use a little brains. We ain't busted a-tall. We're better off 'n we ever was. We kin be so strong there won't be nothin' to it at all."

"You're crazy, Pete."

"Crazy, be I? Need a leader, don't we? Can't have a machine without a boss. Well, we got a boss all ready and waitin' -and a boss that's pop'lar. Most bosses hain't loved by the people."

"And who's that?" asked the first speaker.

"Peter Case," said the man with the cigar. "Put him to the top in both county and city, and we're fixed."

"But—but he won't stand for things. He won't even stand for political dickerin'."

"It's him or nobuddy," said the man with the cigar. "You got to make him boss, or he'll just grab it and we'll be out on a limb. No, sir-ree. We got to swaller Judge Case and we got to back him up. I watched that young feller, and 'twon't be long before he's runnin' the state. Me for the Case band wagon."

Presently emissaries were sent in search of Peter—emissaries who offered him an unlimited monarchy, the political dictatorship of his county and city—and they found him in Fire Engine House No. 5, where he was discussing the cure of spavins with the driver of that fine team of blacks.

"Mr. Case," said the spokesman formally, "we come from a joint meeting of the county and city committees to notify you that you've been elected chairman of both of them, and to ask you, for the good of the party, to accept. The boys say they got to have you."

Here was the end for which Peter had been working since his graduation from college—the fulfillment of his first major ambition. He had worked to this end, planned to this end, and now it came to him more easily than he had dreamed.

"Let me understand you," he said. "You offer me these chairmanships. What strings attached?"

"None."

"Who must be promised immunity?"

"We don't ask no promises. You're boss. All we ask is a square deal for the boys."

"And," said Peter, "do you mind a square deal for the city and county?"

"We'll stand for anything so long's the party ain't busted up," said the spokesman.

"Very well," said Peter; "go back to your committees and tell them I accept. Tell them I'm for the party. But tell them the party must behave itself."

"What you say goes," said the spokesman. "You're the boss."

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Peter.

It was rather late, but he walked to the street on which Sicily Burt lived. He did not rap at the door, but whistled a little call well known to the young lady, who raised her window.

"Hello, Peter," she said.

"Come on down," said Peter. "I want to talk to you."

"I was expecting you," said Sicily, and in a minute opened the door and came down the steps.

"Let's walk," said Peter, and they walked a little way in silence, then Sicily spoke:

"I've read every word in every paper. I'm sort of proud of you, Peter."

"It came out all right," he said. "I guess it'll be all right now. I guess Marcus ain't going to bother me any more."

"When," asked Sicily, "will you learn to say 'isn't'?"

"I've got what I was aiming for," said Peter, "sooner than I expected. I'm the boss, Sicily."

"Some day," said Sicily, "you'll be President."

Peter shook his head. "I don't want to," he said. "It wouldn't be any fun. Say, Sicily, I guess things have turned out so I can propose now."

"You're too late," said the young woman.

"Too late! What d'ye mean, Sicily? How am I too late?"

"Why," she said, "I sent the announcement of our engagement to the papers this morning. If you'd read them through you would have seen it."

"You picked a bad day for it," Peter said, "if you wanted to get it noticed. But the boys 'll play it up tomorrow."

Which they did.

The Hunted Fox: "Guess I'd Better Give Myself Up Before These People Get Seriously Injured!"

What it Takes . .

WHEN the catcher signals for the batter's weakness . . . a fast ball or a curve, shoulder or knee high, close in or cutting the outside corner of the plate . . . *control* alone determines whether the pitcher can put the right kind of "a pitch" in the right place.

***Control* enables the pitcher to put all his speed and "break" on the ball—even in a pinch. Without *control* he must ease up in order to "get it over", and hits sail to all corners of the park.**

Just as control decides the effectiveness of the pitcher's speed and curves, so Motor Control determines how efficiently electric motors do their job . . . how much time, labor, and money they really save.

Properly selected and applied, Motor Control harnesses electric motor power to the specific demands of the job . . . saves time and labor . . . assures dependable production by protecting against disorganizing motor failures. Power so controlled, so insured, turns out products at the speed required for today's competition.

Cutler-Hammer Motor Control provides these advantages to the fullest extent. It is specified by industrial executives on the complete machines they buy . . . purchased by them for each motor they install . . . and if they produce motor-driven equipment for sale to other plants, Cutler-Hammer Motor Control is included as a guarantee of unfailing performance.

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CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc.

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Power without Control is worse than wasted

13

Thirteen Times the Manpower of Industry Hidden Away in Electric Motors

Electric motors in America's industries today provide working energy equal to 250 million workmen. That is more than 13 times the actual number of men employed. How effectively this army of "unseen" workers is used to bring down costs is determined by the care with which Motor Control is selected

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The Control Equipment Good Electric Motors Deserve

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Hard Hitters and Straight Shooters

Let's have more of them

There are no handsomer, healthier youngsters in the world than those who storm our parks and recreation centers every weekend. Here are no watchers. Here are players. Here are no skinny, envious critics. Here are young men and women on the firing line of sport, brown, vigorous, graceful.

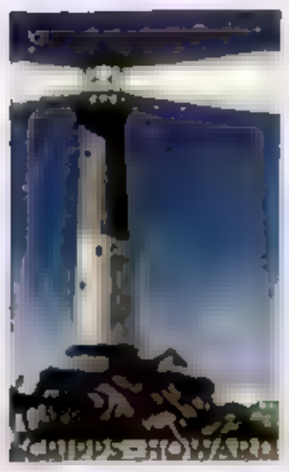
One of the most amazing developments in our social life has been the rise of amateur sports during the last two decades. And the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers have encouraged it with every resource at their command.

There are now amateur baseball, tennis, basketball or golf organizations in all important cities. And the local SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper prints their scores, reports their tournaments, leads any fight for a new club-house, a new community gym or swimming pool, or a new park.

Today, all SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers are helping to develop formidable contestants for tomorrow's National Amateur Championship honors by the liberal editorial consideration they give to the stars of the prairie ball lot, the public golf course, the neighborhood tennis courts and other public recreational centers.

"Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton," said the Duke of Wellington. And in the fast, highly competitive life facing our coming generation, the hard hitters and the straight shooters will have the edge.

Let's have more of them.



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A LILY OF THE FIELDS

Continued from Page 9

"Harry, why haven't you ever told me about Nature? Here I've lived all of my twenty-nine years without ever having been stung by a bee! Nature—it's simply thrilling! You can believe it or not, but this morning I got up at half-past eight." She added: "I did it because I wanted to."

"How's the bank balance?" I asked.

Julia crinkled her freckles. "Sixty-seven dollars, and I still owe for the beans."

"Julia, for heaven's sake let me help you out with a thousand!"

"Mother always told me not to accept money from strange men. Besides, a thousand's no good to anybody."

"Terence is after you," I warned her. "He'll make it as hot for you as he can."

Julia glanced off through the trees to the camp, where five or six unwholesome little Terences were floundering on the porch.

"It's nice having Mrs. Terence around to cook and clean up," she said. "But Terence has spoiled it. On the whole I think we've roughed it long enough." She got up briskly. "Paddle me over to your aunt's, darling. I want to phone."

And all the way across the lake she chattered blithely, while the pensive wrinkle deepened between her eyes and while I wondered what schemes were revolving in her golden head.

When she put in a long-distance call for New York, I said, "Shall I clear out?"

"Oh, no, you'd eavesdrop through the transom anyway." She turned to the phone. "Hello! The Starbright Shaving Cream Company? Mr. Wenne? . . . Mr. Wenne, this is Julia O'Shay—Mrs. Norton O'Shay. I've arranged the testimonial I spoke to you about. . . . Yes, the Earl of Cumberford—he's quite willing. . . . Yes, five thousand was the price. You'd better have a man come up here tomorrow to arrange the details, because we may be leaving. . . . Yes, I'll try not to disappoint you—photograph and all that. . . . Charity? Oh, just mail me the check and I'll take care of it. Thanks." Julia lit one of my aunt's cigarettes and flopped on the couch.

"Another dirty trick," I said.

"Oh, he realizes that it's only a lark. For charity, you know. Awfully obliging boy." Julia went on: "He and Mazie will be very happy together."

"On an income of one testimonial a year?"

Julia drawled: "Oh, forget it! I have bigger game in the offing. But the dear child insists on seeing Niagara Falls. I suggested a canoe trip—you can canoe-trip for weeks on a hundred dollars—but he almost cried until I promised him a look at Niagara. Harry, do you suppose he could be a little bit queer?"

"Oh, no," I said. "It's just love. I had a craving to see Niagara one time myself, but the girl eloped with her mother's dancing teacher and I haven't been bothered since."

"Well, you can't hire a car and a chauffeur for nothing," Julia said. "It's only fair that Charlie should pay his way. You come with us, Harry—do!"

"Not on your life," I replied. "My nerves couldn't stand the strain."

Julia and her love birds were still touring the northern wilds when the earl's boyish grin bloomed in all the metropolitan dailies. I suppose he saw a copy of the ad and thought it fearfully jolly.

By this time he was in an ecstatic coma and wholly unable to grasp the intricacies of Julia's schemes. Nevertheless, I wondered how long she could keep him in the isolation that the state of her finances made so desirable. The upper crust of society was giving off a faint steam—they wanted their earl! And I thought: "If she keeps him hidden much longer they'll start wondering just why Mrs. Norton O'Shay is so elusive, and it won't take them long to find out."

Then, on the first of August, Julia and her protégés swept down Madison Avenue in a hired limousine and engaged an elegant suite at the Ritz. "She must have struck gold," I thought, and went right over to congratulate her.

Julia's manner was tailored and serene, but there were new lines in her face.

"I heard about your triumphal entry," I said. "It must feel great to be rich."

Julia flicked ashes all over her Louis Quinze drawing-room. "Harry, run downstairs and pay that chauffeur."

I whistled. "It's like that, is it? And how about these rooms?"

"Thanks," she said. "I wasn't going to stick you for them, but since you've mentioned it ——"

"Nothing doing, Julia! If you want to get two rooms and a connecting bath in some nice, quiet, family hotel, I'll pay the bill forever and ever. But I resent being stuck for all this crazy extravagance just because you're a snobbish ——"

Julia sprawled in a chair and yawned. "Stop talking like your plebeian grandfather," she snapped, "and pay that chauffeur."

I paid her chauffeur. When I got back to her suite she was crouching tiredly over the phone.

"Pour me a drink, Harry." And, sipping it, her face brightened, her nose crinkled. "Everything's rosy, darling; we've been invited to Watch Hill."

"About these rooms ——" I said.

"They want their earl." Julia sighed. "Poor darlings, they'll do anything to get him! And I feel that Mazie and I ought to go along so that he won't feel bashful among all those strangers."

"So that one of Patricia's daughters won't grab him, you mean! I'm surprised they tolerate you, even for the sake of Charlie the earl."

Julia smiled brightly. "They wouldn't, darling, if they knew it was too late. He did it on the Maid of the Mist—that's a boat, you know."

"Did what?" I asked irritably.

"Proposed." Julia curled up on the sofa like a fluffy poodle. "Now they're out shopping for a ring. He's been saving up for five months to buy it. Wasn't that sweet of him?"

"Heaven help him!" I said.

Julia shook her golden cloud of hair. "Oh, no, darling; I'll help him."

"About these rooms ——" Behind me I heard the steps of Mazie and the earl. I have often seen happy young men, but never have I seen one carry the emotion to such fatuous extremes. Mazie was objectionably happy, too, although her eyes had a strained look and her face was a trifle drawn.

"Guess!" Julia cried. "Patricia O'Shay has invited us to Watch Hill! And Harry has volunteered to fly us up there tomorrow in a plane."

"Oh, I say, Crimmer, that'll be jolly!"

"Jolly as the devil!" I thought. And clutching my check book, I escaped.

As a matter of fact, I didn't fly them to Watch Hill the next afternoon; I merely paid for the plane. But I managed to attend the party that Patricia gave in honor of Charlie the earl.

It was a grand party until Julia slew the whole crowd of them by blandly announcing Mazie's engagement.

Only a deadly poison gas could have had an equally withering effect on that unhappy collection of O'Shays. Terence and his family were not present; neither were the Cincinnati O'Shays; nor was Dicky O'Shay, whose bucket shop caused such family consternation in 1922. But Victor and his wife were there; also the Philadelphia O'Shays, with their daughter Barbara and their disappointed expressions. The Newport branch came down in force, and there were all sorts of aunts, cousins, nephews and nieces. Every one of them was respectable and thoroughly dull except Dirk O'Shay, who was invited only because he was the richest of them all. His yacht lay at anchor in the harbor—that yacht as sleek as its owner, for which so many charming women had squandered their reputations. Dirk was a marauding bachelor of fifty. Plump below and lean on top, he had the look of a well-fed vulture. I think I was the only one present who noticed how his little, cold, birdlike eyes followed Julia wherever she went.

That was because every lorgnette in the place was focused on Julia herself. In a flame-colored gown and Patricia's diamonds, she was lovelier than I had ever seen her. And knowing that Julia's bank balance amounted to something under two hundred dollars, I was overwhelmed by her serenity and poise.

At a little after midnight she pulled me aside into the rose arbor.

"Darling," she whispered, "I'm up against it. I'd counted on the Philadelphia O'Shays for a big wedding, but they feel that the strain of it might bring back poor little Barbara's sinus trouble. They're most unsympathetic, darling, but if you'd talk to them ——"

I said, "I've half a mind to warn Charlie. Julia, you've no right to go through with this business."

"If you warn him," replied Julia, "I'll shoot you—or worse still, I'll marry you."

"Julia! Marry me now! We can take Mazie off and find her a nice, rich college boy"

"I've got to get out of Watch Hill, all right," Julia whispered. "But first about this wedding ——" A whiff of cigar smoke checked her. Peering out of the arbor, she called gayly: "Dirk! Oh, Dirk!"

The vulture cruised down on us. Even in the dark his little eyes had a bright, metallic luster. Julia laughed. "Dirk, I've made up my mind that you're taking us to Newport on the yacht. We'll leave after lunch. Now don't refuse me, darling."

The vulture took the cigar from his mouth, flicked it, and muttered, "H'm!"

"Oh, you won't regret it!" Julia laughed. "Let me tell you my plan." She took his arm and they moved off across the lawn toward the orchestra. Unaccountably I felt sick and more than a trifle disgusted.

"The downgrade," I thought bitterly. "Even the best of them come to it. Oh, Julia!"

Of her life at Newport I have only a second-hand knowledge. No doubt her bridge game kept the earl's pipe burning and soothed the more urgent of Mazie's dressmakers; Julia was an expert bridge player. I heard vaguely of a good night at the roulette table and of a profitable venture in *chemin de fer*. I heard also that Dirk O'Shay was with them a good deal, but not enough to arouse suspicion; and I thought: "She's paying her own way. Perhaps she'll squirm loose from him yet." But to me her difficulties seemed so tremendous that I thought I'd better speak to my friend Dolorez about it. After all, Julia was forty-one; Dolorez, of the Vanities, was nineteen—and I knew Dirk's partiality for the teens.

"Dirk O'Shay?" My friend Dolorez squashed her tiny snub nose against the window of her penthouse apartment. Together we stared moodily at the river. "I've cleverly avoided him all winter," sighed Dolorez. "But I'd love to run up to Newport and renew our acquaintance—only I haven't a thing to wear."

"Would some nice jade bracelets keep you warm?" I asked.

Dolorez clapped her hands. "Just the thing for summer, Harry dear!" And after a visit to the jeweler's I put twelve suitcases and Dolorez on the train for Newport. Walking back through the station I collided with a fat rubbery substance. It was Terence.

"Hello, Harry," he said worriedly. "Have you seen five or six kiddies around any place? They'd be carrying some woodchuck traps and a bucket full of turtles."

I couldn't help him. Terence mopped his walrus brow. "Gordon arrived at the camp and we had to get out. Gordon tells us Mazie and that earl chap are getting married on board Dirk O'Shay's yacht. Just like Julia to pull off a stunt like that! Dirk's bringing them down on the yacht in two weeks or so. Then they'll have the wedding. And I hear Julia's starting a bit of a romance with old Dirk. Maybe a double wedding, eh?"

"And maybe not," I thought grimly as I escaped.

It was sheer unhappiness that made me disagreeable when Julia phoned me two weeks later. "Darling? Is that you? Did you get your invitation to the wedding?" Her voice sounded fagged. "I'm at the Ritz again. Do come up for a talk!"

"I've nothing to talk to you about."

"The same suite," Julia drawled. "Don't bother to be announced."

"Can't possibly make it!" I said firmly. And my irritation lasted until I had seen what a tired, worn, semihysterical little thing they had made her. For once Julia looked her age—and more. In a blue negligee she curled up on the sofa and rested her chin on her freckly knuckles.

"Don't scold," she said huskily. "I have had a time! But now everything's arranged. I've pulled it off, my dear!" Julia blinked tiredly. "After the wedding tomorrow I'm shipping the youngsters off to England with enough money to last them—oh, ever so long! Wasn't that a fine thing to accomplish?"

"And you?" I asked sourly

"Me? Oh, I deserve a rest. I'm thinking of the West Indies. Dirk's yacht, you know—just a small party of us."

"Meaning Dirk and yourself? Julia, if you do it I'll be through with you for good and all."

"Think of Cumberford," she said. "The earl and Mazie—it's worth it, darling"

"No, it's not!" I cried. "And you're doing a terrible thing if you go off with that rotten ——"

"A bargain's a bargain, and there's honor even among women. You wouldn't have me cheat?"

"Yes, I would!"

"Three o'clock tomorrow," she said. "We've had it planned for over two weeks. We'll slip out of the harbor and the captain will marry us at sea. Everything will be quiet and well-bred and—not intolerable."

"I'll shoot him," I said bitterly.

"That would get me into a mess!" She held out a limp hand. "You're tiresome today, Harry. Run along and get a good night's sleep and be on tap for the wedding."

For once I disobeyed Julia; I neither slept well that night nor was I on tap for the wedding. Instead I found myself at noon in Dolorez' penthouse apartment, listening unhappily to the rattle of those jade bracelets.

"Jade costs money," I said with gloom.

Dolorez clasped her hands behind her yellow curls. "Now, don't be unpleasant," she reproved me. "I've earned them, Harry."

"It doesn't look like it," I replied. "They're sailing for the West Indies in a couple of hours."

"So?" Dolorez smiled brightly. "Then I won't have the pleasure of dining with him tonight?"

I asked skeptically, "You've a date with him tonight?"

From a velvet box Dolorez took a three-pound string of pearls. "I thought I had," she said. "In fact I was going to allow him the privilege of clasping this vulgar display around my lovely neck." She sighed. "I

(Continued on Page 114)

GRAHAM
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Again, in further fulfillment of our pledge to make our cars constantly better, we offer five new models in a wide variety of body types, with many improvements and refinements.

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Graham-Paige dealers everywhere invite you to attend the introductory showing of these new and finer motor cars—and particularly to see the Tachometer Test, an interesting and convincing demonstration of the advantages of *four speeds forward.*

Sixes and Eights—A Wide Variety of Body Types

(Continued from Page 111)

really would have preferred a limousine. But he did want to clasp something around my neck, and a limousine would have been so awkward. Tell me; how much longer must I tolerate the brute?"

"I still think he's ditching you for the West Indies. But if you hold him until this evening you can give him the shake."

"Right after he clasps the pearls"—Dolorez yawned—"my appendix will practically explode. Poor Dirk! The way he developed our little romance behind Julia O'Shay's back was a triumph in technic! And how he adores me!"

"I'm counting on just that," I said. And at half-past one I found Julia in her suite, gazing pensively at an untouched luncheon. In the bedroom three maids were putting things in trunks and hat boxes. Julia's face was haggard but determined.

"No more preaching," she said listlessly. "The youngsters have sailed, and I'm tired."

"Julia," I demanded, "you're absolutely determined to go off with that vulture?"

Julia clapped her hands over her ears. "I promised I'd sail with him right after the wedding. And I'm going to keep my word. So don't agonize, darling, please!"

"All right." I took hold of her wrists and made her listen to me. "One last request! Julia, promise me that you'll sail with him this afternoon or not at all! Promise me that if he postpones the voyage for any reason you'll consider your contract automatically canceled! You said you'd go right after the wedding—well, if he won't take you right after the wedding, it's not your fault, is it?"

"No," she whispered.

"You didn't tell him you'd wait around until it would be convenient for him to go cruising, did you?"

"No."

"Then if he won't sail immediately you'll consider yourself free, and act accordingly?"

"Yes."

"Promise?"

"Yes," she said. "But I don't understand ——" The doorbell rang. "That's Dirk now," Julia whispered. "Good-by, Harry. You'll have to go now. Dirk's so irritable about other men."

"And I'm sticking around," I said, "to see if he's irritable about other women." Through the crack of the bedroom door two maids and I observed Dirk's entrance. His birdlike eyes were alert and jumpy, his pinkish face had a drawn and absent look.

"I'm almost ready," Julia said. "The men are coming for my baggage in fifteen minutes. I can't stand unpunctuality, my dear, even in myself."

The vulture ran a finger around the inside of his collar.

"Julia ——" he said, and paused. "It's the heat," he added. "It upsets my liver. I hate to be at sea when my liver's on the blink."

"Nonsense! Will you get me my hat?"

The vulture sat down worriedly. "Julia, the doctor says I'll die if I go to sea right now."

"And wouldn't you die for me? Oh, Dirk!"

"Yes, yes! I'd die for you! But if we could wait until next month ——"

"Next month? But I have other plans for next month. Oh, Dirk, you've stopped loving me!"

"No, I haven't!"

"You're trying to get out of taking me!"

"No, I'm not," whined the vulture.

"Well, if you want me you can take me now, or not at all. There was nothing in our agreement about waiting around until the sea would be convenient for your liver."

"Then I'd better go," said the vulture, not unhappily.

"Just a minute!" Julia's voice was a trifle brusque. "You can't get off that easily, my poor Dirk! You've trifled with my affections, and made me run up a lot of bills, and you think you can walk out on me like this? The least you can do is to pay for the damage to my heart."

I could see Dirk's face. It was a wonderful thing to look at.

"How much?" he asked.

"Oh, thousands and thousands and thousands," replied Julia huskily; and Dirk reached for his check book.

It was embarrassing when Julia found me hugging one of the maids.

"Explain," she said sternly, and folded up in a chair.

I said, "The girl's a perfect stranger to me. I just felt happy, that's all."

Julia sniffed. "You put some woman on his trail, no doubt. I should have thought of it myself."

"You were tired," I said. "Julia, let *me* take you off for your rest "

"No, I'm going off alone and think about Norton. Perhaps a little farmhouse in Vermont. And—and the cheaper the better!"

It was months before I saw her again. And all the time I was wondering what she would do when the money she had wangled from Dirk ran out. With those Cumberford liabilities hanging over her, I felt that her story would never end until she married some millionaire and allowed him the privilege of paying her bills. Then one winter day I met Victor O'Shay in the Goats' Club.

"Julia?" he said. "Oh, Julia's all right; she's in England, you know."

I spoke with caution. "I've heard that at the time of Norton's death she was—er—not so well off as one might have thought. Has she any financial worries?"

Victor's horselike face broke into an ironic grin. "That woman—she never has money worries! As a matter of fact, Norton left her dead broke. None of us knew it until a couple of months ago. Then she took a flying trip over here and demanded money." Victor shrugged. "Hang it, man, the O'Shays couldn't let an earl starve to death—or an earl's wife and mother-in-law, for that matter! We fixed Julia up with more than enough; she was very grateful." Victor's eyes gleamed wisely. "It's handy having Julia over there—very handy! You've heard that Barbara, and Patricia, and my wife are all being presented at court? Well, they are. Julia's a useful person in her way. She deserves her income. It's big enough for four people, but she earns it! If ever you want an introduction to the cream of London society ——"

I left him with the thought: "Still working for her living!" And another: "Earning enough for four people!" And an overwhelming desire to see Julia again sent me packing off to London when the first spring smells were on the wind. But Julia had slipped away. In a sort of breathless hurry I chased her to Paris, Munich, Strasburg, and down through France to Marseilles. At Biarritz I lost her, but I picked up the trail again at Mentone. In a hired runabout I roared down the Italian Riviera to Genoa and Santa Margherita and Spezia. She was in Florence when I caught her. We sat on a balcony over the Arno, and I felt that I could go on sitting there forever.

"Julia," I said, "I never want to be a burden on anyone as long as I live. But there are only three of you, and Victor says you have a large enough income for four. Julia, there's no one else who can support me as luxuriously as you can support me. I'm afraid that it's your duty to marry me and take care of me."

Julia crinkled the freckles on her nose. "I'll be glad to marry you, darling, now that I'm sure you want me for my money alone."

"That's it," I sighed. "And you can start by going downstairs and paying that chauffeur."

Julia's voice was muffled and dim. "He can wait," she said huskily. "It—it pays to be extravagant."

WAR PROPAGANDA

(Continued from Page 44)

Swiss newspapers camouflaged as pro-German were distributed within enemy lines. The articles were artfully calculated to invite unfavorable comparisons with conditions in Germany. A fake trench newspaper, including in its title decoration a head of the kaiser, cleverly concealed pro-Ally and pro-American propaganda. Pamphlets cunningly adapted to appeal to the religious sentiments of German soldiers portrayed Germany's approaching military defeat as a just retribution for the crimes of the German Government.

The Committee on Public Information made strenuous efforts to counteract German propaganda in South America, in Mexico and in Spain. Mexico, Colombia and Venezuela were unfriendly to the United States. Argentina was pro-German. Partly through local agents, partly through infiltration from German propaganda headquarters in Spain, German propaganda had sown distrust of the United States in South and Central America. Economic measures and diplomatic pressure were called into play with uncanny skill to reënforce our propaganda.

The Battleground in Spain

Spain was the main battleground of the two propagandas. Life in Madrid was made picturesque by a regular spy exchange in an out-of-the-way café, where the spies of both sides met to interchange their wares! Creel established a cable service between New York and Madrid. In a short time eyewitnesses reported an astonishing progress of the Wilson cult in Spain.

Soon American propaganda assumed world-wide proportions. Creel made impressive arrangements to give world-wide publicity to the addresses of President Wilson. Every presidential speech was translated, within forty-eight hours, into every civilized language. Newspapermen from Spain, Holland, Scandinavia and South America visited the Front as guests of the American Government. Creel courted the editors of Mexico with flattering attentions. A newspaperman loaned to Mr. Creel by the Associated Press installed a daily news service for China, Japan, the Philippines and Hawaii. Window hangings and display sheets were shipped to Russia, China, Japan, Korea and some parts of India. A special version was prepared for Oriental countries. Later a direct wireless service was established at Vladivostok, Harbin, Irkutsk and Omsk.

Northcliffe vied with Creel in sending, through every conceivable channel, countless thousands of President Wilson's speeches into Germany and Austria-Hungary. Wilson's message to the Austro-Hungarian people, which, in the opinion of Creel, had the force of a military offensive, was smuggled into the Dual Monarchy.

But this was not sufficient. Propaganda headquarters in Paris loaded mortar guns with paper bullets and equipped airplanes with tons of pamphlets. A French hand grenade carried leaflets 600 feet in a favorable wind. A large shell made for the same purpose could travel four or five miles into the enemy lines. The British shot leaflets from a six-inch gun that carried ten or twelve miles. The Italians used rockets carrying forty or fifty pamphlets over the Front. The English devised a standard propaganda balloon manufactured at the rate of 2000 a week. This balloon was made of paper cut in longitudinal panels with a neck of oiled silk. Its circumference was twenty feet and its height, inflated, was eight feet. Each of these balloons carried approximately 500 to 1000 leaflets. Its lifting power was sufficiently strong to take into the air to a height of five or six thousand feet.

The unit for the distribution of balloon propaganda consisted of two motor lorries which took the men, the hydrogen cylinders and the load of printed matter to a sheltered position selected every morning by the officer in charge, in consultation with meteorological experts. The load of the balloon depended upon the direction of the wind. If it were blowing toward Belgium it was intrusted with copies of Le Courrier de l'Air. If the wind was blowing toward Germany it carried leaflets for the education of the enemy. This form of warfare was more effective than poison gas.

Propaganda From the Sky

All the Allies employed paper balloons filled with coal gas. The balloons remained in the air for twenty-four hours and could make 600 miles in a moderate wind. At the time of the Armistice American ingenuity perfected a new type of balloon with a cruising radius of 500 miles, with a tin container capable of holding 10,000 sheets, to carry American propaganda into the heart of Germany. If the war had lasted longer this balloon would have supplanted the more primitive paper balloons of the Allies.

Lord Northcliffe's enemy propaganda department dropped 5,360,000 leaflets over the German front in October, 1918. The exact number of American leaflets is not known. But the combined bombardment undermined the confidence of the Germans. One German writer referred to these leaflets as "English poison raining down from God's clear sky." Hindenburg could devise no method to counteract this propaganda. "This," the field marshal remarks in his autobiography, "was a new weapon, or rather a weapon which had never been employed on such a scale and so ruthlessly in the past."

President Wilson's speeches furnished the ammunition of all propaganda guns and propaganda balloons. Various devices were used to compel the German press to print the President's speeches assuring the Germans that the Allies did not desire their political or economic annihilation. Mr. Wilson hinted strongly at the possibility of a reconciliation with a liberalized Germany, and disavowed the threats made in Allied quarters of an economic war against Germany after the peace, while Mr. Wells toyed with such phrases as "the League of Free Nations."

The eloquence of Woodrow Wilson was the most powerful battering ram of Allied and American propaganda against the Germans. "The President," writes Colonel House to Lord Bryce, "is trying to get the truth into Germany, in order to wage war against the Prussian autocracy from within as well as from without." Mr Wilson impressed the liberals of all countries who recoiled from the horrors of war, with the idea that this war was "a necessary, although a terrible undertaking." This, Colonel House contends, was one of the greatest services rendered to the Allied cause by President Wilson.

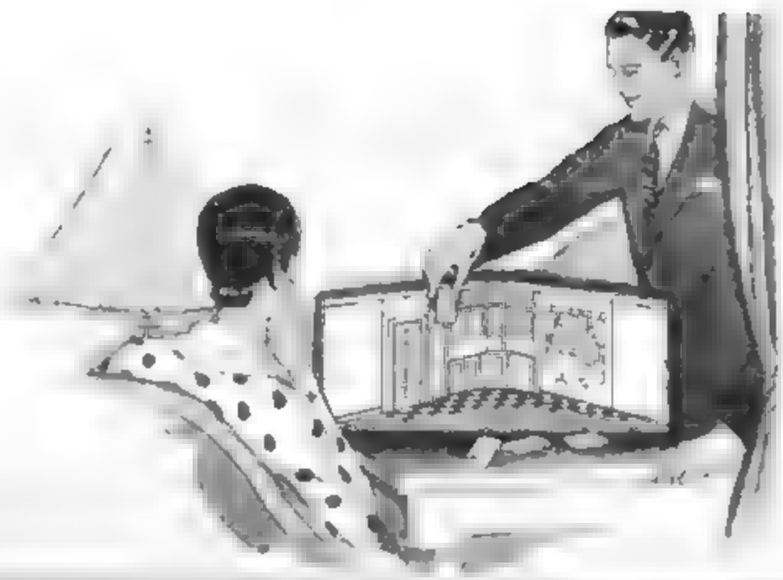
There is no doubt, Colonel House adds, that there would have been more trouble among the so-called pacifists had it not been for the Wilson influence. "The vital effect of his speeches and propaganda in Germany," Wilson's *alter ego* goes on to say, "have been fully recognized by German writers, and culminated in the German request for an armistice based on the Fourteen Points." "If," remarks Professor Lasswell, "the great generalissimo on the military Front was Foch, the great generalissimo on the propaganda front was Wilson."

Paradoxically enough, the effect of the constant bombardment by propaganda was

(Continued on Page 117)

Now . . . you can Design your Dream Kitchen

—right on your library table!



EVERY woman has dreamed of designing her own kitchen—for no one can plan for her just those convenient units *she* wants, arranged just as *she* wants them.

Now, the new Curtis *miniature kitchen* idea makes it possible for you to design your new kitchen right on your library table—actually *see* the kitchen of your dreams. For all Curtis kitchen units in all sizes are reproduced in miniature, ready to be assembled in numberless combinations to meet your heart's desire.

It's like an absorbing new game! First you'll place doors and windows, stove and sink, in their relative positions. Then the fun begins!

A unit for pots and pans beside the stove—or near the sink? A broom closet (with that clever concealed ironing board) near the door—or off in one corner? A drawer section beside it—or over here near the refrigerator? Shall you have storage units over the sink—and extra cabinets that go to the ceiling? And here's that fascinating special Curtis unit to put in place—with its sugar bin, flour bin, and drawer for cutlery that tilt forward obligingly as it's opened. And of course you'll want to have your units "turn a corner" (as in the kitchen illustrated)—making every inch of space available and cleaning easier.

And, well—there you are! Just the kitchen you've always dreamed of having. Curtis kitchen units come to you completely set up, all ready to put into place. And when you know the amazingly reasonable cost, you'll know dreams do come true!

There's a lumber dealer near you who has a complete miniature set of all Curtis kitchen units. He will be pleased to help you design your miniature kitchen—right on your library table!* We have prepared attractive literature illustrating and describing a few of the endless combinations of kitchen units possible. You will find it helpful in your building or remodeling plans. The coupon will bring it to you *free!*

How simple to pick out just the knife or fork or spoon you're looking for, when the cutlery drawer tilts forward so obligingly. The sugar and flour bins also tip downward, making re-filling simpler

The door to the broom closet serves a double purpose. Release a catch, down comes a sturdy ironing board adjustable to proper height. There's a sleeve board too, of course. (Note the convenient toe space around base of the units.)

The Curtis Companies Service Bureau,
907 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Representing

Curtis Companies, Inc., Clinton, Ia.; Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Ia.; Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wis.; Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Ia.; Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebr.; Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Ill.; Curtis-Yale-Purvis Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; and Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Topeka, Kansas

Visit Curtis Woodwork, Inc., Display Rooms and Sales Office, Room 201, 9 East 41st Street, New York City. Chicago Display Rooms, Curtis Door & Sash Co., 1414 South Western Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**Free Planning Service*

If you prefer, enclose with the coupon below a plan of your present kitchen, showing all dimensions and location of doors, windows, sink, etc. We will send you sample layouts giving our suggestions for the use of Curtis units to bring to your kitchen just that utility and convenience you are seeking.

1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

This trade-mark appears only on Curtis Woodwork and no item of woodwork that does not bear this mark is genuine Curtis Woodwork. For your own protection be sure this mark is on each piece.

CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU,
907 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Please send me literature illustrating and describing Curtis kitchen units, with complete information.

I intend to build ☐ remodel ☐

Name . .

Address .

City. . . . . State. . . . . .

FROM THE CURTIS LINE
OF PERIOD REPRODUCTIONS

The Rochambeau Mantel

Curtis applies the same care in the design and manufacture of kitchen units, windows, doors, trim and porchwork that you find in the more elaborate Curtis historical reproductions of mantels, stairwork and entrances. Ask to see the complete Curtis catalogue.

Women vote overwhelmingly for new, *no-wringer* EASY Washers *at lowest prices*

TWO new EASY Washers—both with the famous, safe Damp-Dryer—both at the *lowest prices* at which any no-wringer EASY was ever offered—are revolutionizing the washing machine business

SALES DOUBLED Last Month

In the few short weeks since these sensational new washers were announced, women by the tens of thousands have turned to this safe, modern method of washing.

Think of it! At a cost no greater than that of ordinary washers, these new washers bring you *extra* safety—*extra* speed—*extra* convenience—*extra* gentleness. And you can have these extras on your favorite style of washer—either *suction* type or *agitator* type.

The modern way

The EASY centrifugal Damp-Dryer is infinitely safer, faster, easier and gentler than the old-fashioned wringer.

You merely transfer a whole tubful of clothes from the washing tub to the damp-drying tub. Then close the lid and turn a lever.

In less than two minutes the water is whirled out of this big batch of clothes—ready for sun-drying. While one batch of clothes is being damp-dried, another tubful can be washed, for washtub and Damp-Dryer operate independent of each other

This famous EASY method puts absolutely no strain on fabrics. There is no squeezing, twisting or pulling. No broken buttons. The clothes rest easily and do not move as the dryer revolves. Nothing moves but the water as it comes out of the clothes

Extras at no extra cost

Besides greater safety for you and your clothes, the no-wringer EASY Washers offer these extra advantages over wringer type washers

Eliminate slow, tedious hand-feeding, piece-by-piece, into a wringer. Line-drying in the sun is speeded up because the Damp-Dryer takes out more water than wringing does.

Clothes are left evenly damp. The hems do not drip. In bad weather, the clothes can be line-dried indoors for ironing the same day.

Bulky things like blankets and feather pillows that will not go through a wringer are perfectly damp-dried by this method. Clothes come out free from deep, hard creases. Ironing is easier.

Rinsing also can be done in the Damp-Dryer without handling the clothes until ready for sun-drying. All water is emptied by a power pump.

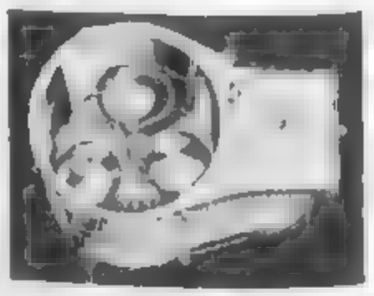
Free trial offer

See for yourself what an amazing improvement these new no-wringer EASY Washers are over ordinary washers. Call your EASY dealer today—he is listed in your telephone book—or write us for a free demonstration. Then if you like you can pay for it on EASY terms.

SYRACUSE WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

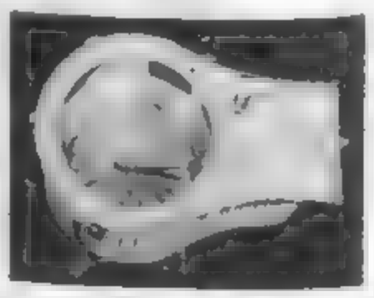
DEALERS

EASY offers dealers a plan for making money that will command the immediate interest and respect of your banker. Let our representative tell you of the opportunities in your locality. Write us today



Suction Type no-wringer EASY

This new, improved model is more compact—shorter and lower. 8-pound wash capacity—2 more than the average. Three motions wash, rinse, damp-dry. Lowers lint, dirt, rinsing water back and forth through clothes



Agitator Type no-wringer EASY

The new EASY single-motor produces unobstructed action of water and clothes. The EASY feature secures the ideal "roll over" action—that tremendously fast, efficient yet gentle washing principle. 8-pound capacity

EASY THE SAFE WASHER

Also supplied with 4-cycle gasoline motor for homes without electricity

(Continued from Page 114)

scarcely less fatal to the Allies than to the Germans. Unable to check the anti-German resentment of their constituents, the Big Four were caught at Versailles in the trap of their own propaganda. Colonel House testifies to this effect. More insatiable than the Tiger, public opinion in France condemned Clemenceau for his moderation. If he had yielded on the occupation of the Rhineland he would have been hurled from power and replaced by a more stubborn premier. Lloyd George, we learn, admitted that the public estimate of Germany's capacity to pay was absurd, but did not care or dare to tell the electorate. Similarly, Orlando would have accepted more moderate terms on the Adriatic question, but political forces in Italy compelled him to be obdurate in his demands. We can see from the colonel's diary that the prime ministers were far from exercising supreme power. Inflaming popular emotion during the war, they had created a Frankenstein monster.

All history presents no more tragic figure than Woodrow Wilson. America, 3000 miles from the battle line, was saturated with propaganda. President Wilson, Colonel House jots down in one of his notes, did not realize until late in September, 1918, the nearly unanimous sentiment in the United States against anything but unconditional surrender.

No longer sure of the support of the American people, President Wilson was compelled to discard his Fourteen Points, one by one. The propagandists, seizing upon his words, had turned his noble purpose into a *ruse de guerre* to inveigle the enemy into surrender. In the state of mind existing at home and abroad a sane peace was no longer possible. It may be said that American propaganda was not only successful but that it was too successful. Woodrow Wilson the propagandist defeated Woodrow Wilson the statesman.

The war taught us much about propaganda. Bolshevist Russia intensified our education. The Soviets developed marvelous propaganda systems. They equipped special propaganda trains to carry the gospel of Lenin to the most far-flung districts. Children could obtain the necessities of life only by attending communist schools. Every Bolshevist soldier became a Bolshevist propagandist. The Bolshevist infection, spreading into Germany, benumbed the hands of the German Government and reduced Germany to impotence. Up went the red flag in Kiel, Hamburg and Munich.

Profiting by Misery

Austria and Hungary were plague spots of communism. But anarchy makes no discrimination between friend and foe. Like influenza, it stopped at no frontier. The spirit of revolution leaped across oceans. Seizing Wilson's doctrine of self-determination for their own purposes, the Bolshevists roused all Asia. Everywhere the fruit of victory turned into Dead Sea fruit.

The Armistice, far from putting an end to propaganda, accelerated its wheels. Every belligerent promptly established propaganda headquarters in Paris. Every day some propaganda bomb exploded in the press. We were deafened by the noise of these detonations. At times two contending propaganda forces, skirmishing for some special advantage, annihilated each other. Some propagandists fell by the wayside, but new recruits appeared to continue the task with undiminished intensity. The army of propagandists was never completely demobilized. Skeleton regiments, or *cadres*, of propaganda exist in every country and every foreign office. Every embassy boasts of trained propagandists.

Every belligerent employed propaganda in one form or another to liquidate the war. The famished Belgian baby, the emaciated Armenian, the German child reduced almost to a skeleton by war privations became successively the stalking horses of propaganda.

It is true that thousands, if not millions, of children in every country were doomed to atone for the sins of their fathers by wrecked constitutions. Unborn generations will continue to pay the monstrous toll. The propagandist, however, was less interested in the children than in the opportunity to exploit their misery.

France used her martial heroes in the game of propaganda. Joffre and Foch appeared in America to rekindle by their presence our flagging French sympathies. The slump in pro-French enthusiasm may be ascribed in part to the recital of soldiers returning disgruntled from France.

Is There Any Cure?

Royalty was compelled to serve the ends of postwar propaganda. The visit of Albert, King of the Belgians, and Queen Elisabeth, reminded America that "little Belgium" was still on the map. The visit of the Belgian rulers helped to dissipate the anti-Belgian prejudice that was beginning to spread in the United States. This prejudice, if unchecked, would have increased the political and financial difficulties of the Belgian Government in the long-protracted negotiations which preceded the peace settlement.

Pro-German propagandists cautiously crept out of cyclone cellars and initiated a violent campaign against the occupation of German territory by colored troops. German and Irish societies shed joint tears over the "horrors on the Rhine." The force of those tears, gathering momentum by skillful propaganda in the South and in the national capital, eventually compelled the French Government to withdraw its dusky cohorts from the occupied territory. The Germans skillfully exploited the opportunity to swing American opinion against France and to reintegrate their own forces.

The government of Tyrol submitted its complaints against annexation by Italy to President Harding. All the racial minorities and all the newly formed states employed publicity agents to appeal to American justice and American generosity. Most of the states succeeding the empires wrecked by the war maintain well-organized propaganda bureaus to pull the wires in Washington.

The human mind greedily swallows the dope of the men who buy and sell public opinion. Is there an antidote against this poison? Can we prescribe an antidope against the dope of the propagandist?

Many remedies have been proposed. Some claim that the cure for propaganda is more propaganda. This is true only in a limited sense. Two propagandas, like two adders fighting, may kill each other. Usually they merely bewilder their victims. Propaganda and counterpropaganda inculcate mental confusion or they induce a morbid cynicism, which ends by believing nothing.

Bertrand Russell suggests a disarmament conference to demobilize national propaganda. However, no nation will surrender the weapon of propaganda. Governments may consign battleships to the scrap heap, but they will not forgo the privilege of manipulating opinion. Our entire social fabric rests too much upon the consent of the governed to dispense with propaganda.

"You are too harsh in your judgment of propaganda," the master British propagandist remarked to me with a subtle smile. "Propaganda, in wartime especially, is not always pretty, but it is an essential weapon, like poison gas. Propaganda," he added thoughtfully, "in peace and war is a corollary of democracy. The more democratic a country is, the more propaganda it needs. That was one reason for the excesses of propaganda in the United States."

The field of propaganda widens as illiteracy disappears. Today the printer's devil joins hands with the radio imp. Wireless transmission lends wings to propaganda. We can no longer escape it even on a desert island. It is with us in mid-ocean. It accompanies us to the pole. As our means of intercommunication increase, their abuse will also increase.

Propaganda will play an ever-increasing part in human relations. The world is defenseless against propaganda hiding under such virtuous cloaks as respectability, prosperity, humanity and patriotism. We can legislate against its most obvious abuses, but no lawgiver can ensnare its more subtle manifestations.

Though education is a valuable antidote, sharpening our critical faculty, we have seen how easily the educator himself is victimized by propaganda. Relentless vigilance is the price of intellectual freedom. Even the most conscientious propaganda foe must daily purge his mind and, like the psychoanalyst, analyze his own motives unmercifully, to retain the lucidity of his vision. The educated mind is susceptible to propaganda because it is accustomed to accept too many premises. Professional magicians are more afraid of an audience of schoolboys than of an audience of scholars. The propagandist has more to fear from the censorship of common sense than from the accumulated wisdom of the professors.

Without a Label

If the law has too many meshes, if education is not enough, common sense must be our shield, laughter our weapon, in the unequal battle against propaganda. We must learn to recognize the traps of the propagandists. Though domestic propaganda usually masks its guns behind a barrage of fine words, it invariably conceals a raid on the private purse or the public treasure. Foreign propaganda may be recognized by the fact that it almost always demands some sacrifice of our sovereignty or our rights without exacting the same price from others.

During the Great War, propaganda, like a gigantic upas tree, dripped its poison over all nations. We should be able to identify the poison without a label. When, hereafter, we are exhorted to hate a nation, let us remember the crucified Canadian soldier, the armless Belgian baby and the propaganda rabbits in Doctor Albert's portfolio.

We can defeat the propagandist by laughing out of court those who preach hate, the historians who falsify history, and the blatant politicians appealing to our most primitive instincts under the guise of idealism. Nor should we forget in what perilous measure our own conscious and subconscious desires leap forward to aid and abet the propagandist who preaches a gospel which, for the moment, we wish to embrace.

New crises will produce new forms of manipulating public opinion. Law, education, a knowledge of the past, even a knowledge of ourselves are, I repeat, no infallible safeguard against propaganda. There are times when neither logic nor knowledge can resist the hypnotic beat of the tom-tom. No one is entirely propaganda immune, even as no one entirely escapes all children's diseases. The forms of propaganda are too mutable. Its approach is too cunning. It is more insidious than malaria, more deadly than the plague. But if we inoculate ourselves with the serum of horse sense and of humor we can, within modest bounds, impose a limit on its ravages.

Beyond that, I know no prescription.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by a War Propagandist

The Albert Portfolio

EARLY in the year 1915, President Wilson sent for Wm. J. Flynn, who was then Chief of the U. S. Secret Service, and instructed him to make a discreet but thorough investigation of the activities of Count von Bernstorff and his staff, as it had been reported they were violating all the rules of neutrality, and the President wanted facts.

Flynn selected the following men to aid him in this investigation: Bill Nye, Frank Burke, Steve Connell, Myles McCahill, and W. H. Houghton. Later, as the scope of the investigation broadened, this force was increased.

The day Doctor Albert's bag was secured, Viereck left his office at 1 P.M. on a hot Saturday afternoon late in July, and he was followed closely by Houghton, and when Viereck entered the offices of the Hamburg American Line, Houghton phoned to Flynn, who was in his office, located a short distance away in the Customhouse. At 2:30 P.M., Houghton was joined by Frank Burke, and at 3 P.M. Viereck and Doctor Albert left 42 Broadway and boarded the Sixth Avenue L at Rector Street. At Twenty-third Street, Viereck left the train, followed by Houghton, and soon after Doctor Albert fell asleep and awoke with a start when the L was gliding into the Fiftieth Street station, where he was due to leave, as he had to change to shuttle, as he was going to Fifty-ninth Street. Albert rushed from the train, forgetting his precious bag, and came to his senses as the guard slammed the gates, shouting the name of the next station.

Burke, being fast on the bases, walked over and sat on the bag, and at the next station reached down and walked off, unobserved, with the bag, as the only other passenger in that car was a girl reading a book. The following Monday this ad was noticed in the columns of the New York Evening Telegram:

LOST—On Saturday, on 3:30 Harlem elevated train, at 50th st. station, brown leather Bag, containing documents. Deliver to G. H. HOFFMAN, 5 East 47th st., against $20 reward.

So close was this coup kept a secret that when the New York World published some of Doctor Albert's letters, A. Bruce Bielaski, who had charge of the investigation of German activities, sent an agent to the editors demanding the original letters and asking how they came by them. This caused a few quiet chuckles in secret-service circles.

W. H. HOUGHTON.

Foot Pains
—a bad influence on health

"ONE needs only to observe the feet of the passing throng to see the heavy penalty thousands pay for abuse and neglect of the feet. Note the many men and women walking with a shuffling gait as if every step meant torture, their faces aged far beyond their years. They are but a fraction of the many who suffer from various foot troubles, never realizing what it entails in loss of nervous energy, lowered health, lessened efficiency and restricted pleasure.

Yet all this widespread suffering could easily be avoided. Timely care of the feet would prevent it.

Never neglect even the most minor foot ailment. There is no longer the slightest excuse for anyone to endure so much as the most ordinary foot discomfort."

—By WM. M. SCHOLL, M.D.

IF you suffer any pain or discomfort from your feet, do not neglect having it corrected. There is no such thing as a "harmless" foot trouble. Even a corn is not to be trifled with. All serious foot ailments start with some minor defect.

Corns, callouses, bunions, crooked or overlapping toes, pains in the arch, instep or heel, cramps in the toes, weak or swollen ankles, foot and leg pains, tender, feverish feet, offensive or excessive perspiration—for all these foot conditions there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy, guaranteed to give immediate and lasting relief.

During the past 25 years Dr. Wm. M. Scholl has discovered and perfected practically every Appliance and Remedy used today in alleviating and correcting foot troubles. Throughout the United States, Canada, Europe, Mexico, South America, and in every country on the globe, Dr. Scholl's Correctives are the accepted standards of treatment for foot troubles. Millions of people owe their foot happiness to them.

They are on sale at all drug, shoe and department stores. Many of these stores maintain a separate department devoted exclusively to Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, and employ an Expert skilled in analyzing foot troubles and fitting Dr. Scholl's Foot Appliances.

CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns end pain at once and remove the cause. Protect and peel off. Also Zino-pads for callouses, soothing, healing. Box.

PAINS, CRAMPS HERE

Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Support removes the cause of painful cramps, Morton's Toe and callouses on the ball of the foot; gives quick relief; worn in any shoe; $3.50 to $15 per pair.

SORE, HOT FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm [illegible] tired, aching, burning feet. Promotes foot health. Gives immediate relief. 35c—75c jars.

TIRED, ACHING FEET—WEAK ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's New, Improved Arch Supports give instant relief to tired, aching feet, weak or broken-down arches, foot and leg pains, cramped toes, corns, callouses, bunions, weak ankles, tender heels, etc. They gently raise the arch to normal by easy and comfortable stages. Remarkably thin, light and flexible. Worn in any shoe. Scientifically fitted at leading shoe and dept. stores, $3.50 to $15 per pair.

CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses stop pain instantly; remove shoe pressure. Thin, protective, soothing, healing, guaranteed safe and sure. 35c box.

Write for free booklet

On request we will gladly mail you a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's helpful booklet, "The Feet and Their Care." Address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago; for Canada [illegible]

Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

Getting On in the World

Credit and What to Do With It

"IT'S been my experience," said a successful small-town retail merchant, "that a great many beginners in the retail field don't know what to do with credit when they get it. It may sound a bit egotistic, but I can best illustrate what I mean by telling you my experience when I started here more than thirty years ago.

"I was a green country boy, with a few hundred dollars capital. When I decided to open a store I got on the train and went to Pittsburgh to see a well-known firm of wholesalers I had heard about. I didn't know a soul in the city, and when I got to the firm's building I was a little weak in the knees. I began to think that this idea of mine for opening a store was probably a bit hasty and ill-advised. I managed to make known what I wanted—which was, of course, to establish a line of credit—and at last found myself in conversation with the credit man.

"He was a fatherly soul who did his best to make me feel comfortable. He asked me how much capital I had; what my prospects were for building a business; what competition I would have; what experience I had had; and how much stock I thought I ought to carry. That last question stumped me. I didn't know what to tell him. I was afraid to tell him the figure I had in mind for fear he would think it either too high or too low and would therefore refuse me a line of credit.

"I guess I stammered considerably in trying to tell him what stock I thought I should have, for he said, 'I'll tell you what you do. You take this note to the salesman in the warehouse tomorrow morning and together you pick out what goods you think you will need and can pay for within ninety days. Bring your list to me when you have it made up and I'll decide then what to do. Understand, I make you no promises. I reserve the right to refuse you any credit whatever, or to cut your bill of goods in half if I see fit."

Being Cautious With Credit

"If possible, that scared me worse than ever. I slept very little that night, and I was as nervous as a cat the next morning when I hunted up the warehouse salesman and gave him the credit man's note. I spent the better part of two days getting my bill of goods in shape. Then with considerable fear and trembling I took it to the credit man. He looked it over carefully, checked my figures, and then said the very last thing I had expected him to say. 'You have been too conservative and your stock is just about half what it should be. I wanted to see what you would do with your credit if I granted it, and I'm glad to see that you are conservative. Too many young chaps who come in here for a line of credit want to buy the whole warehouse when I send them out there. They seem to forget that they have to pay for the goods they order. Now you come along with me and we'll pick you out a stock of goods that will give you what you need. You can have six months to settle the account.'

"Incidentally, I might add that in sixty days I had turned my stock, settled my first bill, and was carrying a still larger stock. For thirty years my relations with this firm have been unbrokenly friendly, and I think mutually beneficial.

"Now, I claim no particular merit for my conservatism. It was largely due to my overwhelming desire and determination to succeed. But I have seen so many young merchants go to the wall because they didn't use their line of credit properly, that I thought my own experience might interest you."

To this experience of more than thirty years a prominent credit man adds today: "There is no doubt that there is a strong tendency among retailers just starting in business to run away with themselves, as your merchant friend says. It sounds strange, but I have found by long experience that this is true not so much with the weakest but with the ablest. It is particularly true if they have personality and selling ability. They aspire to do more business than their capital will permit—picture a small boat with too much sail getting struck by an unlooked-for squall. It is a danger the credit man must point out to the new retailer if he doesn't realize it himself.

"Frankly, if a new retailer came to me today with as limited capital as your friend had thirty years ago, I would refuse him credit. Indeed, in many years of credit work I have held to one fundamental principle—that a retailer beginning in business should have enough capital to buy his opening stock for cash.

"I consider that a necessity, and I think that is the consensus of opinion among credit men pretty generally now. In this way the merchant has his stock free and clear of encumbrance and therefore has something upon which to establish credit in a businesslike way. When the interview as to stock takes place a financial statement is asked for so as to have a basis for some kind of limit. As the account progresses the limit can be changed, depending upon the amount of business given and the manner of payments."

Character and Capital

"You must remember that credit now is a much different problem than it was thirty years ago. Competition is keener; margin of profit less; credit risk greater. Thirty or more years ago credit was more of an individual matter than it is now. Today it is more nearly standardized as regards minimum capital requirements and financial statements required. Then the credit man was probably inclined to be governed more by character and less by tangible financial resources.

"More stress was put upon character as a business asset for the new merchant. A merchant of sterling character and with reasonable business ability was pretty sure to succeed then. Now he must add to these qualities a third asset—sufficient capital. Remember the classic story told of the elder Morgan lending a million on character alone.

"Today, however, character comes into play most forcibly when a merchant finds himself pressed for funds due to circumstances outside of himself—a fire, a crop failure, a money stringency. In such a case he may ask for an extension of time, and if he does, a financial statement would be asked for.

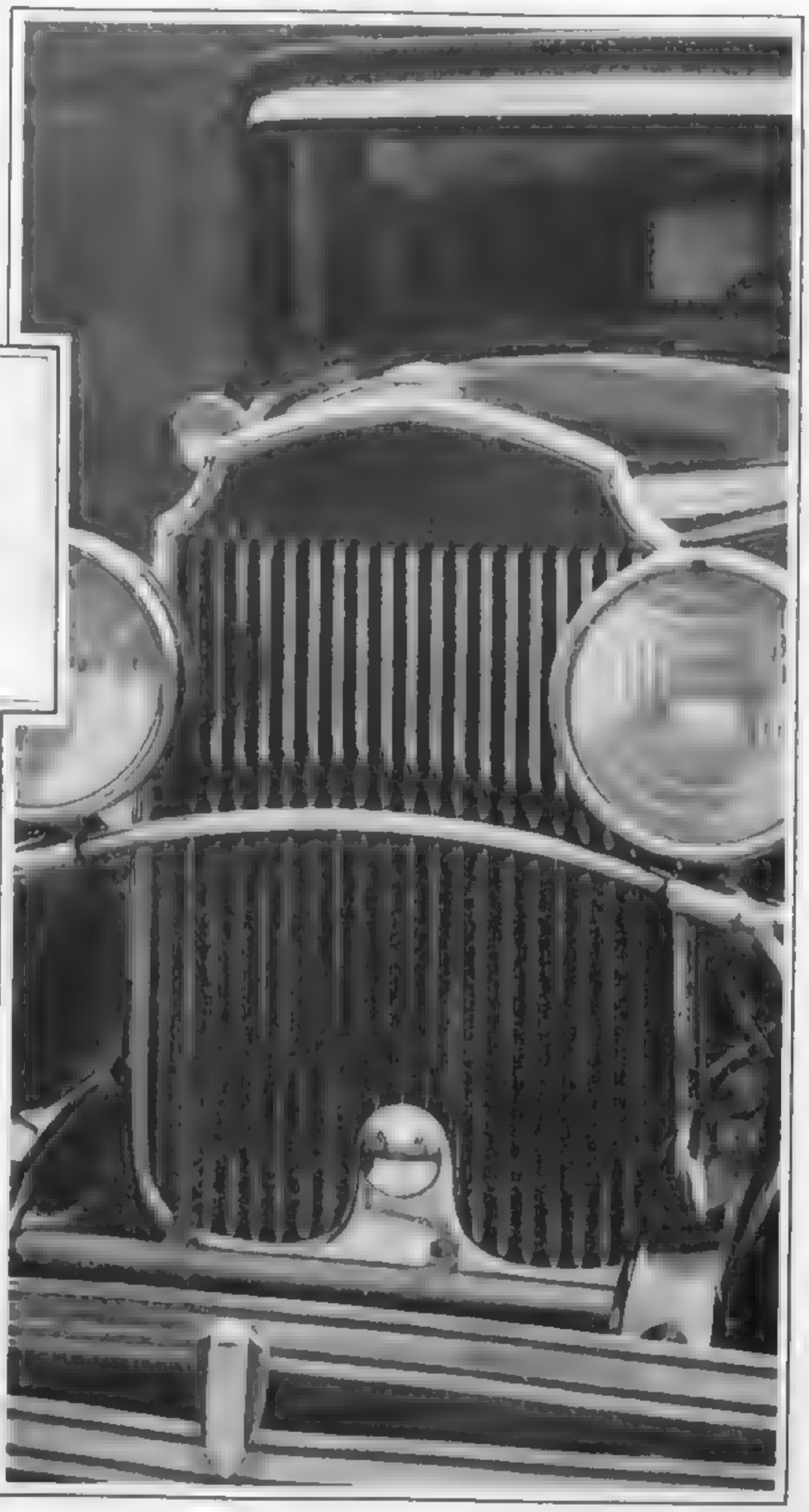
"In my own case, if my dealings with him gave me confidence as to his honesty and general good character, then those traits would be of great advantage and no doubt would actually be the deciding factor. No wholesaler desires to put out of business a debtor worthy of saving. I am inclined to think that is why the credit man told your friend to make out a list of goods and show it to him. It at least showed that conservatism was a part of the young merchant's make-up. On character alone, not for an opening stock, credit is too cheap sometimes.

"For goodness' sake don't construe anything I have said as belittling character as a business asset. It is an absolute necessity today just as much as it ever was. It is the trend of the times, however, that absolutely by itself it won't buy as much as it probably once did. A young retailer has to have capital as well as character to succeed today. And he must guard his credit just as jealously as if it were based on character alone. I think your friend points a good moral for the new retailer."

—MILLARD MILBURN RICE.

Look at the front end of the automobile you buy today

for this mark of engineering progress



ONE engineering achievement above all others commands the attention of new car buyers today It's an improvement you can *see* one whose vital principle of protection is known to millions.

"Look at the front end," say the engineers of America's leading cars On more than 20 of them you will see this unmistakable evidence of engineering progress—Pines Automatic Winterfront.

Fluctuating, uncertain temperature has had its last fling at the motors within these up-to-the-minute cars No longer do these manufacturers leave the vital matter of motor protection to the memory of the car owner.

They have taken into their own hands this problem of keeping the motor at the *right* operating temperature—and relieved their owners of repair expense that engineers say has reached a staggering total in the past.

Look at the names of these manufacturers. Leaders—all of them—in every department of motor car manufacture—but most important—trail-blazers in engineering development

Each has proved—within his own laboratories and upon his own testing grounds—that Pines Automatic Winterfront is an engineering necessity. All have found that motor protection *must* be over the radiator, *must* be automatic and *must be there* when temperature changes require not just when the motorist happens to think of it.

Are you buying a new car?

If you are—look for the Pines Automatic Winterfront over the radiator. It is unmistakable evidence of engineering progress.

True—Pines Automatic Winterfront has brought a degree of beauty to the front end of the motor car, impossible to attain with the radiator exposed—as well as warmth and freedom from front end drafts inside the car.

But its vital function is one of absolute protection to the motor and all its parts. It has won its enviable place in the automotive industry because it definitely prevents the damage that results from operating an underheated motor. Damage—experts agree—which is responsible for 50 to 75% of all repair costs

Do you own a car?

If you do—watch the thermometer and equip your car with a Pines Automatic Winterfront at temperatures ranging 60° Fahrenheit and below

No car is immune. No more tangible evidence of the necessity for this vital protection could be offered you than the fact that these leading manufacturers take this vital precaution into their own hands—and make Pines Automatic Winterfront an integral part of their cars.

Bring *your* car up-to-date. And remember—there is only one automatic radiator shutter on the market. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us. Pines Winterfront Company, 422 No. Sacramento Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

IF the new car you are considering is not already equipped with an Automatic Winterfront assure yourself that there are no obstructions on the radiator which would interfere with having one installed. You may then purchase a detachable type shutter which gives you the same advantages as the built-in type.

Authorized Winterfront Service is available through the National Pines Automatic Winterfront Distributing Organization

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and others—names on request

The Curtis Publishing Company's Tri-Motored Airplane

THE Curtis Publishing Company, believing that aviation will be a formative factor in American life, has purchased an airplane for the study of the airplane industry. The survey will cover the sales possibilities and methods of the industry, and changes which it may effect in ways of travel, in sales methods and in living conditions.

A similar survey was made of the automobile industry in 1913 which proved of service to the industry and which forecast many of the developments of later years.

Other surveys made by The Curtis Publishing Company cover Foods, Department Store Lines, Tractors, Farm Markets, the Electrical Industry, Machine Tools and surveys of every home in several cities and in two counties.

The plane will be used to cover important centers of the aviation industry throughout the country, and information and opinions will be sought from leaders in all phases of the industry.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
"AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION"

THE MAGIC MELODY

(Continued from Page 50)

a long breath and licked his loose lips with his tongue, and murmured, to himself: "Momus, back in Athens with something new! What will Aristophanes and the old faithfuls say to that, eh?"

"I do not think you would want my music," said Creon, finally getting the drift of all this.

"Listen to me, lad—listen to me," said Momus. "If you've got a novelty you've got money! Especially if it's something I can adapt to my verses. I make verses about everything that goes on in Greece, you know. The people want entertainment, they like something with a laugh in it, and as for a bit of scandal, why, they gulp it down like one of those Phenician gods eating children! A little dirt never hurts a good show in Greece. Lad, I'll help you! Aristophanes got some of his best ideas from me, and he'll tell you so himself if you get him drunk enough to be honest. Play me something, lad—play me something!"

"It is not the kind of music you are looking for," said Creon, impatient, and beginning to get angry.

"If it's new and has the stuff in it I'll make it fit," said Momus patronizingly. "Leave all that to me; it won't be the first time I've worked things over to give the crowds what they want. And it's a grand life we lead: Free men, and call nobody master, plenty of money and see the world, wine and garlands and praise everywhere, and the wenches in every town wild about minstrels and actors. Eh, lad? And a good-looking fellow like you ——"

But the showman was interrupted by a sudden assault of voices. The hollow in which they stood was separated from the sea on its northern and eastern sides by the stony ridge which has been indicated; to the south and west it opened out toward the plain, and between the plain and the sea was a lower barrier of sand dunes.

At the top of one of these dunes appeared four men, talking loudly and laughing; up the slope from the beach they had rolled before them a good-sized cask. One of them poised it a moment at the top of the hillock, and then, with a kick, sent it rolling and bounding toward the entrance to the hollow.

"You fool! You'll break it!" cried one of his companions.

"Sailors," said Momus to Creon, "from the galley beached over there. They're after fresh water."

And then he stepped forward as importantly as if he owned the island, as if indeed he saw himself Ulysses welcoming strangers to Ithaca.

"Help yourselves freely," he said, motioning toward the pool with a regal gesture. The sailors, who had paused, came on to the pool and pulled the stopper from the bung.

"Galley?" said Creon.

"You didn't know it was there?" said Momus, with a grin. "They told me down in the town you were a dreamer and moonstruck, and I liked it. A man who's a little mad often goes far in our business; it gets about amongst the crowds. . . . They beached her there an hour ago. She has a split rudder, and they're patching it up. Where have your eyes and ears been?"

Certainly he had not been thinking of ships, and Creon watched the sailors fill the cask in silence, frowning and not listening to the chatter of the old actor, irritated by all these people, impatient to be alone and think. But he was to be drawn still further from his meditations before he got back to them again. Most of his sheep, poorly enough tended these days, were grazing at a distance on the plain, watched only by his dog, but here in the hollow three or four had lain down in the shade of the rocks, after drinking, and here they had stayed throughout all the various incursions of visitors, withdrawn to the extreme inner angle of the dell and huddled near a young wether.

"Here's fresh meat for dinner," said one of the seamen, a thick-armed Bœotian oarsman, advancing toward the sheep. He almost had his clutches in a fleece when Creon sprang toward him.

"Let the sheep alone!" he roared, all his annoyances and perplexities suddenly merging into a rage against this sailor, who had nothing whatever to do with the cause of them. And as the man turned, Creon swung upward from his thigh a fist as hard as a neat's foot and caught him flush upon the cheek. The sailor went down.

"A good blow," said one of the men from the galley, who seemed to be some sort of petty officer, with the professional admiration of a fighter.

"A good blow," echoed Momus. And then: "The cestus! Give them the cestus!" But the sailor, spitting out blood and broken teeth, was scrambling to his feet, and he brought up from the ground with him a jagged piece of rock, half the size of a man's head. Creon drew his knife and crouched, waiting, ready to dodge or to leap forward with the upward ripping thrust at the belly which has been instinctive with all knife fighters since knives ceased to be made of stone and turned to bronze and steel.

The petty officer, the only man from the ship who was armed, drew his sword and stepped in between the two poised figures.

"Fists," he said, "or nothing." And then, to the oarsman: "We've got our orders to make no trouble among the islands, and pay for what we take." Both Athens and Syracuse were courting the good will of the islands that lay between.

"The cestus!" cried Momus again, and all the others there repeated it.

"I'm willing," said the Bœotian, "but we have no cestus."

"We have our belts," said the actor. And in another moment he had constituted himself master of ceremonies and was binding about Creon's hands and wrists the heavy thongs of pliant oxhide, improvising the cestus with which the Grecian boxers added a crushing impact to their blows. For the fist, thus armored, may become a mortal weapon; nearly always was it fatal among the Roman boxers, who still further reënforced the cestus by adding plates of lead and iron.

The poetic mind is incalculable, but there is one thing certain about the poet: He is sure to be dissatisfied with the world as it is. Frequently he would like to be a man of action and able to change it. And often, when he does find himself in action, he fights out an accumulated rage with his destiny and himself against an amazed opponent who does not know what all his fury is about. Creon, as he put up his hands and faced the thick-armed oarsman, found in himself a clear-headed ferocity that aimed with a simple directness at the man's destruction. The Bœotian rushed at once, with a wide right swing that grazed his chin. Creon countered with a left that reached the sailor's ribs, and as he felt the blow land he said: "That's for the people who say I'm mad!"

They drew off then and shifted and circled, sparring and feinting for an opening; and only half a dozen openings, with three or four good blows sent home, were necessary to end a bout with the cestus. They went weaving about each other, wide legged on the uneven ground, and wary as two great cats that measure and snarl before they loose the swift deadliness of tooth and claw; then Creon led and missed, and like a flash the Bœotian got home upon his forehead. Creon reeled back, but rallied as the man stepped forward and set himself flat-footed for a finishing blow, and replied with a right to the neck that saved him for that time.

The next instant Creon was fighting through a mist of his own blood, and exulting, for here was something tangible to strike at. Flailing at the sailor, he fought

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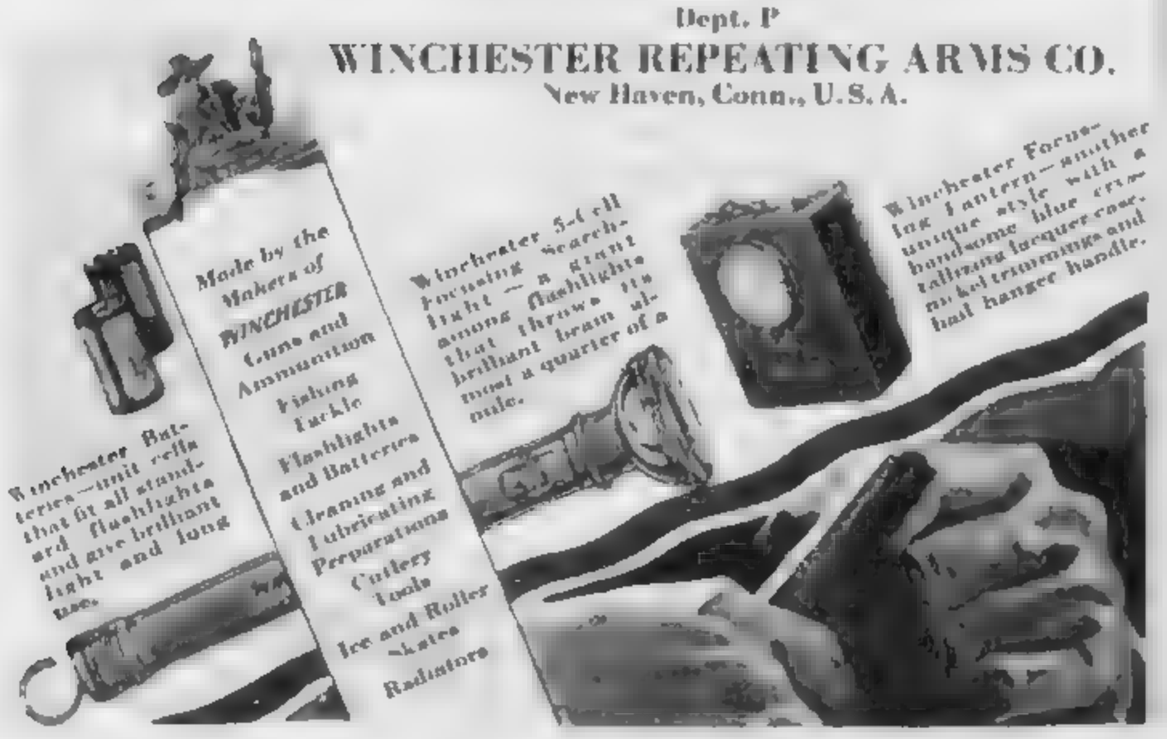
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his father's misunderstanding; he fought his own sense of shame and failure because he had turned aside from life in rejecting Zoe's passionate love; he fought the fierce possessive quality of her love itself; he fought the tyranny of the dream that had conquered and denied her love; he fought his doubts of himself. He fought and he exulted—exulted in the perfect mechanism of his strong swift body, exulted in the rhythms of his own ferocity, and began to exult, after a moment more, in something else—in an idea that came to him. For with the blood and with the sense of his own vigor, there came to him the idea that these, too—blood and vigor and rhythm and whirling anger and panting struggle—were all a part of that melody which had wandered through his dream. Whether he fought against that seizure or yielded to it, he still came back to it: it still came back to him in the end.

The end of this wild phase came swiftly. The sailor swung again with his right, and missed; and still moving forward with the impetus of his lunge, threw up his left to ward off the counter that he thought was coming. A man already off his balance, overextended and going forward, is helpless against a further forward pull. Creon did not counter; instead, with his own left hand he caught the lurching oarsman's left wrist and pulled, and as he pulled he swung and turned his opponent so that the man's left side was all uncovered and exposed. Then Creon drove his right fist, with all his weight back of it, at that vulnerable spot behind the left ear. He missed it by an inch, and by the grace of that inch the man fell forward with a broken jaw instead of a broken neck.

"A very pretty blow," said the man with the sword, looking from his fallen comrade to Creon, "and the man that struck it should be a soldier instead of a shepherd."

"Neat, neat!" cried Momus with enthusiasm. "I never saw anything better in the games, neither the Olympian nor the Isthmian. Lad, we'll have a boxing match in every town after the show, and meet all comers!"

But Creon, gazing at the fallen man, whom two of his comrades were sluicing to his senses again at the pool, did not answer. He wiped the blood and sweat from his face and scowled. He wanted all these people to go away. He wanted to try to capture on his pipes something of the lucid frenzy and exultant anger he had felt when he was fighting, and weave them through his essays to reproduce the melody of his dream, which still possessed him and still eluded him.

"Get the water to the ship first," said the officer, "and then come back and help this fellow, if he still needs it."

But just then a noise of prodigious shouting rose from the beach beyond the dune, and the men from the ship, leaving both the filled cask and their fallen comrade, ran toward the sound, the officer following the two others after a hesitant backward glance at the water he had been sent to fetch. The shout died down and rose again and increased, with the roar of fifty stentors, and Momus and his followers scrambled to the top of the bluff to learn its meaning. Creon followed and outdistanced them.

The galley lay careened, her stern upon the beach, and three or four workmen were still busy at the damaged rudder. It was giving them trouble, for the iron straps and braces which held its parts together were bent and twisted, and it should have been a smith's job as well as a carpenter's. But the remainder of the ship's company were drawn up on the beach, letting out their roars in unison, a half dozen trumpets adding to the din, and all of them were waving pieces of sailcloth, oars with spare garments tied to them and even bundles of sedge grass, at something they descried out at sea.

Two men on the ship's mast, which extended at a difficult angle for them because of the heeled-over position of the vessel, were frantically jerking ensigns through the air, and on the beach a fire had been hastily started to send a signaling column of smoke into the sky.

In a moment Creon saw whose attention they were trying to attract. Out of the northwest, their sails filled with a fair following breeze and their wet oars flashing in the sun, appeared half a dozen triremes; and in another instant, farther to the north and west, he caught the glint and motion of a dozen more.

"The Athenian fleet!" panted Momus, struggling to his side. "This captain here"—and he pointed to the ship's company below them on the beach—"must have some message that he can't get to them. Yes, that's it—he's been scouting out beyond Crete and he's back with news of the Syracusans for the general. Look! there's more of them—and more!"

Creon saw at least fifty vessels now, coming at a good speed under the double propulsion of breeze and oar, moving in ordered squadrons, but standing well out from this island of Siphnos which was his home, for they would have to pass well to the westward of it, and to the westward of Melos, to make the channel between Crete and Cythera, before they turned their sharp bronze beaks toward Sicily. Behind any island might lurk Syracusan or Lacedæmonian enemies, possibly with half a hundred paid Phenician ally ships, stripped for battle and waiting opportunity for a dash upon their flanks. Yes, certainly an enemy was waiting somewhere, apprised and ready—that was the word the scout below, helpless now with his damaged galley, was wanting to get to them.

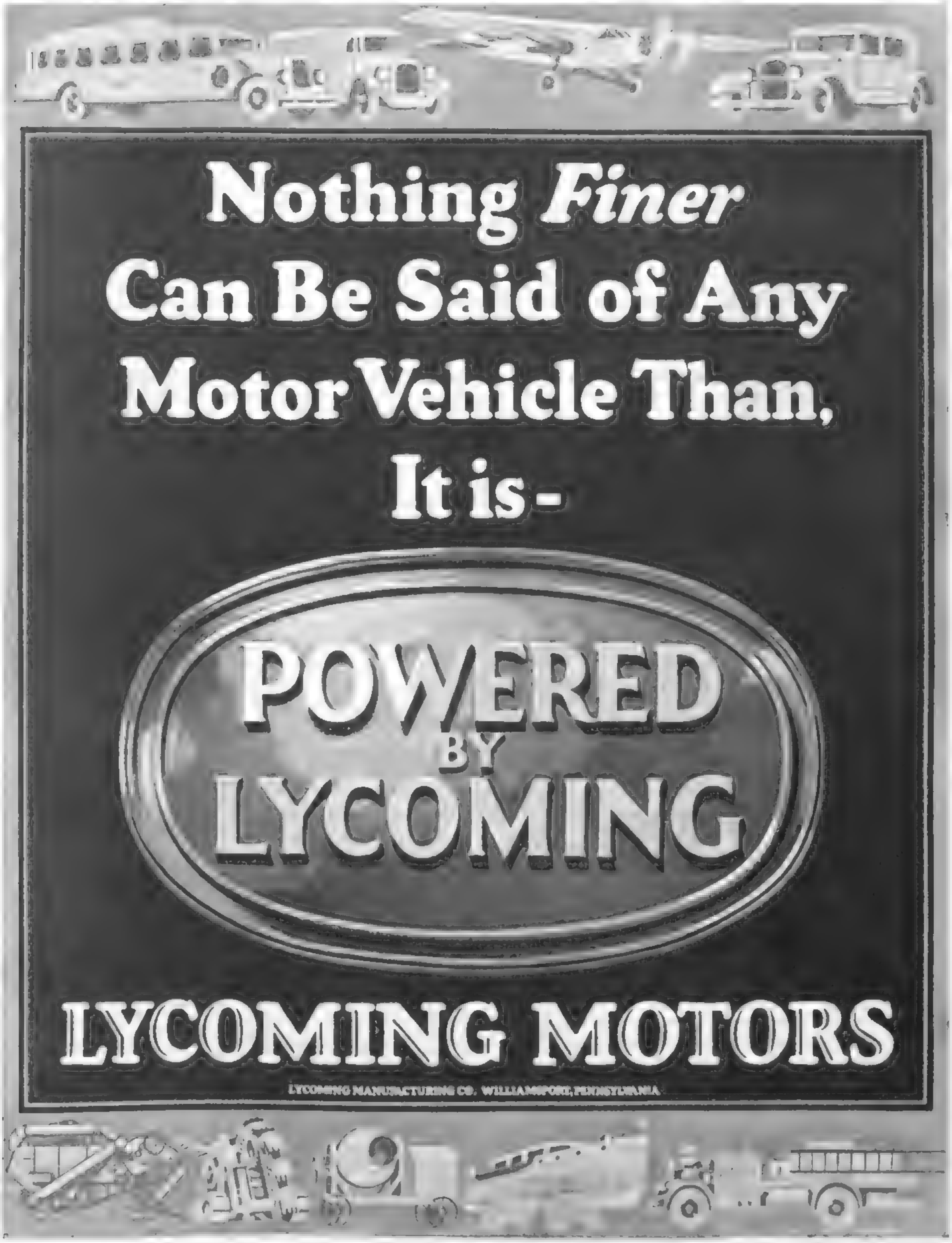
"Look! They've seen us! They've seen us!" cried Momus, identifying himself with the ship's company signaling from the beach. One of the foremost galleys on the left flank of the leading squadron, half a mile away, had waved an answering ensign, and presently a faint sound of trumpets drifted southeastward with the breeze. The vessel that had caught and answered the signals from the beach was relaying them to the near ships on her starboard quarter, and in a moment there was a perceptible slackening of speed in the group that formed the fleet's eastern wing. The watchers saw that the vessels were sailing in squadrons of ten to a dozen ships; each squadron in its formation a mobile battle unit in itself, with its definite relation to the disposition of the whole force. A short space of signaling banners and sounding calls, and an apparent hesitation altered the aspect and progress of the whole array and yet it was an ordered hesitation. Then, in the leading squadron, sails and masts began to come down, for in the Grecian ship the mast itself could be raised and lowered, and the vessels never went into action under canvas, but solely dependent upon the power of the oar.

The nearest squadron came to a standstill with a measured play of sweeps that backed water in a perfect flashing unison, and from the center of the van a great galley with a purple sail swung her foaming prow eastward to join the halted ships already lying to, striking her sail as she came gleaming on. Council was evident, and squadron after squadron, as they rose into view out of the northwest, took in sail and held their formations as the trumpets passed the word from group to group, waiting on the parley on the flank.

Creon, as he watched, could almost feel the doubt and question coming across the water: Is the vessel beached over there and furiously signaling one of our own cruisers or is this some trap of the enemy? But the decision was quick; even if a foe lurked to the east of Siphnos or skulked behind the southern point of Seriphos, the Athenians could not pass on and leave him unmolested there on their flank and rear. They had to know.

And presently two squadrons, comprising more than twenty ships, advanced slowly in battle order toward the island, with a second line reforming and disposing itself in support. Soon they were so near that Creon could hear the twang as the

(Continued on Page 124)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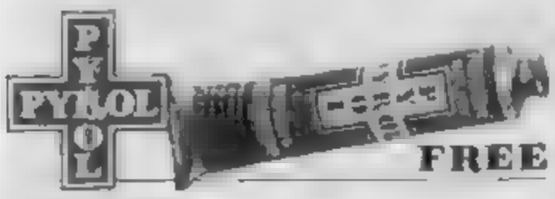

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(Continued from Page 122)

masters of the rowers, essentially coxswains, set the time for the stroke by plucking at lyres or striking the twisted sheep's-gut strings of horn bows. The galley with the purple sail was in the lead; she drew up in deep water fifty yards offshore, and her rowers held her there while the shipmaster of the beached scout put out in a small boat to board her and report.

"That's the Salaminian!" cried Momus, pointing to the galley with the purple sail. "Two hundred rowers and eighty men at arms; the fastest vessel in the world! See her beak and the bronze plates on her bows; she could slice her way through a stone wharf!"

And then he suddenly cried: "By the gods, there's Alcibiades himself!"

He climbed upon a rock and began to shout and caper in his excitement. "Alcibiades!" he yelled, making a trumpet of his hands. "Son of Clinias! Alcibiades! It is I! It is Momus! Alcibiades!"

But the general, if he heard, did not look that way. He stood upon the raised after deck, with an officer near him, and listened to the report of the master of the careened galley. While he listened a soldier was buckling his corselet on him; another handed him his helmet. Creon could not see his features clearly.

"Do you know him?" asked Creon of the actor.

"Know him? Know him? I wish I had a handful of Persian gold for every time we've fallen drunk together under his table in the old days!" And Momus began to shout again, till one would have thought the whole fleet must hear him. Presently he desisted, and said: "If he knew it was I he'd send a boat for me." And then, as if growing a little nettled: "See, now, if he hasn't got his own shield hoisted higher than the Athenian ensign! Eros painted on it, with a thunderbolt in his hand. His own shield above the city colors—that's like him, always! And that purple sail—that's like him too! He celebrates his victories before he wins them. Know him! Why, I used to write the speeches he made in the assembly!"

The officer beside Alcibiades was holding out a parchment chart; the scout's commander pointed at it, speaking. Alcibiades nodded as he listened, and bit the side of his forefinger and nodded again. Presently there was silence, and Alcibiades turned away and walked up and down and appeared to consider; then turned back with a quick question or two, as it seemed. Then, arrived at his decision, he threw out his hand with a gesture and gave an order.

"An attitude, as usual," said Momus critically, evidently feeling now that he had been deliberately snubbed by this expedition and its commander. "One of his attitudes, and not a very good one." He added: "But they like it—the Athenians like it!"

■

THE trumpets sounded again from the admiral ship, and their command was taken up and relayed by squadron after squadron, growing fainter and fainter in the far sea distances; and the noise and motion and glitter of the great flotilla struck sharply in upon Creon's senses. There were nigh upon two hundred galleys riding here on the sun-laced green and blue of the Ægean water, with seven thousand men at arms, and slingers and archers besides the sailors, and all the machines and enginery of war; a gathered tumult waiting to be loosed at the behest of a great ambition.

The world—the great world—was breaking in on Creon's dream. He knew it for the great world; he was aware of the significance and imperial potentialities of what he saw before him. There had been no secrecy about this Athenian armada and its objects. Its expediency had been debated openly in the Athenian assembly for months, and the hotheads and gamblers had carried the day against the advice of Socrates, the philosopher, and Nicias, the general; for months the gossip of this preparation had run up and down all the garrulous coasts of Greece. It was world empire that Alcibiades aimed at. Greece, after her immortal hour of unity against Persia, had fallen into petty quarrels and jealousies again. Just now Athens and her allies were in the ascendancy; Alcibiades planned to take Sicily and Italy, subdue Sparta, overawe Ionia and the islands, and join the whole Hellenic world into one force to hammer down Carthage and Libya.

In the wrestling place at Athens now the young bloods left off their sport to trace maps in the sand and tell one another how, as soon as Carthage fell, Egypt was a ripe fruit ready to be plucked. Alcibiades had a conception similar to that which Alexander of Macedon made briefly factual a century later, and the adventurous youth of his city were behind him. This was the great world that was passing Creon by. The wind and sound of empire smote upon his thought, and for the first time he guessed something of what those men may feel who know the iron delight of power. He sat silent and rapt while rank after rank of the sharp-bowed ships went onward toward their destiny. He did not know when the actors left him; he did not know when the galley on the beach finished her repairs and took the water again. He thrilled to this new thing that had rushed in upon his consciousness, and after the last trireme was gone from his physical sight he still saw the great world streaming by—cities and temples and armies, capitals and kings and tribes and senates, all melted to a glittering mist and whirling down the sunlit sea.

A sharp revolt against the tyranny of his dream shook him. To be a rower or a swordsman, he thought—was that not better than to be a victim of this music that had seized upon him and twisted all things to its unknown purpose? He began to hate the magic melody even as Zoë had hated it—as a thing that was setting him apart from the active life of humankind—and with the thought of Zoë there flooded in on him a tide of remorse. A remorse which he began to mistake, as poets sometimes will, for a renascence of his perished love. He had flung her aside—and for what? For something that teased and possessed him but still eluded him! His vision of the great world had struck him alive, and the life in him took cognizance of love again.

He would go to her; he would go to her at once! He would take this new world that had come into his consciousness along with him. He would make it a part of the life that he brought to her; he would go to her and love her again, and in her love he would find a barrier against the pursuing cruelty of that magic that had descended upon and seized him out of the moonlit sky. She would help him fight it. They would go into the greater world together and the world would help them fight it. Oh, the accursed thing! The accursed thing! It should not take all his youth, all his vigor, all the mounting ambition and the swelling promise of his power! He saw plainly now, he thought, that this was a thing to be fought and conquered. He rose to his feet. He would go to her; he would go to her flushed and clamant. Together they would realize something of the new and worldly vision that had come to him when the fleet passed by. He climbed down from the bluff and started across the meadows, hot with this profound revulsion against the spirit of his muse; fighting and praying to be as other men were; seeking now for the common way of life with as much fervor as he had ever put into his attempt to understand and utter the meaning of his enchantment.

The great world had broken in upon his dream and had destroyed it, so he thought. But it was not so. As he strode down to the town the dream walked with him. And presently, before he knew what he was doing, his pipes were at his lips again, and he was striving to play upon them the spirit of the passing of the ships, and give it place

But no! He caught himself at it this time, and he fought. He fought; he stood in the meadow sweating and fighting, and his soul was a city full of contending spirits that raged and rioted. He ran, as if his legs could be fleeter than his destiny, but even if one were swift as Hermes, his destiny will stand waiting for him at his goal. At the outskirts of the town a man with a bitter visage caught him by the shoulder and turned him so that they were face to face.

"Creon," he said sternly, "where are you going so fast?"

It was the girl's father. Creon's heart smote him with a sudden panic.

"Zoë ——" he faltered. And before the old man spoke, Creon knew what he would say. Yet, when he said the word, it rang like a tolled bell in Creon's mind.

"She is dead," he said. "She has killed herself"

"This was a greater thing than any music," Creon cried within himself, "and I have thrown it away! This was life, and I have slain it for a song! This was love, and I have bartered its reality for a breath and a shadow! Oh, the accursed music; it has broken her—no, it is I that broke her! I that killed her!"

"She came home two hours ago and took down my sword from the peg it hangs on. She put the handle against the wall above her bed and held the hilt steady with her hands, with the point against her breast."

"Why did you not stop her?" cried Creon.

"It was plain from her manner that this was from the gods," said the old man, "and I dared not stop her. At first she flinched from the point. Her breast was tender."

"Her breast was tender," murmured Creon, and hid his eyes, for he could see the blue veins wandering through it.

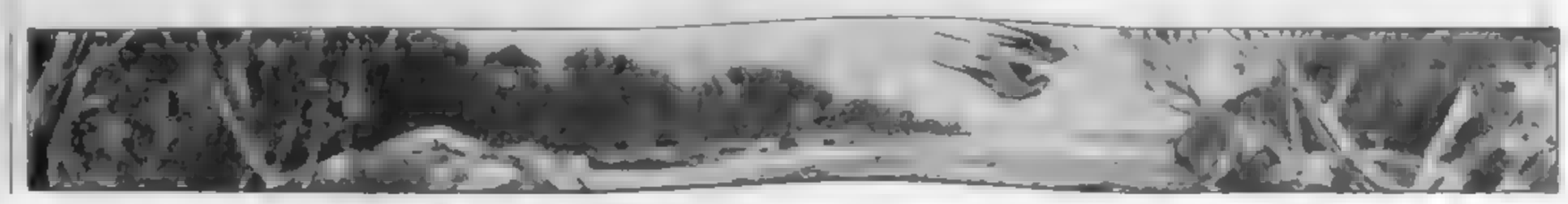
"Twice she called your name," said the old man, chorically inexorable. "'Creon!' she said, 'Creon!' And then she thrust with all her weight against the sword, like a bride leaping to her lover, and fell on the bed and died."

He paused and sat down suddenly upon a stone by the wayside. "It is the bed she was born in," he said, dully, thinking of the girl's mother.

"Kill me," said Creon, looking down upon him.

"It is from the gods," said the old man, not raising his eyes.

The grief of all women and all men pressed in on Creon's bosom then, and his heart broke. He took his way across the town, toward the chamber where the girl lay dead, and as he went he lifted up his pipes and played. There were all things in that melody, and the people stood in their doors and flocked from their houses and followed him through the streets, for to each one of them the music was the core of his own life, and all the sorrow and hope and beauty of the world was there. But he never knew that he had played the music of his dreams, for only when men are done with seeking do they find. Neither shall a player draw laughter from the pipes, nor tears, nor any utterance acceptable to the gods, until his heart is broken.



In 1924 he made $40 *a week*

In 1928 he made $8700 *a year*

AFTER seven years with the Starling Manufacturing Company I was earning only $40 a week. I worked hard, I originated ideas that made money for the company, I got along well with other men, yet I hadn't had a raise in two years!

One night in June, 1924, I sat down to take a "personal inventory." I compared myself with the men who made big money. "Have they more ability than I?" I asked myself. "Better personalities? Better appearance?"

I decided that I was as capable as any of them—that I had as good a personality. I wasn't so sure about my appearance. Maybe I had been getting careless. Perhaps *that* was what was holding me back.

I resolved that I would improve my appearance, and see if that helped me make more money. I bought a couple of new ties—a new hat—had my suit pressed.

Having my suit pressed made a big difference in my looks! The bagginess was gone from the knees and elbows—the coat was free from wrinkles—the cloth had a new lustre. I looked as prosperous as anybody in our office.

I soon learned that a good appearance does help a man make more money. In four months I got a raise to $50 a week. A year later, I was earning $75. January 1, 1926, I was promoted and paid a salary of $4200 a year. After two more raises, when the branch managership at Cleveland was open in January, 1928, I got the job and a salary of $8700 a year! That is four times what I made in 1924.

This story is one of hundreds that reveal these facts: Three factors determine success in any field—ability, getting along with people, appearance. While ability and personality are most important, the right appearance often speeds success.

How to Judge Pressing Service

If you want your personal appearance to work for you rather than against you, have your suits pressed regularly the Valetor way. Inspect your suit when it comes back from the presser. You'll know it has been pressed correctly if the answer to these 12 questions is "YES!"

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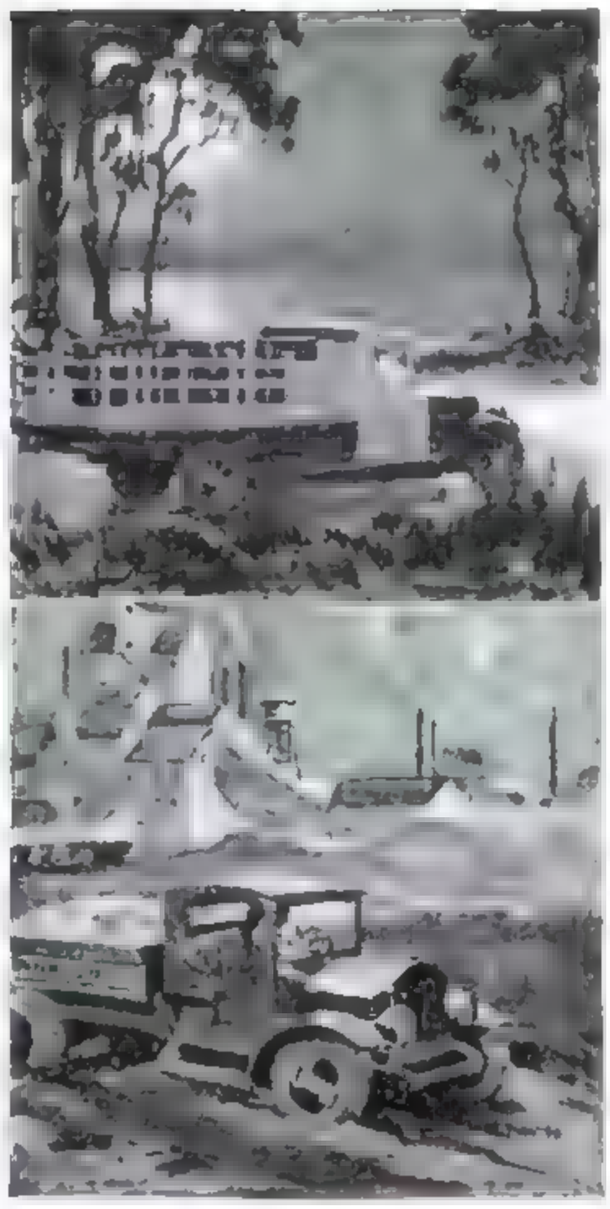


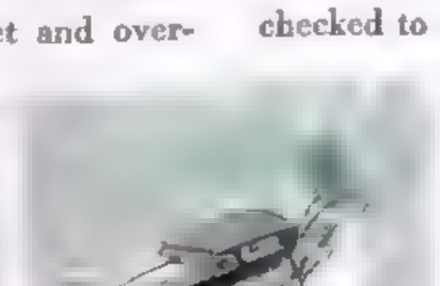
Cities Service Quality... *is checked 4000 times a day...in a practical "proving ground" for oil and gasolene*

TO Cities Service experts, the fact that Cities Service Oils and Gasolene meet uncompromising quality tests in the laboratory and refinery is not enough to satisfy completely their rigid requirements.

These experts realize that the only definite and conclusive check of oil and gasolene quality is in the service rendered to the user.

Therefore, after Cities Service Oils and Gasolene satisfy every exacting specification requirement they are put to the final test of actual service in a *practical* "proving ground" – in the fleet of over 4000 motor vehicles of every type which are owned and operated by the Public Utilities Division of Cities Service.

In this huge fleet, Cities Service Oils and Gasolene must meet and overcome every conceivable driving condition—twenty-four hours a day for thousands of miles. Under heavy loads, over dirt roads, on paved highways, up steep hills, at high and low speeds, in jammed traffic – Cities Service Oil products must stand up, *else they are never offered for public use.*



Four thousand times a day the quality of Cities Service Oil products is checked to assure you the finest oil and gasolene that money can buy.

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Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

FROZEN GOLD

(Continued from Page 54)

realization that he has done it all for nothing. There has been an accounting of the fact that it required most of the summer, a journey of nearly two months, to get here by the arduous labors of canoe and portage. After that the prospector has started back, at last to reach civilization and not even take the trouble to record his claim.

Therefore, in the years which followed Cobalt, prospectors didn't go far, or at least did not make much of their finds if they strayed a great distance from the railroad. Of course they went—that's the prospector. But the camps which grew were camps which could be reached easily by rail—Haileybury and New Liskeard, now largely farming communities, but mining camps in earlier days, along the right of way of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railroad. There was Porcupine on an offshoot, and Timmins; there was Kirkland Lake on still another short branch, and Elk Lake on another. The best example of how close these early-day men stayed to the railroad is the fact that the great camp of Rouyn, which has grown within the last five or six years, is not much more than fifty miles air-line northeast of Cobalt. But it was a long way by canoe.

Here and there, however, men did step out deep into the wilderness, most of them to fail, and one of them to succeed against every possible obstacle. Because of that success the true menace of the deep bush has been broken and Canada is being cracked open with a speed that would have been called impossible even five years ago. This success led to a sequel. Some years later—in the summer of 1925, to be exact—two prospectors, Lorne Howey and his brother-in-law, George McNeeley, made a discovery on the shores of Red Lake in what is known as the Patricia District of Northwestern Ontario, some 160 miles northwest of the railroad town of Hudson.

This was wilderness country. True, there was some commercial fishing on the lower end of Lac Seul, near Hudson, while at the upper end of the long lake, running to within about sixty miles of Red Lake, was a Hudson Bay post, with another at Red Lake itself. But they were frontier stations, maintained for the fur trade.

Jack of Canada

For the prospector, Red Lake meant weeks from civilization. Lac Seul is a large and dangerous lake, with stretches of narrows in which rapids run, with wide expanses across which the winds beat the water into dangerous whitecaps. It could only be traversed in a canoe by edging around it. Then at the end, where the little town of Gold Pines now stands, there began a series of six portages from one small lake to another, by which the wilderness was penetrated for sixty miles more. This country promised little hope of ever being connected with civilization, and so, when Lorne Howey made his gold find, the joy of discovery was heavily discounted by the impediments of future difficulties. But there was a chance for action if he could interest that one particular man who already had made a success of inveigling finance into the wilderness. Howey and McNeeley staked their ground, stripped the vein and convinced themselves that they really possessed a gold mine. Then Howey started forth in his canoe to reach civilization and a long-distance telephone, in order that he might argue by wire with a man known commonly in Canada as Jack Hammell. When he did that he completed a circle by which the old influence of Cobalt stepped into present-day affairs.

Up in Canada they don't speak of him as John E. Hammell, which is his correct name. They call him either Jack Hammell or plain Jack, leaving one to infer that there is only one Jack in Canada. He is the Paul Bunyan of mining.

He came into Cobalt twenty-two years ago with the rest of us—a prospector. He knew more swear words, more little touches of kindness, had more ability to share his last cent with another prospector than any other man in the camp. Somewhere in his wanderings he had become an expert boxer, which was another great advantage in those days, since the men of early Cobalt often settled matters without a court or a policeman. He could work harder than any three men in the camp. He was thirty years old, a stocky man with muscles of tungsten steel, and it wasn't long until his name began to be mentioned often about the camp. That prowess has grown for twenty-three years, until now he has become almost a fabulous character. As I have said, he is the Paul Bunyan of mining, fables are growing up about him even now; in years to come he will assume in the mining world the status of a Buffalo Bill or a Kit Carson. Not long ago, in The Pas, I heard a conservatively inclined man insist that Jack Hammell once had fought his way out of a pinch single-handed against twenty-five men. I didn't interrupt. I happened to know the truth. He hadn't fought his way out. He had fought his way in, and whipped not twenty-five but nine men in doing it. One against nine is fair enough. It was the fable of having whipped ten men which gave Wild Bill Hickok much of his reputation.

A Hundred Thousand Apiece

Hammell did much to start the new city of Elk Lake, near Cobalt. He dabbled in other mines. He broke all the rules of mining by hiring prospectors and paying them a monthly wage and a part of their find, which was entirely outside the rules. In those days mining engineers were known as yellowlegs by the prospectors, mining magnates by much less complimentary names, and prospectors, in the minds of the opposite factions, were gracefully accepted as bush tramps. A prospector's job seemed mainly to go out and endure all the hardships possible, find a mine and then get trimmed out of it. For a man actually to pay prospectors was outrageous. But the prospectors liked it. More than that, they got the habit of hunting up Jack Hammell when they needed a few dollars, sending for him when they got in jail, and conferring with him when a new idea bobbed up about the mineral potentialities of a certain country. By this time Jack was comparatively a rich man from dealing in mining claims and townsites; Elk Lake, South Porcupine, Payroll Townsite and others, all were handled through Hammell's hands, to say nothing of a dozen or so mines in the region. A man successful at turning big mines makes money quickly. So, in 1915, when Dan and Johnny Mosher, Leon and Isadore Dion, Dan Milligan and Tom Creighton heard stories of gold in the Beaver Lake country north of The Pas, they went to Jack Hammell for a grubstake. They were partners, these six men; they'd trapped and prospected together for years.

In went the six men, and shortly afterward out one came with a report of gold. Up went Jack—a journey of nearly fourteen days by boat, canoe and portage. He looked at the gold mine and sniffed.

"Is that the best you can do?" he asked.

"Well," said Tom, "I thought you'd like to have a look at it."

"I've looked," said Jack. There wasn't much to do but to go back. That night, around the camp fire, the conversation wandered. At last Tom Creighton said, just by way of information:

"There's a sulphide deposit back here in the bush that would be mighty fine if it were nearer civilization. It's no good to anybody away out here though."

They were a hundred miles from the nearest steel at The Pas. This was the true wilderness; one portage alone on the journey between here and The Pas was eighteen miles in length. But Hammell decided to have a look.

A rusty streak showed in the Pre-Cambrian, in places nearly a hundred feet wide. It stretched on and on, to be sighted at exposed spots for nearly half a mile; a deposit, so the samples showed, of copper and small quantities of gold. Hammell poked about for nearly an hour. Then he looked toward Tom.

"Tell you boys what I'll do with this," he said. "How much do you think would fix each of you up for the rest of your lives?"

"Well," said one of them, "I've always had an ambition to own a hundred thousand dollars."

"That's a go," said Jack. "I'll get you each a hundred thousand dollars for your end and a million or so for myself, since I'm the grubstaker. How's that?"

They said it was fine, but they laughed at him when they said it. A hundred miles from civilization in the Canadian bush is a different thing from a hundred miles on the prairie or even in the mountains. But Jack Hammell was serious.

It took six years for Hammell to make good. During that time he traded the mine to three separate houses in New York, all of them big names in Wall Street. Once he got several hundred thousand dollars for development by hiring the suite of a millionaire in one of New York's largest hotels and giving a dinner at which he refused even to speak about his mine. The minute the dinner was over he gave up the suite and left word at the desk that he was out. The next day he appeared at the brokerage offices and blandly informed the men with whom he was dealing that he didn't care to show any figures or facts concerning his project. If they wanted to take a $3,000,000 option on the mine he'd consent to take $50,000 to bind the bargain. But he didn't care to wait for them to send engineers; he didn't intend, in fact, to do any of the things which men who sell mines are supposed to do.

Talking Wall Street's Language

"Then you ask us to buy a mine, sight unseen, for $3,000,000?"

"Something like that," answered Jack casually. "Take it or leave it."

Wall Street has a reputation for being hard-boiled. Here was someone who was even more so; the attack was so unusual that the brokerage firm wired for the advice of an expert—one of the biggest figures in American mining. He answered from San Francisco:

"GO AHEAD. IF ANY CONFIDENCE MAN CAN COME IN AND PUT OVER A DEAL LIKE THAT, COUNT ME IN FOR $10,000."

Jack left New York the next day with an initial payment of $50,000. More money followed, to the extent of $100,000. But even with this amount stuck into the ground for diamond drilling, for proving up the vein, and the hundred and one other primary necessities of a big mine, the firm at last gave it up. A hundred miles from a railroad was too big a handicap. Jack had the mine back on his hands, with six prospectors to support, and a promise of wealth unfulfilled. So back he went to New York.

This time he optioned the thing for millions, with a $400,000 advance for development. It meant years of labor—the dragging of machinery over the snow, the lugging in of diamond-drilling machinery by canoe, and finally the use of dog teams. To my knowledge this was the first time that dog teams were used in the actual development of a mine; day after day and week after week they ran the bush with heaped toboggans of supplies behind them, while horses followed the broken trail with heavier machinery. By summer, machinery went

(Continued on Page 129)

48,000,000 TIMES

EVERY 10,000 MILES

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That's a tremendous lot of action. Even the best plugs are sure to deteriorate under such punishment.

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FOR THE NEW MONEY

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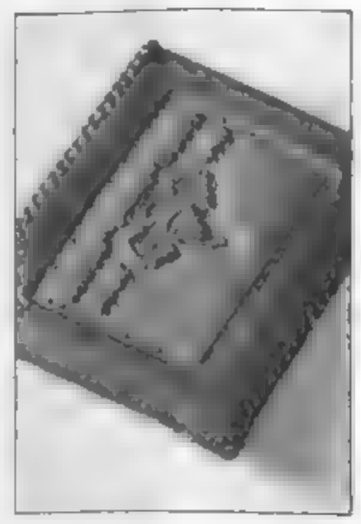

Find-ex closed. Note the rich beauty of the leather and the hand tooled design, qualities characteristic of all Amity products

"Little Bill" is exceptionally slim and flexible, yet roomy and strongly made. Weighs only a trifle over two ounces.

AMITY'S leadership, not only in the magnificent quality of its products, but in its contributions to wallet style, has been unquestioned for years. Today Amity craftsmen again set the pace by presenting two new singlefold wallets expressly designed to hold the new money.

"Little Bill"—a new Amity creation, made for the new, smaller sized bills

The new Amity "Little Bill" Fold is a slender, pliable, singlefold wallet, exactly the right size to hold the new money. Its design makes it the thinnest, most flexible, most comfortable wallet you ever carried. Plenty of room in its three pockets, and a neat, transparent, pull-out envelope for passes and auto licenses. Never a bulge, because it has the Amity automatic expansion feature. "Little Bill" comes in a variety of styles and leathers, priced from $1 to $15.

Amity Find-ex
the super-pocketbook for busy men

The famous Amity *Find-ex* is also designed to provide for the new bills. *Find-ex* is the perfect wallet for the man who carries business cards, auto licenses, passes, tickets, photos and memoranda. It files them all in visible, transparent envelopes, which can be removed instantly when wanted. *Find-ex* is a thin-model singlefold that never feels bulky in the pocket, even when filled to its generous capacity. The price is $5.

Be the first to make a gift of these timely Amity wallets

No gift could be more appropriate just now than an up-to-the-minute *Find-ex* or "Little Bill" . . . specially styled by Amity for the new money. These wallets have all the superb workmanship and good looks that have made Amity products famous. They are made in many handsome leathers and designs, some beautifully hand-tooled embossed, some plain, and some with hand-laced edges, all in attractive gift boxes. Also in beautifully matched sets, with Key Kaddy. Your own druggist, leather-goods dealer, jeweler, stationer, men's furnishing store or department store will be glad to show you a selection. Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wis.

Only genuine Amity leather products are plainly stamped with the name Amity. Look for it—it is a guarantee of quality.

(Continued from Page 127)

in by canoe, often to be dragged by hand over the portages, snubbed from tree to tree in the grueling progress, while Jack Hammell labored with the rest. In winter the march continued over snow and ice; a shaft was sunk, the diamond drill explored deeper and deeper into the ground. But at last came an end. The war with Germany was demanding resources closer home, and an American magnate summoned Hammell to New York.

"I can't go through with it," he said. "Here are your papers—everything you've ever given me. Take the mine back and sell it to somebody else, and good luck to you."

"But about that $400,000?" asked Hammell. "It's spent."

The magnate smiled. "How long did it take you to get that machinery in there?"

"Two years."

"It's a good place to leave it, then, isn't it? The next time you sell the mine you've got something to sell with it."

So Jack started forth once more to peddle a mine, and this time it was the Mining Corporation of Canada, which later affiliated on the property with the Whitney interests. Jack got his million or more. The prospectors got their $100,000 apiece. Now Jack had no mine to bother him, no dog teams to sleep with, no teamsters to drive on to dangers and labors in the bush by sheer force—once he fought a man and whipped him, only to learn later that his opponent was wanted for triple murder. But all this was over now. Here was a man with nothing but $1,000,000 and no excitement. Then the long-distance telephone rang.

It was a week later that Jack Hammell, myself, Cooney Wood and Alex Gillies—one of the original stakers of the Acme mine, which is now a part of the tremendous Hollinger at Timmins—stood beside the Howey-McNeeley claims at Red Lake.

"Trouble with this place," said Jack, "it's too far from the railroad."

"That's what they said at Flin-Flon," I cut in. "But look at the place now—a railroad going in there, water power, twenty-odd million dollars being spent on construction!"

Starting a Stampede

"Um-humph!" said Jack. "And I slept for six years with the dogs on the trail to start it. Six years is too long to buck any trail. Say!" said Jack belligerently, "I'm getting close to fifty. I'm tired of mushing trails. It was all right when you and I could lick our weight in wildcats at Cobalt. But we're not spring chickens any more. Nope," he concluded, "it's too far from a railroad."

"But ——"

"Will you let me finish?" asked Jack. "I'm trying to say that it's too far from a railroad to mush in here with dogs and teams. Flin-Flon was only a hundred miles; this is nearer two hundred. I've got a better idea. I'll open up this cockeyed country!" he said. "And it won't take any six years, either. We've got a couple of months before freeze-up. We'll be working here inside of two weeks." Then he winked. "Airplanes."

"Who'll furnish 'em?"

"I'll get 'em," answered Jack.

He did. He went back to Toronto, walked blandly into the Parliament Building and to the premier's office. There he borrowed them—five Ontario Forestry Service airplanes—together with their pilots, from the provincial government!

The five big airplanes roared forth to the carrying of primary supplies; it was necessary to transport some 20,000 pounds of materials into camp before freeze-up. Before the job was over Jack Hammell found he had done something more than merely provide for a winter's work. He had started the most spectacular mining rush since the Klondike.

There was a psychological angle to the use of airplanes which had not been taken into consideration. Aircraft carried the thought of a necessity for terrific speed. If airplanes were being used, then this must be such a tremendous find that the discoverers were turning to desperate means in an effort to seize everything before the other fellow got in.

Rumors spread of gold at the grass roots, vast chunks of the yellow metal in milk-white quartz; there were hints that every returning airplane was bringing out secret shipments of high-grade ore. The owner of two commercial airplanes heard of it and shot his machines into Hudson for a short spasm of work before freeze-up should end their activity. Their arrival found also the vanguard of the rush awaiting and eager to pay a dollar a pound for transportation into the new area. Staking of claims began; more rumors emerged. The truth was that Red Lake showed good possibilities and a little more; only now is it emerging into true prominence as a gold camp, and for a year or so after the primary discoveries there were many times when doubt was heavy as to its future.

Those cold facts went forth at the same time as the rumors of riches, but they were disbelieved. Why was there such a need for airplanes if this were not the greatest gold camp in the world? The rush continued; soon claim stakes began to make their appearance everywhere about the discovery site. Then freeze-up came and the airplanes halted their activities.

An Airplane on Skis

There was no cessation, however, of the influx of the gold-fevered men who now were arriving from every part of Canada and the United States. Six months before, Hudson had been little more than a signal stop on the Canadian National for the fish trade and freight from Hudson Bay posts. Now hotels were building, and other unpainted buildings splotching the sides of the newly denuded hills where the bush had been cut away, to be as quickly transformed into lumber.

Among the first to go into Red Lake had been a young aviator who, with a partner or two, had made the trip in by canoe. He was Capt. Harold Anthony Oaks, who, after having served his bit as a member of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force in France, where he had been a fighting instructor, had come back to Canada and joined the Forestry Service as a pilot. Then gold had called him and he had rushed to Red Lake, there to stake some claims with his partners and move for civilization as quickly as possible by canoe that he might sell them while the market was good.

This had been accomplished and Captain Oaks had looked again toward Red Lake, but this time as an aviator. Dog teams were slow—a week was excellent time for the journey into Red Lake, and that only if the dogs were strong and the drivers knew their business. Besides this, they were expensive; a good leader or an experienced swing dog—the one next to the toboggan—was easily worth $150. Teams were piling up along the way; there had been accidents and persons frozen; a Red Cross unit, in fact, had been sent to Hudson to provide temporary hospital facilities for those whom gold had hurt instead of helped. Besides, business had been good with those other two planes. Oaks took his money and organized the Patricia Airways Company, Limited.

It was, in fact, exceedingly limited. There was money enough for one plane—which arrived with an equipment of Norwegian skis. Nobody knew much about winter flying except in districts where landings could be made on wheels in the same manner as at any other time of the year. There had been little necessity or opportunity for it in Canada; the need for Forestry Service planes ended in October with the cessation of the fire season just before freeze-up, and that done, there was no place for airplanes to go.

Besides, this is hydroplane country; there are few airplanes in Canada that are not equipped for landing on water. The

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. . . try mint julep
shaves for one week free . . .

A time saver . . . a skin saver . . . Brisk, the new and really different shaving cream for tough beards, tender skins. No sting . . . no burn . . . no need for lotions. For Brisk carries its own soothing balm. Your face enjoys a new soothing, cooling difference under the full, snowy Brisk mint julep lather.

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country, in fact, is one tremendous landing field of lakes. But those lakes are frozen in winter; still good landing fields, they preclude the use of wheels, which, striking crust snow or drifts, would inevitably wash out the landing gear or crack up the plane generally. The plane arrived and the new owners of the Patricia Airways Company, Extremely Limited, took her out on the lake and spun her over. The engine responded marvelously, but she couldn't lift her feet. The Norwegian skis insisted on remaining right on the surface of the lake.

This left Oaks without much precedent Flying into mining camps where conditions were primitive had been limited to some work which the Laurentide Company had done in Rouyn a year before, when passengers had been carried from Haileybury into the little log-cabin town on Lake Osisko. But that had been summer flying too.

"What she needs is snowshoes," Oaks decided finally. So he looked about for a snowshoe maker.

There was one in Sioux Lookout, down the line from Hudson. Oaks took the plane there to buy her a new pair of shoes. The snowshoe maker knew as much about airplanes as most persons who live in the bush—which was nothing. But he did know skis and snowshoes; various designs were attempted. At last the plane taxied out upon the lake on a pair of skis that responded even more quickly than pontoons. The take-off was quicker, landing was easier than upon water. The problem of winter flying in the wilderness had been solved. But the Patricia Airways continued to be limited. There were many prospectors, engineers and uneducated gold seekers, all anxious to get into Red Lake. But by this time there was also a glut in the dog market.

Prospecting by Airplane

Every returning party, once its staking had been done—10,000 claims were entered at the recorder's office that winter—lost interest in dogs immediately it got back to Hudson and the railway. Expert dog mushers—whole families in some instances—had moved in and begun competition. Dogs which had sold for $150 apiece in the boom days of the husky, now could be bought for fifteen dollars or less from boomers just back from the wilderness and willing to sell out cheap rather than to pay express on canines back to some place where they wouldn't be needed. One could buy a dog team, use it for a week or a month and sell it again for little less than he had paid for it. Tractors, too, had arrived and were beating down a road to Red Lake with tremendous loads of supplies. When the spring break-up came the profit-and-loss columns of the Patricia Airways Company were so closely associated that Oaks was forced to put up the airplane as security at a bank in return for money enough to buy a set of pontoons and a car of gas for the summer trade. By that time the word had passed around that Red Lake wasn't a new Klondike after all. More than two-thirds of the persons who had rushed in there so wildly to stake their claims in the snow did not even return to do the development work necessary to gain possession of the ground under the Canadian mining laws.

Business for the plane was slack. But in the meanwhile seasoned prospectors had scented that this country, extending from Red Lake to Birch Lake, Woman Lake, Little Trout Lake and still onward to what is now recognized as a distinct gold belt of lakes running for nearly 250 miles along a small height of land eastward through the Patricia District, was true precious mineral country. Here and there men of experience had made finds, in some instances of free gold in quartz. There were porphyry dikes and intrusions, which to prospectors means the presence somewhere of gold. There were stringers and leads and chalcopyrites. So the experienced ones had moved onward. Captain Oaks didn't have much to do one day. With some friends he took the plane out upon a jaunt, some 200 miles deeper into the wilderness. They, too, found some stringers of gold-bearing quartz. They were back in civilization and had sold their claims in less time than it had taken other prospectors even to make the trip to regions much closer. Captain Oaks decided that there was only one way to prospect—by airplane.

So he, like Howey, went to Jack Hammell. But Hammell was extremely busy about that time. The company to which he had optioned the original mine in Red Lake had given it back to him, and he was in the throes of another set of activities extremely remindful of the Flin-Flon. So Captain Oaks tried to interest others. The idea was too fantastic. He gave it up for a while and went to something nearer comprehension—the finding of backers for what is now one of the big commercial projects of Canada—the Western Canada Airways. But the idea of prospecting by air stuck with him. Again he went back to Jack Hammell, and for a second and a third time. Finally, a little more than a year ago, Oaks found Hammell with his troubles at Red Lake ended.

"All right, kid," said Jack. "You've started something. Tear down to New York and buy some airplanes. I'll get the prospectors."

That was about the first of March, 1928. What has followed in that space of little more than a year gives perhaps the best picture possible of the speed with which the airplane is developing as an integral factor of mining.

The company which Jack Hammell and Oaks started is only one of several now, to say nothing of the independent mining companies which this year are purchasing airplanes for their own use and are sending men into the bush to establish camps and look over ground long considered beyond the reach of the prospector. The original company has flown more than 100,000 miles. Between the various companies the entire North of Canada has been populated; at least a dozen regions have been investigated that had never before seen a white man. All this was done in spite of a late start, not because of a lack of money or planes but because prospectors wouldn't fly!

When a prospector gets his mind made up that's usually the end of it. That was what nearly wrecked aerial exploration in Canada. The prospectors had made up their minds that these newfangled things were dangerous, and they refused to go into the air!

Too Risky for Prospectors

That doesn't mean that an occasional prospector refused to fly. It means that 99 per cent of the experienced bushmen whom Jack wanted, flatly and absolutely refused to give up their old ways. There was too much risk in this projected method, they said.

Of course under the old system all the risk that a prospector took was that of drowning, of forest fire, of death from illness in places too remote from civilization for aid to reach a stricken person, death from glandular trouble due to fly infection, death from freezing, from minor accidents which can turn to major ones if medical treatment cannot be speedily procured—Canadian airplanes last summer alone saved the lives of more than twenty persons by transporting them quickly from wilderness areas into civilization and hospital equipment.

Those hazards, however, had come to be expected ones; every prospector felt that he could guard against them, and that, though they might happen to other fellows, he would be excepted. The airplane presented a definite picture of danger; it was new, untried as a weapon against the wilderness. The prospector could not conceive of it going safely into places where no one ever had been before, finding a landing place, delivering its cargo, departing and then coming back and finding the men whom it had left there perhaps a month previous.

In vain was the system explained—that every prospecting unit should be equipped with a large, yellow flag which could be recognized from the air, that every Northern Aerial Mineral Explorations Company airplane would be painted deep orange and black, so that it could be easily seen from the ground and not confused with some other ship which might be making a trip over the bush, thus giving a check system of communication between the two. The thing that the prospector couldn't understand was how an aviator could take men to one lake out of thousands, drop them there and find his way back again when the time came to bring those men in. That was all explained—by aviator's calculations to which the prospectors listened intently and of which they absorbed nothing.

As far as the ships themselves went they did not cause much fear; the men would take short hops in them and apparently enjoy the sensation. But they wouldn't move from the home base. Even the thought of finding new gold mines under swifter and better conditions could not budge them.

"All I see to do is kidnap 'em," I said to Jack Hammell one day. "It wouldn't be the first time."

Jack laughed.

"Trouble is, we can't get 'em all into one airplane," he said. But as we reminisced, Jack got an idea.

"There's that new plane in New York," he said, and hurried away for Captain Oaks. We were all at Red Lake then.

Two Men and Their Wives

The two of them flew out that night. A week later, a brilliantly painted plane, gold and black, a cabin job, circled over Red Lake, came gracefully down to a landing and then taxied to shore, while the whole camp of us ran forward to greet it. Out stepped Jack, dressed as if he had just left Broadway. Then with exaggerated graciousness he assisted a woman, also dressed in city clothing, from the cabin. It was Mrs. Hammell. After that Captain Oaks got out and, with the same knightliness, extended a hand to his own wife, also dressed as though she had never heard of a place like this, 160 miles in the bush. Jack turned the women over to Captain Oaks, who walked away with them toward camp.

Then Hammell turned to the gawking crowd of prospectors.

"Well, boys," he said, "we had a great trip. Took off from New York yesterday morning and came right on across, with only one stop. Right straight across, and the girls enjoyed it every foot of the way." Suddenly his manner changed. "Now, you bums!" he shouted. "Are you such cowards that you won't travel in a thing that even women aren't afraid of?"

After that the matter of prospecting Canada by air took a sudden spurt. Within two weeks there were forty men in the bush, scattered from Hudson Bay to the Northwest Territories, and sixty more chafing to be started. Once initiated, the prospector became as excited about riding to work in an airplane as a Boston bulldog is excited about riding in a motor car. Incidentally, that is the change the airplane has wrought—the prospector now rides to work.

Last summer I happened to be one of four prospectors who made up a sort of flying squadron to check up on a number of rumors of minerals at various places in the Dominion. First of all we were jumped from Sioux Lookout, in the Patricia District of Ontario, to The Pas, in Northern Manitoba, and from there to the Rottenstone Lake region, where our airplanes swooped down to the lake, taxied around it until the pilots decided upon a smooth, sandy beach for a landing place, and then moved us into camp. Airplanes, in prospecting, incidentally, work in pairs for the

(Continued on Page 133)

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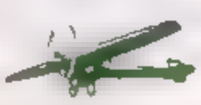

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Commenced with Fuller while still college freshman. Was married, with two children, and Fuller enabled him to go through school. Has risen steadily to high executive positions. Now manager of Eastern Division

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Began twenty-two years ago making brushes nights and selling them daytimes. Now company bearing his name does annual volume of more than $13,000,000, and is largest business of kind in the world

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Began with the company only eleven years ago. Has been branch manager, district manager and is now in charge of the important Central Division.

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Sold brushes first to pay way through college. Became full time Fuller man in 1916. Advancing through branch manager and division manager promotions to board of directors, and sales manager

H. M. COTTON

Has risen through grades of branch manager, district manager, educational director. Now manager of division.

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The manager of The Fuller Brush Company's office in any of the cities listed will be glad to give you full information without obligation on your part. A telephone call or letter to him will receive his prompt attention. Or, if this is not convenient, write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 3558 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, address Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

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Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
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Dallas, Texas
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Dayton, Ohio
Decatur, Ill
Denver, Colo
Des Moines, Iowa
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San Jose, Calif
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Seattle, Washington
Shreveport, La.
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Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
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(Continued from Page 130)

same reason that prospectors work in pairs—so that if an accident happens the uninjured plane can either give help or go for assistance. It is worth mentioning, too, that out of the 630,000 miles flown by all types of exploration and transportation airplanes operating into the bush of Canada in 1928, there was not a major accident resulting either in the loss of men or of supplies.

Of course there is a good reason for this—it lies in the topographical conditions of the country. True it is that Canada, north of the line of the transcontinental, is continued wilderness. But it is also true that practically every five miles of this bush country possesses at least one lake that is large enough for landing purposes.

More than that, the pilots who train for work in the bush do so upon the assumption that every landing is a forced one. Therefore, if something does happen in the air and a pilot is compelled to glide for a landing, he is doing little more than he does at any other time; in fact, he is only making a regular landing. With landing fields so close that any sensible flying height puts a man within gliding distance of one, there is not much danger of cracking up. That means a great deal in the conquering of the wilderness; the biggest menace of all—airplane hazard—has been removed to a degree greater than in any other country in the world.

But to get back to that prospecting job. Once we were landed we became the usual type of prospectors again, with every possible convenience. Every supply had been landed for our comfort—tent, bedding rolls, food and a sectional canoe which can be carried in a comparatively small space, fitted together and tested before the airplane departs. Then the plane left us, to come back in two weeks, either to get us if we wanted to leave, or to pick up our samples. For the airplane under the new system is something more than a carrier of human freight. It is a messenger boy.

In the old days a man never knew what he had found until the season was all over. Under the new system it is not unusual for him to receive an almost daily report of the progress of a vein toward a paying mine. Last year, for instance, there was a great deal of interest in a new district of Patricia. Not only were airplane prospectors working in the country but a number of other men operating under the old handicaps, which the airplanes of the exploration company speedily helped to eradicate. Since the planes were carrying out samples for their own men, it was decided to do the same for others on a freightage basis. Ports of call were established, the prospectors would bring in their samples, tag them and leave them, returning to their camps in the bush. Then in a few days they would go back to the particular lake at which the airplane called and find there an assayer's report depicting just what their samples had portrayed.

We did not stay long at Rottenstone Lake; two weeks of investigation told us that the strike or two near the water seemed to be about the only available ones at the present time. Back oame the airplanes and we climbed into the cabin, this time to be transported to Reindeer Lake, near the northeast corner of Saskatchewan, where we worked for a time on the establishment of a gas cache, after which we flew onward to Fond du Lac, at the northeast end of Lake Athabasca, where more work of the same type was done. When the airplane came back again it was with the word of a journey to Hudson Bay.

Out over the north we went, and to Churchill, the terminus of the Hudson Bay Railroad. Then, cutting straight out over the bay, we hit for the Belcher Islands and the investigation of the tremendous iron deposits which were supposed to exist there. It was something for the future, of course, when boats from Europe ply Hudson Bay, bringing cargoes of coke and coal from England as ballast.

One never knows what may happen in mining; here were vast deposits of ore which might lie fallow until doomsday, or which might some day form the field which would supply the materials for great steel mills of the North. We staked five miles of them while the radio furnished us entertainment by night, and our leisure hours in the daytime concerned themselves with hunting up evidences of the old-timers who had visited these islands when the Hudson Bay Company was truly the Company of Gentlemen Adventurers. Then the planes returned.

This time it was a trip deep into Ungava—again for iron ore—and when that was over we cut southward for Toronto, stayed there a few days and hit for Sioux Lookout. In a week from the time we left Ungava we were far in the new gold regions of the Patricia District, working along the Pickle and Crow Lake regions, with a comfortable camp and the knowledge that we still had a month or so left before freeze-up. Our distance for that season? We reckoned it crudely, a minimum of 6000 miles!

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Cooper. The next and last will appear in an early issue.

THE WILD ONES

(Continued from Page 64)

With old Peter Mowry's death, Nita and her mother were left alone, Dave resumed; and upon Nita fell the full burden of the farm. She rose to it valiantly.

"Mrs. Mowry wan't any good at all," he explained. "Folks were getting to be sort of sorry for them, and sometimes someone would drop in on her of an afternoon. And Mrs. Mowry would talk about old Pete, and what a great actor he was; and she'd tell about Mary's poetry, and how some magazine had almost bought some of it; and she'd explain how she might go back to acting herself. There was always someone after her to do it, to hear her tell. She never bragged about Nita, but everyone could see what Nita was doing. She'd turned to like a good one, playing the piano, drilling some of the children in a school show, and between times taking care of the ducks and the house and her ma."

Mary, he said, seldom came to town. Will Russell drove in now and then as he was used to do; and once or twice Mrs. Mowry went out with him to spend a day or two with Mary. Now and then some waggish tongue suggested to Will that this was one of the burdens a husband must assume; but if Will was wearied with his mother-in-law, he never voiced his weariness. And Mrs. Mowry always returned with some glowing tale to tell.

She circulated, eventually, the news that Mary was going to have a baby. "She told me about it," Dave admitted. "And I reminded her that she'd said she wouldn't ever be a grandmother, and she laughed, tickled to death and proud as Punch, and said this was different. She told me she was going to get Nita to make some little lace caps for her to wear. She 'lowed she'd sit by the fire with her little cap on and knit socks for the youngster. I don't suppose she ever knitted a stitch in her life, at that."

But the matter ended otherwise. Mary's time came in February, and a storm was blowing, and the long road from Will's farm to town was a half-frozen quagmire. He started in his old wagon, but mishaps delayed him broken traces, a mired horse, a cracked axle. He was four or five hours on the way; and he was half as long returning with the doctor at his side, while the snow pelted them and built white humps upon their shoulders. They reached the farm long past the time when the doctor's skill might have been of service there.

Matters thereafter were on the surface not so very different, Dave confessed. Mary dead was no more completely removed from the life of the village than Mary on this distant farm.

"But it bothered me," he admitted. "I got to wishing Nita and her ma would give up and move away. It looked like something else was bound to happen if they stayed."

The geese came back down river. We heard them first, then saw them as they swept past the point of the island, laboring into the wind, their futile cries still sounding. They were very weary now, fighting the rising gale; and I thought ruefully that they would alight again.

They did so, dropping in the open water in the eastern river; and Dave turned to me. "All right!" he proposed. "We'll try a scull on them. They may lie for us."

But I had had enough. "Let them go," I protested. "We've all we need."

"The boys here might try them," Dave suggested. "If you don't want to."

I could not well interfere. I had had my sport, was surfeited, but Happy and Asa were as keen as hounds. They were at Dave's word already moving. We watched the boat go slipping through the marsh grass toward the stream, Asa in the stern, Happy in the bow. Out in the river the geese still called, and we could distinguish their dark forms on the water there. The boat, thatched with dead grass, was a sinister brown blot on the golden surface of the marsh. We lost sight of it for a moment; saw it presently emerge into the stream beyond.

"Asa's making a good scull," Dave commented, watching them.

I hoped the geese would fly. The boat seemed scarce to move, and the birds, even at this distance, appeared to be restless. Their heads were high and watchful, and we could hear them honking hopelessly.

But the boat drew nearer them, and I wrenched my eyes away. "How about Nita and her mother?" I asked. "How did they get along?"

"Why, they managed, for a while," Dave told me briefly. "Till here last winter, Mrs. Mowry got pneumonia and died."

Out there on the river, guns roared, a louder clamor rose. I heard Happy's triumphant shout, and my eyes turned reluctantly that way.

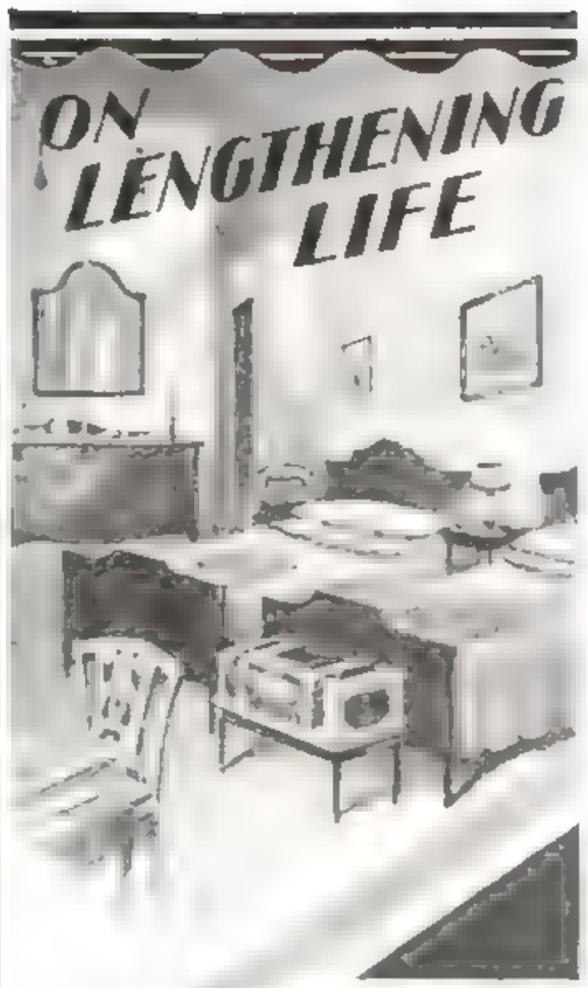
There were two black spots on the bosom of the stream. One of them splashed for a moment; then we heard another shot and saw the pellets slit the water, and after that the flapping goose lay still. A lone bird flew heavily down river. His cries came back to us on the wind's strong wing.

Happy and Asa were picking up the fallen ones, and we could hear their exultant voices. I tried to find comfort in the fact that one bird still survived. And one of these Mowrys, too, I remembered, and turned again to Dave, a question in my eyes.

Dave was watching the boat as he went on. He said Nita still stayed at the farm. "She had backbone, that girl," he remarked; and I wondered why he always spoke of her in the past tense, and a still fear grew in me.

"She had backbone," he repeated. "She wan't afraid of work, ever; and she worked like a good one, all last spring and summer. Done well too. We had a good season and she raised a lot of ducks; and she went at it not so much out of books, but sensible, finding out what kinds of birds the markets wanted, and how to clean them right, and all. She paid off for her ma's funeral by the middle of the summer, and she caught up with her bills at the store.

"The work showed on her some. She got kind of thin and drawn, and she was brown as a witch, you might say. But



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prettier than ever, it looked to me. She'd filled out, for all she was so thin; and she used to go around bareheaded, that black hair of hers a-flying. It was always sort of curly—a crinkle in it. And her eyes were as blue as ever, and clear as anything."

His voice was almost tender. "Mrs. Bingham and me, we liked her," he confessed. "I used to help her out some; and she'd let me, but she'd always be cooking up a batch of doughnuts or something and sending them down to us, just kind of reminding us she was thankful for what little we did."

He said he began to think she might make a go of it. "And I was sorry too," he said. "Because she didn't belong around here. Anyone could see that. The folks here are all right, but she wan't our kind, nor ever would be; or if she ever did come to be, it would be a pity. That's the way it looked to me. She'd work too hard, and get dragged and rough-handed and all, if she stayed on. I kind of hoped she'd bust up, but it begun to look like she was all set to stay."

We could see the sneak boat moving down the bay.

"They're going after that other goose," Dave remarked; and I watched their slow progress with a rebellious anger, wishing I might recall them, wishing the goose might at last forget its grief and loneliness and depart on those great wings which could, if it chose, bear it swift to far security. We could not see the bird. It had alighted in the river somewhere below the marsh, a mile or two away; and by the fact that Asa still sat erect in the stern, I knew they had still far to go.

Dave went on slowly. "It looked like she might make a go of it," he repeated, "till here two weeks ago. She'd sold off a lot of her ducks and ducklings to pay her bills, and so's she wouldn't have too many to feed through the winter. She didn't have only about a couple of dozen left, and then a weasel got into them one night and killed four."

The girl came down next morning to report the disaster and ask advice from him, but there was no good advice to give her. Her pens and houses were rude affairs, not fit to keep out such vermin.

"I offered to take care of her ducks down here," he said, "but she wouldn't have that. Said she'd do it herself or not at all. I told her to set some traps, and I give her three of mine and told her how to do it; and she went back up to her place with them. She said she'd keep watch at night after this with a gun."

There was, he said, something desperate in her eyes that day. "I've got to keep what I have," she told him. "I won't have any money in the spring to buy more. I've got to, Dave!"

He advised her that the weasel was not likely to return. "But I knew he would," he admitted now. "You take folks like that; it looks as if even animals went out of their way to pick on them."

Yet the girl did manage for a while to protect the birds. She sat up half the night, keeping guard over them; and when at the end of a week there had been no new alarm, her courage somewhat revived. She had during this period arranged for a substitute to take her place at the piano in the town hall on picture nights; but now an itinerant theatrical company came to town and her services were demanded.

"Rufe Hartness had the running of it," Dave explained. "And he told her if she didn't want the job he'd get someone else. She had to have the money it brought her, so she had to go."

He digressed to speak of this dramatic invasion more in detail. "They was called the Pleasant Dale Players," he informed me. "There was posters up a week ahead, telling about them. 'Broadway Dramas' it said; and the show they put on here was named Turn to the Right. It was a pretty good show, about a couple of crooks that went to stay at a farm and turned straight. It couldn't have happened the way it did in the show. They made the farm pay; and they couldn't have done that, any more than old Pete Mowry could raise ducks. But it was funny, just the same; and I laughed at it. So did everybody."

Nita played the piano before the curtain rose, and between the acts; and there was a woman in the company who had known her mother, so after the performance the girl waited to speak to her.

"And when she got home," said Dave, "there was seven more dead ducks in the pens."

The sneak boat crept persistently on its way, and I shuddered as I watched it. It seemed to assume a relentless personality of its own. Why did not the lone goose fly?

Dave was continuing. "She told me about it next day," he related. "She come down to my place, and there was a young fellow with her. He'd been in the show, and his name on the program was Rupert Fay. The company was going to stay in Brunswick for a couple of days, and he wanted to shoot a duck. He'd got acquainted with Nita the night before, and come back up here on purpose, and she brought him down. Lewis, his name was—Evan Lewis. 'Rupert Fay' was just for the program. I brought him out here, and he got two birds. A good shot, he was."

"Lewis?" I repeated.

"His pa writes plays," Dave explained. "He told us he was going to start, the first of January, in one of his pa's plays, in New York. He was out getting experience. A nice youngster. No airs about him, and a friendly grin, and kind of laughing at himself all the time. Nita, she'd set there where you're setting and listen to him talk, and her eyes were shining. I guess his pa was quite a man, to hear him tell."

"I know of him," I confessed. "He is. One of the best."

"Likely," Dave agreed. "The young one had good blood in him, you could see."

The sneak boat was far below the foot of the marsh now, and Asa had slipped down in the stern. "Guess they're getting near," Dave said. "Asa's begun to scull."

"Can you see the goose?" I asked, my throat aching.

"Can't make it out," Dave confessed, and filled his pipe again. He went on presently:

"This Lewis come up here again the day after. I drove to town that day, and I saw him and Nita down on the shore at her place, her feeding the ducks and him watching her. It was a nice day, and the sun shining. Her hair looked pretty near red in the sun. This Lewis, he was watching her, and I heard them laughing. Then the next day the company went on to Portland, and he didn't come back here again.

"And the next night a lot more of Nita's ducks were killed, so she had just three left. I saw her when I drove past; and she was down in the mouth about it. First time I ever saw her down, but I couldn't blame the girl. I offered to take the ones she had, but she wouldn't have it so. She kind of laughed, and she says:

"'No. I might as well kill them as let a weasel kill them, Dave!'

"She was desperate, you could see. But she was right, at that. I killed the birds for her. She 'lowed she'd dress them that afternoon." He hesitated. "And that's the last time I see her," he explained.

My throat was dry. "The last time?" I echoed, dreading his next word.

"She walked up to the state road and caught the Portland bus that afternoon," he said. "I heard about it; and I was glad she'd give up and gone; but I was sorry, too, and I worried some. I kind of suspicioned something. This Lewis, he was all right, but actors are different, and it didn't look to me Nita'd come to any good from him. I hated to think of anything happening to her. He was a nice boy; that was all right. But they were both young, and the weather'd been warm and sunny. A lot of trouble comes out of warm sunny days in the fall."

Happy and Asa, far down the river, must be near their prey. My hands were clenched with dread; my ears ached for the sound of their shots, and my eyes burned as I watched them.

"Why doesn't that goose fly?" I asked rebelliously. "It must see the boat by now."

"Thinks it's a log," Dave explained. He hesitated, chuckled faintly. "I used to feel the same about Nita as you do about the goose," he admitted. "Wishing she'd get out, get away. Well, she's gone now!"

"Gone?" I echoed.

"That's what Happy says," he reminded me. "She went down to Portland on the bus and sold her three ducks to a market man there. And she married this young Lewis last night. They say she's going to act in the show."

I had somehow expected, from his tone and from the past tense in which he always spoke of her, something worse than this.

"But that's where she belongs," I cried in a great relief. "She belongs in that world! That's fine for her."

"I say so," Dave agreed. "Happy, he don't think so." He grinned. "Happy's idea was that she'd ought to marry him—stay here."

I shook my head, a warm contentment in me. But as I did so I heard the honk of a goose, off to the west of us, and swung in quick surprise, thinking the wild one had risen and circled back this way.

But I saw, when I turned, not one but a dozen great birds, in a disciplined line, a wise old gander at their head, winging down the stream. As they flew, they called. They went swiftly past the marsh, out over the open water at the foot of it; and their cries came suddenly in a greater volume on the wind.

Then Dave whispered: "There he goes!"

A wide-winged form rose from the gleaming surface of the river there. The flock broke in a momentary confusion; the lone goose rose and mingled with them; the flock returned to formation, and the lone bird dropped into place among them, indistinguishable from his fellows now. The long line of them slipped swiftly down river and away.

My heart was pounding. Gone then! Gone to meet new perils through the long gantlet of the years. But not alone! Not alone!

I found myself, absurdly, on my feet, an arm upflung; I heard my own shout of triumph go ringing across the marsh. Then it occurred to me that this was absurd; that it was ridiculous that my eyes should blur for the sake of a single goose. I turned back to Dave almost shamefacedly—met his calm and even glance.

"I can't help it," I confessed. "I'm glad it got away."

Dave nodded, smiling. "Sure," he assented. "I feel just about the same."

"Someone else may kill it, of course," I admitted.

"Maybe," Dave agreed. "But it won't mind so much, long as it's not alone."

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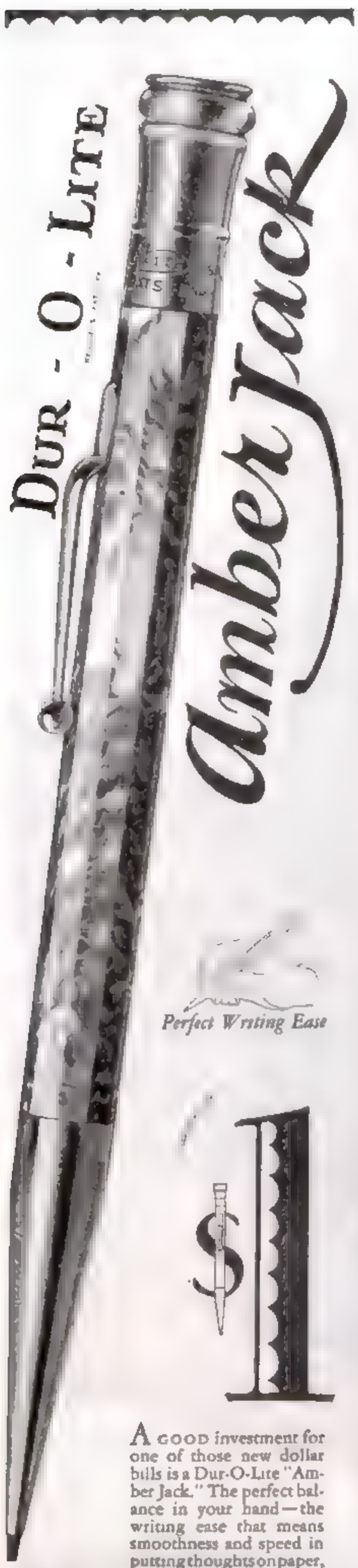

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ROUSTABOUTS AND RAZORBACKS

(Continued from Page 11)

Actually the swingy trot makes it easier for him to walk up or down the inclined stage with a heavy load on his head, but he also uses the step to show off before women or to get his mind off his work when he is tired.

"Hit ain't but one way to learn dat coonjine," one rouster explained. "You take and git a two-hundred-pound sack er fertilizer on yo' haid and start down a steep stage. You'll jest natchally coonjine. Dat fertilizer'll learn you how, or else hit'll break yo' back tryin'. Ah, Lawd, dat thing gonter kill me sho. I might be up on Black River right now, makin' me a crop. But naw! I learnt dat coonjine, and de doctor can't do dat thing no good."

The cargo includes practically every known kind of farming, household and levee-camp supplies. The bulk of it is consigned to wholesalers in the larger towns along the river, but there also is considerable freight for retailers, plantation and levee or logging-camp commissaries, and even for individual small farmers and shanty-boat men along the way. Nothing seems too large or too small.

A Sweet Tooth

And bananas! Each steamboat has its bar, which supplies fruit, candy, tobacco and other odds and ends to the crew, the passengers and the people along the bank who come aboard at the landings. On every trip up, the barkeeper takes on fifty or sixty stalks of bananas, which are hung in full view on the open veranda of the boiler deck. People along the river buy these by the dozen or by the stalk and are glad to get them. And the rousters, who have "credik" at the bar for their needs, like bananas. One man, stripped of all odd change in a cooncan game and bored with sleeping, remarked, apropos to nothing: "I b'lieve I'm gonter go up and git me a dozen 'nanners and set down and eat myse'f a bait."

The outside appearance of steamboats is pretty much the same. They set flat on top of the water, drawing from three to eight feet, with the superstructure high, oblong, and painted white. On the lower river, which is wide and which requires less maneuvering, they are propelled by stern paddle wheels. On the upper river they frequently are side-wheelers.

The first, or main, deck is devoted to the engine room, the boiler, and much cleared space for storing freight. The second, or boiler, deck is devoted to passenger cabins, dining saloon, cooking galley, bar and office. To the front of it is the open veranda, where passengers can sit in the shade and enjoy the cooling breezes or where freight can be stored if the space is needed. A narrow companionway runs along the outside of the deck, the full length of the boat. The dining saloon is a hallway through the center and the entire length, with the staterooms opening into it. In here also are the usual forms of entertainment—a piano, a phonograph, books, writing desks. The saloon is used for dances when there are dances, or for anything else that requires the space.

On the old and more elaborate boats this entire deck was magnificently equipped—mahogany woodwork, polished hardwood floors, elaborate chandeliers, gingerbread cornices and handsome paintings. On the later boats the late Victorian influence in decoration has decreased with the change of economic conditions, and the saloon is comfortably equipped, but not so elaborate that the mate would hesitate to store freight in one corner of it if he needed the space.

The roof of the boiler deck is the hurricane deck, and atop the hurricane deck is the texas—a string of staterooms down the center of the hurricane deck, in which the present practice is to quarter the officers.

The name "texas" is strictly of steamboat origin, according to river lore. When steamboats first began handling large volumes of passengers whose tastes required luxurious surroundings, they were quartered in the cabins on the boiler deck. These cabins were named for the various states of the Union, and the deck itself became more politely known as the stateroom deck. During the 40's, when the Texas question was the most-talked-of problem—whether she should be admitted as a slave or free state, or at all—some steamboat man whose name is lost to record built an additional passenger deck above his stateroom deck and called it the "texas." The name stuck.

Atop the texas and in the exact center of the boat is the pilot house, a rustic little box about eight feet each way, and furnished with one stool, one bench, a heating stove, a steering wheel, a few bell and whistle pulls and a compass. From the stool the pilot can look all about him. He is high enough above the noise of the engine to hear sounds that mean things to him in the night and which he can interpret into distances from the banks, and during the day he not only can see what is going on in the river but he can read the river itself—note current changes of bank cavings that will affect his course the next trip up.

The first stop above New Orleans is Reserve, where two large sugar refineries are situated. Here tons and tons of sugar are toted aboard by the roustabouts. The sugar is sacked usually in hundred-pound bags, but recently the twenty-five-pound bags, which, when empty, are especially suitable for dish towels, have become popular among the rural housewives, and the wholesalers lay in great quantities of these.

In the past few years the upstate sugar consumption has increased noticeably, especially in the more rural sections. Even the shanty boats take on sugar in the hundred-pound sacks. It is not uncommon for a single shanty-boat owner whose household consists of himself, his wife, a dog, a gun and fishing tackle to receive from five hundred to a thousand pounds of sugar at a time. And in the heavily wooded overflow sections of the tributaries these shanty boats abound.

"They make liquor out of that sugar," Captain Sam explained. "The meanest stuff you ever tried to swallow too. They are too lazy to work, too tired to hunt and not energetic enough to fish. So they make liquor."

He had never seen them make liquor, he said, but he had seen some awfully wild white mule loose in the section. "This ain't the canning season," he argued. "And if it was, there ain't no berries along here to can anyway. And it's a cinch they don't use all that sugar in their coffee, unless they drink a whale of a lot of coffee. And we put off a hundred sacks of sugar to every sack of coffee. Figure it out yourself."

Where De Soto Died

Two hundred miles above New Orleans the steamer Ouachita leaves the Mississippi River for the tributaries—Red, Black and Ouachita, with frequent by-excursions into Tensas, Bœuf, Bartholomew, Macon and Louis. The tangent is begun through a ten-mile stretch of an abandoned channel of the Mississippi called Old River. Old River is destined to figure importantly every time the Federal Government considers flood control in the lower Mississippi. It is, Captain Cooley thinks, the key to the whole situation. As this is being written, with the water within one foot of its record stage of the notorious 1927 flood, engineers are nervously sounding and cross-sectioning Old River and trying to deduce helpful knowledge from the information. The one railroad bridge which crosses it is out—washed out at one end where the bank has caved viciously—and in the channel where, two years ago, bottom could be touched with a twenty-foot sounding line, a sixty-foot line doesn't touch it now.

Old River originally was a freakish double loop in the Mississippi at the point where the Mississippi came nearest the Atchafalaya, which also is where the Red River empties into the Atchafalaya. When the explorer, De Soto, returned from his western explorations down the Ouachita and through the Red, the Mississippi and the Atchafalaya were not joined. According to tradition he died on the Red River and was buried in it, within a mile of the Mississippi—this contrary to the romantic story of his burial in the great river he had discovered.

Sometime later the Mississippi, ever cutting here and shoaling there, ate through the narrow dividing neck between the double bend and the Atchafalaya, and began pouring its muddy waters into the Atchafalaya, which is more than a hundred miles shorter from that point to the Gulf than is its large neighbor. Then, in 1826, an engineer, named Henry Shreve, who had been trying to make Red River navigable, made a cut-off in the neck of the double bend which sent the Mississippi straight across to the lower channel instead of through the double loop. The loop shoaled up immediately, and for years the Mississippi and the Atchafalaya were separated again. Then came a flood which broke through the shoals into the Atchafalaya again, and once more the Big Muddy headed down the wrong basin.

The Prodigal Son

Fifty years or so later the great Captain Eads put a sill of logs in the bottom of Old River which held it stable, allowing enough water to pass through to keep it open, but preventing a bottom wash that would have sent it on a rampage.

In the 1927 high water these sills apparently washed out—the engineers know something happened, but some of them deny the sills are gone, while others affirm it—and the Mississippi sent raging torrents of swirling, biting water through it once more. Banks and bottom began changing, and the river has become, in fact, a spillway for the Mississippi, much to the discomfort of the dwellers of the Atchafalaya basin.

"Whether," said Captain Cooley, "the Mississippi will change its course permanently, and leave the lower channel stagnant and silted in, or whether the Atchafalaya basin can handle the water at all, or what the flood-control projects will work out to, is all something to talk about. I personally think any sort of spillway below Old River is a waste of government money, and I think the fuse-plug levee plan, which will allow the richest land in the world to go under water, is a rank outrage. But we just talk. I'm a steamboat man, and I know a lot about what the river has done. And I know enough about it to know there is no telling what it will do. I've seen many a good engineer whipped to a frazzle by it because something he has figured out on paper works out sour for him.

"You see, the Mississippi River is like a wayward son. It storms and rages about, raising thunder for a while, and you are exasperated almost beyond endurance. Then, of a sudden, it settles down into such gentle docility that you just have to love it, devilment and all.

"The river commission has the idea. They work with it instead of against it. They try to guide it, but they don't try to force it. What will work in one place won't work in another. Or even in the same place, if the river takes a notion about it. That river is an old devil at times. I've been on it nearly sixty years, and I love every drop of water in it!"

Negroes who live close to the river acquire a strange insight into its strange ways. During the high-water periods, Dr. I. M. Cline, of the New Orleans United States Weather Bureau, makes water-stage predictions. These predictions are based

(Continued on Page 139)

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(Continued from Page 136)

upon information of the amount of rainfall, the water in sight and past performances, and are so accurately borne out that they have saved lives and property for those who live behind the levee. During the 1927 flood, when the water was being held off New Orleans by sandbags stacked on top of the levee, and the river-front warehouses were flooded as much as two feet, the Weather Bureau predicted another rise.

During the course of a conversation with an old river negro, the fact was mentioned that "Uncle Sam says there will be more water; he says she's going higher."

"Uncle Sam know a heap," the negro stated, "but he don't know nothin' 'bout dat ole witch. She gonter do jest lack she want to. And she ain't gonter git no higher too. She might git wider, but she ain't gonter git higher." That night the levees holding back the high crests that caused the prediction cracked and gave way, and thousands of acres of land near Greenville, Mississippi, went under. She "got wider" all right. And it is a matter of record that she got no higher.

After leaving the Mississippi for the tributaries the steamboat encounters three picturesque and distinctly steamboat spectacles—woodpiles, stave piles and range hogs. On the journey up, freight is discharged continuously, and very little, if any, is taken on. On the down trip, except during the cotton season, pipe staves and wild hogs make up the bulk of the cargo.

The woodpiles have disappeared from the Mississippi River because the timber has all been cut off near the bank, but in the overflow sections of the tributaries timber is plentiful and the small farmers make quite a bit of extra money by cutting steamboat fuel and stacking it on the bank.

When wood is needed the boat pulls in to a woodpile and the rousters carry it on. It is paid for by the cord and is scaled in the rick before it is carried aboard. If the owner happens to be present he is paid in cash; if not, a check is mailed him.

Most of the woodcutters take pride in the closeness with which their wood is stacked and are eager to give honest measure. But there is one classic exception that still is related about a Black River woodcutter.

This man was notorious for loose stacking—that is, he placed the sticks in the stack so they would take up all the room possible, and thereby got less wood into the cord measure. On one occasion he included a very crooked, knotty stick that he hid well down in the pile.

"I happened to notice the stick," said Captain Cooley, "as soon as the rouster picked it up. So, knowing it could not be put into the fire box, I told him to lay it aside, and I forgot about it."

A Jigger in the Woodpile

"I went on to New Orleans, and when I came by, going up, I took on more wood at this woodpile. And, buried down in a stack of wood, I came across that same knotty, crooked limb. There was no mistaking it. That fellow had sold it to me once, and when he saw it lying around he sold it to me again. It probably was the crookedest stick in the world, and it took up space enough for a dozen straight sticks.

"I thought twice was enough to buy it, so I had it taken aboard, and when we backed out and got straightened up the river, I dropped it into the water, thinking surely I was through with that stick. But such was not the case. The very next time I put in at that woodpile I came across that same stick of wood, buried halfway down in a rick! That fellow had probably seen it floating in the river and had gone after it! For a minute it made me so mad, I just about blew up. But soon the humor of the thing struck me, and I laughed, had the stick carried on board and kept it on board until I got to New Orleans. There I dumped it into the Mississippi River. I haven't seen it since, but I wouldn't be surprised to see it turn up sometime."

Next to a woodpile, the roustabouts dread staves. Staves are uniform in size and weight, but they are tedious. Four or five hours of steady toting of staves wear them down. These staves are split from the fine white oak that abounds along the tributaries, are stacked on the bank similarly to the wood, and are sold in New Orleans for resale in Spain.

The range hogs, however, give the most picturesque and exciting pictures of steamboating. Range hogs grew out of steamboating during the past fifty years and are peculiar to the overflow sections of the Ouachita and Black rivers. And with the development of the breed of range hogs has come a breed of range dogs, or hog dogs, that also is peculiar to that section. And, further, a technic of hog handling has been developed that probably isn't duplicated anywhere else in the world.

Bringing Home the Bacon

Over the thousands of acres of unfenced overflow land the old-fashioned razorback hog used to range. He was long-legged and hardy, he grubbed his own living from the earth and asked nothing of mankind. But he was a tough, stringy-meated porker, light in weight, and a bottomless pit to fatten.

The small farmers in the section worked in domestic hogs with these razorbacks, getting, as the result of the cross-breeding, a heavier, finer hog that was hardy enough to withstand the back waters and to live in the woods. These hogs run wild through the woods; the only attention they get is when they are caught, as tiny pigs, and marked with registered earmarks by the owners, and during protracted high water, when enough grain is carried to the mounds upon which they live to keep them alive. The only drawback in the mixed breed is that the crossing seems to have made them even more vicious than the old razorbacks.

To catch these hogs for the market is where the dogs come in. The hog dogs are descendants of ordinary curs that have been developed, by training instead of cross-breeding, into alert, keen, intelligent and brave dogs. And though, except for their intelligent expression, they look just like any other mongrel, they are so valuable that it is almost impossible to buy one. Five hundred dollars is the record price paid for a female who, in addition to being splendid with the hogs, also raised remarkable puppies.

The dogs have developed their own technic of hog leading. Wild hogs cannot be driven, but they can be "drawn." And that is what the dogs do. The woods are covered with an undergrowth of palmetto which hides the ground and the hogs on it. The dogs, working in a pack of half a dozen or more, are sent out to find the hogs. Usually no more than one or two men go along to spot. The dogs soon round up a drove of hogs and hold them quietly in place until the man rides up.

If the earmarkings show the hogs to belong to some other farmer the dogs are whistled off and sent hunting another drove. If they are the ones desired the farmer tells his dogs to "bring 'em home." And they do!

From the pack, one dog, apparently chosen by the dogs themselves, quietly takes position between the hogs and the pens into which they are to be led and begins barking furiously. Almost immediately the leading boar of the pack, with the others at his heels, will charge the dog. The dog runs—toward the pens! After fifty or a hundred yards of this, the hogs lose interest in the chase, and the dog repeats his stratagem.

When this ceases to work, the barking dog quietly retires to the pack, which has been trailing behind the hogs, and another dog, of their own selection, takes up the work. He boldly makes his way among the hogs until he can get a clear track to the boar, and leaps in, grabbing the boar by the jaw and holding on like a bulldog. The boar is infuriated. He squeals and excites the rest of the pack, and they close in on the dog. Sometimes they get him too. But very seldom. At just the proper time the dog looses his hold and escapes—running toward the pen with the hogs hot in pursuit.

When that dog tires he goes quietly to rejoin the pack, and another dog jumps in. If the distance to the pen is great, sometimes the lead boar will tire out and cease to give chase, no matter how badly he is handled by the dogs. In that case the dogs select another boar and handle him in like manner. Hogs have been led through woods as much as ten miles a day in this manner.

The pens to which the hogs are led are near the river bank. They are built strong enough to hold the hogs and high enough to keep them from jumping out. There is in them a hog hole through which they enter, and which is equipped with a drop trap that can be closed behind them as soon as they get in. There also is a dog hole on the opposite side of the pen, large enough for the dog to escape through the instant he heads them in, but not large enough for the hogs to follow him. So these offspring of mongrel dogs go out and find the wild hogs and bring them into the pens with a technic developed by themselves and without assistance or interference from the farmer. In fact, all the farmer does is to verify the earmarkings of the hogs and command "Bring 'em home." The dogs do the rest!

Getting these vicious beasts aboard a steamboat is something else. Constructing runways from the pen to the boat is unsatisfactory for a number of reasons, the chief two being, first, that the river level changes so rapidly that a new runway would have to be built each time hogs were taken on, and second, that runways aren't necessary.

The roustabouts solved the problem themselves by carrying the wild hogs on their shoulders! It isn't so simple as it sounds. The hogs are heavy, ranging in weight from a hundred to three hundred and fifty or even four hundred pounds. They are vicious. Their tusks are razor sharp and they can bite a man's leg off with one snap—and will, if they get the chance.

Three Men and a Razorback

It is apparent that a man who handles wild hogs, then, must be strong, brave and nimble. And though some roustabouts are better at it than others, and experience helps a lot, absolutely green hands, making their first trip as roustabouts, take their turn at hog toting, but not until the process is thoroughly explained to them by the roustabout foreman or captain of the watch, and their determination fired by long, boastful tales of hog toting from the older roustabouts.

The rousters work in gangs of three to a pen. Only brave and experienced men are allowed in the small pens with the vicious beasts. One man, especially gifted at the trick, maneuvers until he can grab a hind leg of a hog, and with a sudden, peculiar little jerk that he knows, he flips the porker over, flat on its back. The instant the hog hits the ground the other two men in the pen grab him, one by the ears and the other by the free hind foot, and the three men lift him over the pen and upon the shoulder of a waiting roustabout. The thing is done so suddenly that the hog doesn't have time to recover from the shock of being thrown before he is safely balanced on the shoulder of the man who is to carry him to the boat. The quickness not only obviates trouble from the hog that is being handled, but it keeps him from squealing and enraging the other hogs in the pen with him. Sometimes something goes wrong with the process, and the hog squeals or wrenches himself free, and the whole pack charges the men in the pen. In that case, these rousters, who are not especially athletic nor trained high jumpers, manage to scramble over. Now and then one gets cut badly by a tusk, but more frequently you hear them laughing about it later and asserting and offering to prove that they stood flat-footed and jumped over the six-foot pen without touching it.

The rouster who is to tote the hog on board receives him carefully, belly up and head pointing to the rear. He gets a hand hold in each flank, and pulls down, to balance the weight of the hog, the most of which is hanging over back of his shoulder. In this position the hog is helpless. The weight of his whole body is resting upon one spot on his backbone, and he cannot even wiggle or squirm out of position. All he can do is squeal, and the more vicious ones do not even do that. On board, he is eased down, belly up, on a slanting plank into a pen or runway on the main deck.

Hogging the Limelight

The range hogs average about two hundred pounds in weight. Some get as heavy as four hundred pounds, and four hundred pounds of live wild hog is something for one man to handle. But the rouster does it and then entertains himself the rest of the way to New Orleans bragging about it. Which, of course, evokes counter miracles from other rousters about hogs they have toted in the past.

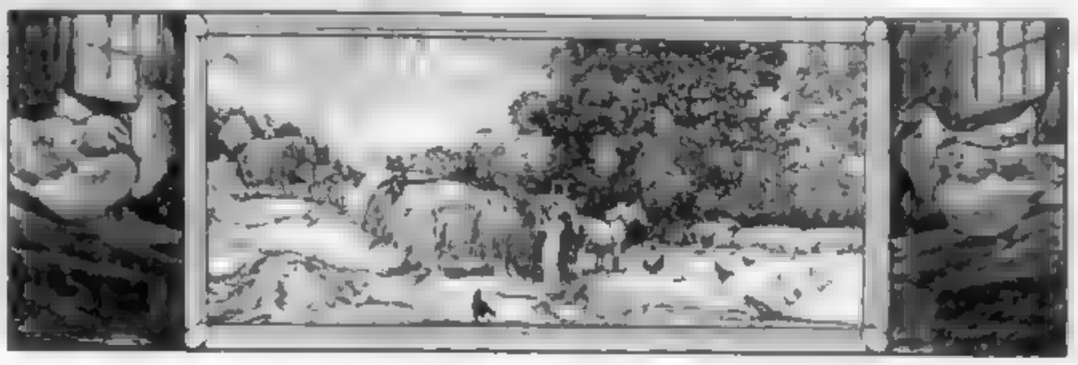
One roustabout who had toted on only a hundred-and-seventy-five-pound sow, told another who had brought on a three-hundred-pound boar and began bragging: "Dat ole hawg wan't nothin', son. Last winter I ketched a hog dat was so long to his haid mighty nigh drug de ground. And bad? Dat yaller scound'el had tushes as long as my hand. And what I'm tawkin' about, he kept, all de time, alobberin' and whettin' dem tushes to dey was sharp like a razor.

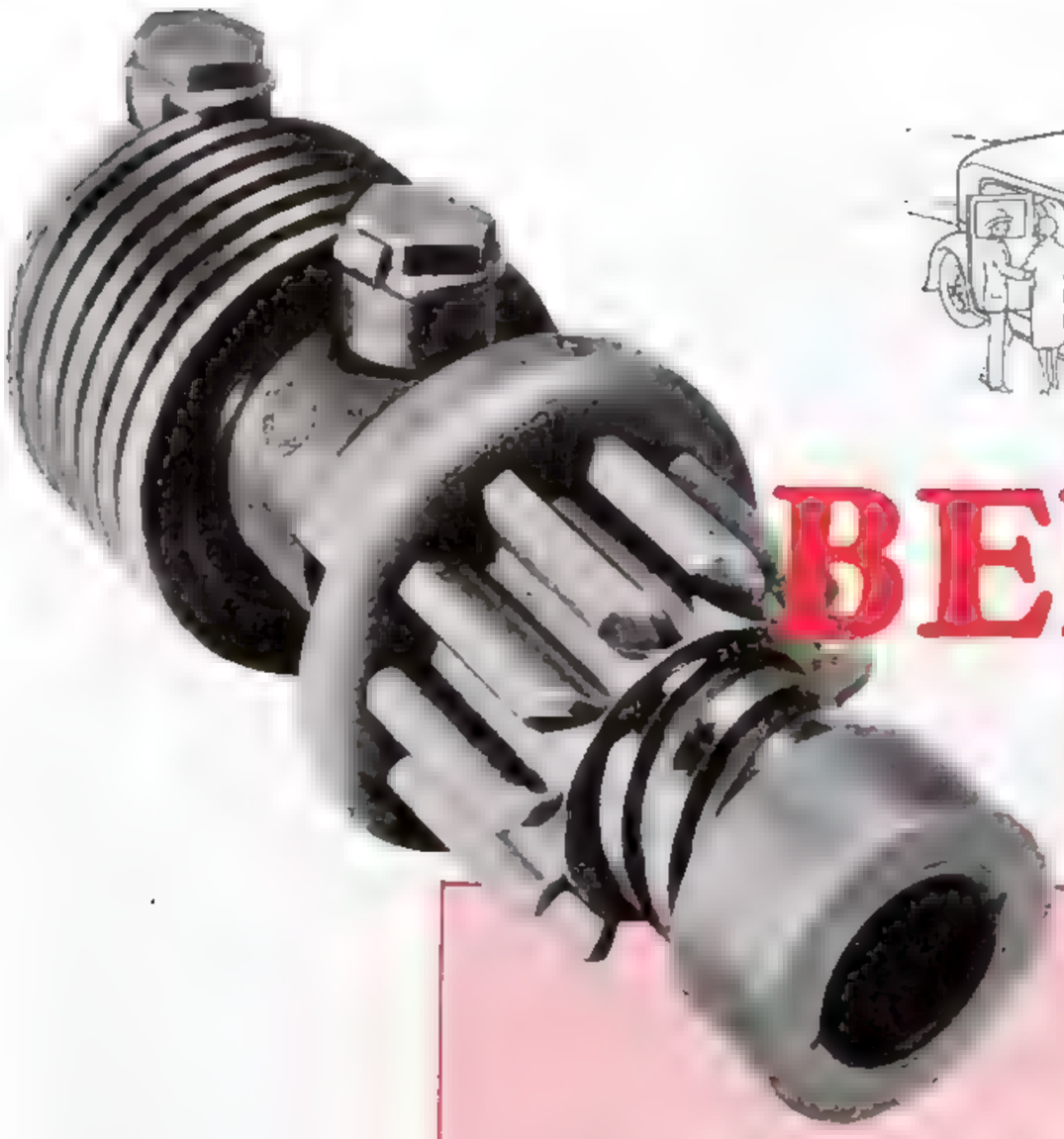
"So, quick as my foot hit de stage wid him, de cap'm felt de boat rockin'. 'Hold dat hawg whar you got him, Monroe,' say de cap'm. 'Wait to I gits him a pen right in de middle er de boat. 'Cause do you drap dat heavy thing in a pen on de side, he'll turn dis boat over and drown me and you bofe!' Dat was de biggest hog I ever toted! And de meanest, I reckon."

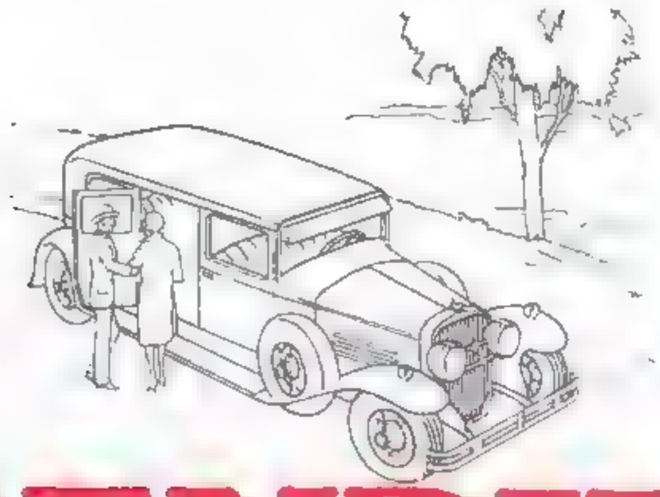
The next roustabout had toted a bigger one, and so on, during the rest of the quiet run down the river, almost to New Orleans.

Just before the boat gets in, however, there is new excitement. Pay day! The roustabouts line up and receive their wages, less their accounts at the bar, and less one dollar, which is held back until the boat has been properly tied up. As soon as the lines are down they turn in the ticket they received from the mate twelve days before and get their last dollar. In a very few minutes—even before the workers on the wharf get strung out to tote the freight off—the roustabouts have changed into their Sunday clothes and started for "back of town," with pay day in their pockets and "good time" on their minds.

That is Thursday. By Saturday they are gorged with restaurant food and gin sick, and they are eager to begin arguing with Capt. Sam Cotton again about how much stuff old Miz Laney has been buying.







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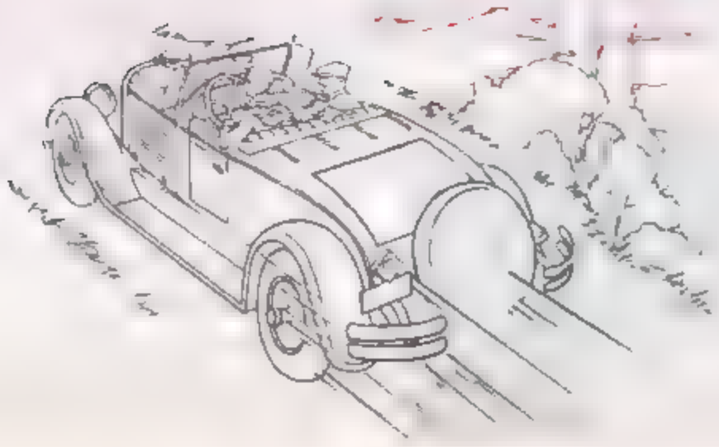

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WALK IN THE WATER

Continued from Page 36

awash practically. As soon as the coal was out of her a little, she would take the seas easily enough.

"There it is again!" old Del shouted, starting wildly up. "Do you hear it, man?"

Ochiltree said in a joking way that it was probably the babbling of these *che jin*, paper men or evil spirits, which the presence of the ship devil in the steam chest had cursed them with, according to Loo Seng. But there was no glossing over the fact of that boding sound in the stern of the ship—a-ahump, a-ahump, a-ahump—a throttled lament, accompanied with a shivering of the stern timbers and a confused irregularity in the motion of the enormous wooden cogs—eighteen in number—which geared the engine to the shaft.

"How do you diagnose it?"

"Key may have fallen out that pins those butterfly wings onto the shaft," old Del said finally. "Must be the tips of them are bringing up against the rudder post."

Must be. Might be, would be a better way to phrase it. Everything connected with steam was hypothetical, Ochiltree was coming to find out. The engine was a hypochondriac and the engineer a neurasthenic; both were sick, either together or by turns, and only the haziest of inferences could be drawn from the symptoms which were added to every twenty-four hours and duly noted in the ship's log. By now the ship was shaking so that Arad could not make his entries there in a fair hand.

"Stop the engine," he roared to the mate, "before the ship spews all her oakum! She's leaking now two hundred strokes a watch!"

They triced up the propellers and sagged away south under sail alone. They were one hundred odd days to the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, dropped days as a palsied knitting woman might drop stitches, and the Witch in fact, Turkey run and all, got into Port Louis a full day before them, with a hold half full of Turkey opium.

Ben Sherrod came aboard the Spitfire with Marthe.

"Whose mistake now?" he said gloomily, stopping in front of Ochiltree. The supercargo, thin as a slat from work and heat, black from the grease of the shaft alley where he had been writhing in between wooden cogs, and with a great raw burn on his arm and shoulder, muttered fiercely, "I'll sink or swim with 'em, sir. You let me reline these shafts, rebolt the engine, key the propellers on, and I'll beat you into the Straits now."

"I'm going to Bombay to finish out with India opium," Ben Sherrod said. "You thresh along the best you can, and do your trading in the Straits."

The Spitfire had bar iron, calico, hams, oars, cutlery and notions for a circuitous voyage.

"I'll leave word at Singapore," Ochiltree said. Marthe Sherrod, in pale gold muslin and cool under a Manila sun hat, smiled gently.

"Maybe you think I'll never get to Singapore," he shot at her bitterly.

"You will if Captain Arad has his way," Marthe answered archly. "Loo Seng, what do you think about it? Have you had enough of this ship devil?"

"Spose he no contentee," Loo Seng said, shuffling in his enormous shoes and with his head fallen limp on one shoulder. "No catchee welly good wind." He groaned and lifted up his eyes. "Too much stlong gale. Sea all same masthead," he complained.

He coasted his eye reverently toward that specimen of Ben Sherrod's marines, as they were called in Salem. This sea soldier, an effigy made of canvas stuffed with ground cork, and dressed in duck trousers, a red flannel shirt and a low-crowned straw hat, hung from a beam in the companionway by a hook with which his arm terminated. The features on that moonface had been brushed on from the tar pot; they were steadfast and hideous, the eyes asquint, the corners of the mouth drawn down farther than old Del's; and it was Loo Seng's reasoned conviction that all their miseries had their start here. An evil spirit, a paper man, a *che jin*, servant of the ship devil, had coiled inside. Loo Seng, who saw more reason to pray to devils than to gods, since only devils tormented man and his voyages, had privately erected this marine into a devil and burned silver paper in front of him. He would not dream of passing that *che jin* without muttering, "May all your days be as one," and kotowing if the motion of the ship permitted.

"You too muchee foolo," Ochiltree exploded, but he was half willing to believe that some demon did have charge of his affairs.

The two ships warped out together. Captain Arad cast sheep's eyes at the Witch, his love, as he might have looked at a proud woman sweeping past, disdaining him. She could, he thought, tow the Spitfire faster than that unlucky ship could move herself, with all her fishtails.

"Boil the kettle," he said sharply to old Del, with a last flourish of his brass speaking trumpet in the direction of Bangs Biddle on the Witch.

Old Del gave a heave of his paunch.

"Boil the kettle," Arad repeated.

"One lash to a good horse," old Del said, but he went below and boiled the kettle. The Spitfire took a new lease of life. Her crew stood up and guyed with wires the black smoke pipe, hinged to the deck; the agitation in the stern began, the wind died, smoke poured out of the quivering stack, red hot at the deck; the Spitfire crawled up on the Witch, dropped her astern. Captain Arad felt as if he were taking a mean advantage of a high soul, as if he were playing a contemptible trick on a sensitive and spirited woman.

They had gone past the Witch close enough to hear the bos'n's whistle, the thunder of her topsails as the leeches lifted, close enough to see Captain Bangs Biddle's mortally affronted face, and Ben Sherrod swaying on his heels, with his fists tucked up under his black body coat.

Bangs Biddle had already clothed his ship with studding sails on both sides. Now he broke out his water sails, jib-o-jibs, save-alls, flying kites—every last stitch that would draw—and the wind strengthening by ever so little, the Witch slipped nearer.

"This old ship's cousin has only got us under half steam now!" Ochiltree shouted like a man out of his wits. Captain Arad didn't stir. The Witch was outpacing him, and the effect of that chalk-white pyramid of sail on his soul was mesmeric, as if she had laid a hand on his shoulder, breathed into his ear the faintest of supplications.

"He wants her to draw ahead," Ochiltree thought, with hardly contained savagery. He dropped bodily into the engine room. The place was full of steam. He could vaguely see the boilers, like a couple of hippopotamuses after a mud bath, with their thick clay coats which had been smeared on to prevent radiation of heat. The engines, more demonlike than ever, and yet somehow invincibly comic, straddled their pits, quaking and clashing, the paint bubbling on the horizontal yellow cylinders; and old Del, with his naked fat arms folded together, stood with his mystical, rapt, listening air, as if he were nothing more than a spectator in a torture room, where the struggles of a living spirit to escape were all but visible.

"What is it now?" Ochiltree cried.

"*Che jin*," old Del said craftily. He added quickly, "Leak. Leak in the hot-water heater."

Invisible in wreaths of scalding steam, the engineer pronounced sepulchrally that unless this leak was found, no mortal could live more than five minutes in this engine room.

"I have got to blow off. Draw the fires," old Del said.

The shriek of escaping steam drowned all the rest of Ochiltree's expostulation. Ten minutes later, the Witch went flat across their bows and hauled up for the Arabian Sea. Captain Bangs Biddle, calmed, politely removed his Calcutta hat, and the chief officer waggishly waved a rope's end over the Witch's rail.

Old Del, eating with his superior officers in the second dogwatch, explained himself in language too technical to be understood.

"You had a safety valve, hadn't you?" Ochiltree demanded. "Had it set?"

"Set, yes," old Del retorted. "And we could blow sky-high, and still if there was a safety valve set, you would be able to say, I suppose, that those boilers had no right to do what they did. Plumb against the rules. I suppose you wanted me to sit on that safety valve, young man."

"I would have coined my blood to buy speed enough to overtake the Witch just then," Ochiltree muttered heavily.

"I know you would," old Del said, afflicting his soft gums with a fragment of salt horse. "I've seen 'em like you on the Western rivers. Bless me, it's getting so lately, an engineer on the run from New Orleans to Louisville doesn't feel like lifting his voice in company if he hasn't blown forty or fifty people into the middle of next week. They'll go ashore to wood up, and that'll sink 'em down and ground 'em out, and then they'll undertake to get steam enough to crawl right off a mud flat with the paddle wheels. I've seen 'em do it, boilers cherry-red, engineer hanging from the lanyard of the throttle like it was the trigger line of a gun, with his eyes shut. Crawling off like an insect!" old Del shouted.

"That's different. We weren't grounded out," the supercargo said. "And we had the makings of a pretty little race."

"Race, is it? There was a race a little below Louisville year before last. I was out there installing for Hogg and Delamater, and I saw how it was. There they were, a-going it by night, two boats of 'em, neck and neck in the middle of the river, a long reach ahead, bells ringing, firemen dripping wet, barrel of brandy right next to the water barrel, with a dipper hung to it, and half the time they didn't know which barrel they had their head into. There they were, blind to the world, choking wood into the fire boxes, passengers chopping pine knots on the foredeck, captain on the starboard paddle box bawling for more steam. Why, those boats were shaking so, the stewards couldn't keep glasses on the dining-room table. All excitement, women flushed up, gamblers knocking their hats together and betting their fool heads off, river all one glare ahead from the fire boxes. Neck and neck, understand? Maybe you think I'm fabricating, Mr. Ochiltree?"

"It's your yarn; I'll be bottle holder," the supercargo said wearily.

"It's gospel truth, those boats were attracted to each other by caterpillar attraction," Del grunted. "They got so close the officers were shaking hands across the rails. Bang. Now they come together. Shrieks from the women, trying to get their husbands to intervene now and stop it. Too much noise to hear orders now, even from women, steam blowing off, horses ramping on the foredeck, boilers showing their teeth right through the clay. 'One thousand dollars on the Picayune,' says a gambler. 'Take you,' yells his friend on the other boat. Bang. Boats come together again, bounce off the plug hats, slide a lot of sheep and cows into the port side of the Picayune's engine, knock down a pile of flour barrels aft. 'Go ahead, captain, keep her in the wake.'"

Old Del had followed Arad and his supercargo on deck with his story. They were hardly listening. The Witch was now moth-like on the silver threshold of a darkening sea. "Dreamers—scholars," old Del was thinking contemptuously. Willing to blow themselves into a thousand bits for the satisfaction of letting a rival pick up the pieces. What did they know of steam, of strains and stresses? If it was true that Arad had been the slave of an African princess, then, he, better than any man, should know the terrible power of a captive. Yet evidently he thought slightingly of steam.

"Strike the topgallant sails!" the captain called suddenly to his mate.

The men swarmed into the rigging, which had grown strangely slack; and Captain Arad, without looking at his engineer, encouraged him.

"Keep her in the wake, hey? They weren't afraid of steam on that boat."

"They were not. Used up all the pine knots, threw in crates, cigar boxes, woodwork out of the cabin, just as they happened to pick it down. I saw a rosewood piano stool hop in that a lady had been sitting on before sundown, singing Brandy Drops and The Glasses Sparkle on the Board. All right, cheers from the shore, fire out of the smoke pipes a yard high, snores out of the 'scape pipes, cattle bellowing and those paddles rumpling the river up like a couple of puppies on a carpet. Then, sir, bang, bang. The boilers on the Picayune went one after the other, about as quick as you could fire the two barrels of a two-barreled gun. I remember there was a man leaning at the bar that had just made a bet and bought a drink and paid for it, to drink success; he had it at his lips, and never drank it, unless he drank it sitting on a cloud. People's shoes went higher than their clothes, they tell me, and I know for a fact the people themselves went higher than their shoes. They got there ahead of everybody."

"What caused it?" Arad asked calmly, lifting his telescope to locate the Witch's phantom.

"Caused it? Steam caused it—too much fire and not enough water. They had an investigation, but what could they prove with only splinters of the ship left? Nothing, except that one of those boilers had cut a mule in two, two miles inland."

Old Del sighed and paddled forward.

"He feels as big now as an elephant on stilts," Ochiltree muttered.

"He may sing small yet," Arad said. "The ship's going along like a cat being pulled by its tail. This thump, thump has jumped the masts up and down in their steps and settled them several inches. The rigging's slack, and getting slacker, and no way to take it up either. About the only way I dare sail her is before the wind now, for fear of taking the sticks out of her. She won't sail with the coal in, and if I shovel it overboard she'll sink from water coming in. As things are now, the coal keeps it out, and nothing else."

"It can't be that bad."

"I tell you, the tide ebbs and flows in her already," Captain Arad said dismally. Old Del came out of the engine-room hatch, cheerier after a swig of aromatic wine bitters, and waddled aft in time to hear his captain going on: "This is the fag end of the southwest monsoon too. At this rate, we'll get into Malacca Strait now about the time of the change of the monsoons. Liable to be pretty dead in there—not a breath—and that's good pirate weather."

"We've got long Tom here," old Del said, a little pale in spite of the wine bitters.

"That gun is worthless," Arad stated. "The carriage is made of Sumatra wood; it's split now, and it will be kindling with the first discharge. I saw it jump around on deck last voyage, after a practice shot, like a trout on a bank. It'll be about as much good for fighting Dyaks as these marines of Ben Sherrod's."

"Dyaks," old Del repeated, moistening his lips

"Dyaks, yes. These Malay proas have got Dyak slaves for pullers below decks.

(Continued on Page 144)

WHY . . . . . THE WORLD'S LARGEST . . . . PRODUCER . . OF RUBBER . . PRODUCES . . THE . . . . . WORLD'S . . . . FINEST TIRE

Everywhere, you hear the new U. S. Royal referred to as the finest tire ever offered the motorist. And nothing could be more logical—for the new Royal is the latest tire development of the world's largest producer of rubber! ✣ Into this new and ultra-modern tire has been concentrated thirty years' experience in building better tires. ✣ Thirty years of solving the ever-changing problems of greater mileage, easier steering, safer traction and quieter performance. ✣ Thirty years of research which has finally made available for manufacturing purposes virgin rubber that is unimpaired by repeated heatings or chemical processes. ✣ Thirty years of constant engineering progress which has given the industry at large some of its most fundamental and widely used advancements in design and production. ✣ Years that saw the start and steady expansion of great East Indian plantations unapproached today in all the world for size, botanical efficiency and quality of rubber produced! ✣ Why shouldn't such an organization produce the world's finest tires! Why shouldn't it continue a fine tradition of service to motorists with a tire that more than meets the rigorous demands of the faster, flashier, quieter cars of today! ✣ SEE THE NEW ROYAL—AT ALL U. S. TIRE DEALERS—EVEN IF YOUR PRESENT TIRES ARE NOT YET READY FOR REPLACEMENT. OBSERVE THE DEEPLY NOTCHED TREAD WITH ITS BIG BLOCKS OF TOUGHENED RUBBER. MARK THE NARROW TREAD CONTOUR WHICH ASSURES EASY STEERING AND "KEEPS MORE RUBBER ON THE ROAD." NOTE THE HEAVILY REINFORCED SIDE WALLS—THE OBVIOUS RUGGEDNESS OF THE CARCASS WHICH IS BUILT OF WEB CORD, WITH EACH INDIVIDUAL SPIRALED CORD INSULATED IN VIRGIN RUBBER. ✣ Here, truly, is a tire worthy of its royal name—a tire that immediately sets a new standard by which all tire performance, appearance, and mileage must now be measured.

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Send me free, your book "One Hundred Ways to Serve Dutch Tea Rusk."

Name
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(Continued from Page 141)

The little devils have got bamboo blowpipes about six feet long, and they can shoot a poison-tipped dart for forty yards or so and sting you good. You swell up and die in about half an hour."

The bell on the foc'sle tolled and the wheel answered.

"How do they get slaves to fight for them?" old Del said cunningly.

"The Malays hold out prospects of a little booty just to keep up their spirit at the oars."

"Booty?"

"Booty, yes. Well, I don't mean jewels or guns or specie, naturally. That goes to the chiefs. No, what the Dyaks want is heads."

"Heads, is it?"

"They'll beg for heads like a schoolboy teasing for apples," Arad said. "No self-respecting Dyak woman will marry her man if he doesn't bring her back a head or two. And she keeps a little private nugget of gold to dust his hair with gold dust, in case he does bring her a head. Grates the nugget against a piece of dried shark skin. They smoke-dry the heads and teach 'em wisdom. You have a friend, say, and maybe you go visiting a Dyak and see your friend's head hanging like seed corn from the rafters. They call that room the scullery," Captain Arad threw over his shoulder, going below to prick his position on the chart.

"You've touched him," Ochiltree whispered fifteen minutes later. "He's been experimenting, and he says now he can carry half steam again, or a little better."

"Then boil the kettle," Arad ordered, still straddled above the chart. "I'm going to haul her up for Achin at the head of the strait, on the chance of meeting the Witch again. She ought to be beating out of the Arabian Sea about now with a hold full of opium."

"A-ahump, a-ahump, a-ahump," went the fishtails. Ben Sherrod's marine, still hanging by his hook, shook at the knees. Steam wavered through the bulkhead, packed with sawdust, that separated the boiler room from the captain's cabin. Loo Seng himself, pattering in and out with endless cups of coffee, might have passed, in this sizzling white obscurity, for a *che jin*. These fatal paper men, who had no better use for their time than to torment a whole ocean merely to put the fear of God into a cook, had all at once concerted an attack on the ship. They heaped up a nasty sea, shook the ship's head loose again, shifted the coal, and very neatly cracked the main and mizzen masts off at the deck just before daylight.

Old Del, chained to his engine by the captain's orders, yelled into Ochiltree's too fatally receptive ear:

"He's done it on purpose to make monkeys of us. Didn't you hear him say himself he couldn't have her any way but right before the wind? And then he brought the wind on the beam. I tell you he shook those masts overboard like knocking ashes off his cigar. He can lay it to the slack rigging, and he can lay the slack rigging to the engine bouncing the masts up and down in the steps. Lord, hearken ye to that!"

The butts of the broken masts, still held by the lee rigging, had turned into mighty rams for battering the ship with each leeward roll.

"She's loose—loose as wicker!"

"Ovenwood," Ochiltree admitted in a despairing voice.

"He'll lay it to these fishtails. He'll sink us to prove his point against steam!" old Del yelled, bringing his bloodshot saucer eyes close. "But if it hadn't been for his ship jumping up and down and in and out like an eel through the toe of a stocking, I could have wormed him along as smooth as a rowboat."

Arad's face appeared at the hatch.

"We're tricing up the propellers!" he shouted to his engineer. "Rig the steam pumps!"

It was an order old Del was only too willing to obey. The engines had got shoved a little out of line; the wrenching out of the masts in that iron whirlwind had slewed their bed somehow, and there was reason to think that the boilers had somehow settled down on those cast-iron conducting pipes which conducted, or should conduct, steam to the machinery.

Then for days, he thought, Ochiltree rose and sank on a pump handle; he was an organ boy again, filling the organ bellows full of wind; he was inside the bellows and the wind rushed through his ears, through his ribs, with its maniac harmonies. It was well, surely, that the sky had been cast in one piece.

Arad's hand was on his wrist.

"Get your rest, boy."

Ochiltree tried to shake him off; found himself plucked away, willy-nilly, in that giant grip; sank somewhere into a black sleep.

When he opened his eyes the white light of the Strait of Malacca beat through the port. They were close against land, within sight—within hail, it seemed—of the bright pepper gardens hanging on the long, low slopes. An ash-colored mountain blocked their way, the coralline forest underfoot showed dizzying holes through its topmost twigs. To larboard a sheaf of trees—arroons—like pines, seemed to spring as if out of a sunken island.

Ochiltree, shaking at the knees like the undaunted marine still hanging from his hook, dragged himself to the deck. He was sick, he felt as if a thousand leeches had sucked his blood; Arad gave him calomel and jalap, bled him in the arm, and put him aft under a flap of sail in a patch of shadow where old Del, sitting on a yellow settee, was reading Pike's Religion and Eternal Life.

"You've caught something from offshore," Arad said to Ochiltree. "It's an unhealthy neighborhood. Let alone the pirates, a man can't even eat a pineapple from these shores without first soaking it in brandy. And this coral underfoot is liable to give her ribs a grinding."

The Spitfire, spellbound, was riveted to the water of the strait, which, like the sky, now seemed part of the same brilliant and still-glowing casting. Not a bearing changed; there was not a breath of wind, not a touch of current. The blue water, mottled with the murderous green of coral patches, was like rolled glass, and the sun, beating straight down, ran the tar in thin drops out of the improvised shrouds. The ship, Ochiltree thought dreamily, was down by the head more than a little. Her stumpy jury rig gave her a wrecked look. The smoke pipe was horizontal on the deck, toes up, like a dead soldier.

Loo Seng, going forward with the men's food, puffed his lips and muttered that if the *che jin* had their way, the sky would fall on them, despite the captain's assertion that it could not, having been cast in one piece at the celestial foundry. They had better put on the moon and wear the stars in their hair while going through this sea, Loo Seng moaned; meaning that well-advised ships traveled early and late when pirates threatened.

Instead, they were stock-still in the water, waiting for the Witch, and, in fact, in the second morning watch the Witch's topsails were seen in the west. A faint air was stirring now, and though the Spitfire—old Walk in the Water, the men called her now—made nothing of it, the Witch came drifting fast, her white sails flat as lily pads, the sun shining on her gold beak and herringbone stripe.

None knew better than Bangs Biddle that she should have got here in the middle age of the monsoon, but Ben Sherrod had been tempted by the China market, he must stuff her full, and now she came, full, indeed, as a pollen-dusted bee, but in a ticklish season for a two-gun ship which must be fought by Sherrod's marines and a short-handed crew.

By noon the Witch had drifted close enough for speech.

"Mr. Sherrod will see Mr. Ochiltree!" Bangs Biddle roared through his trumpet.

James Ochiltree suddenly felt himself stronger than death and more disembodied than the *che jin*. He dropped into the stern sheets of the Witch's jolly-boat, which had been sent to fetch him. When the shadow of the Witch's starboard quarter fell on him, he looked up and saw her rails swarming with straw-hatted, red-shirted effigies—Sherrod's marines, those dummies made of canvas filled with ground cork, whose job was to stand off pirates by suggesting that the ship was manned like a war brig. To help this illusion, bogus wooden guns, painted black, had been run out, eight on either side.

Ochiltree rocked with laughter at the thought that Ben Sherrod was here in person to see how his hirelings comported themselves under fire. Certainly they were not susceptible to Dyak poisons. Tied to the rails, with gingerbread guns in the hollow of their arms, they greeted him with fatuous smiles, with hand-made frowns; their hideous squint eyes and comic noses were shadowed by low-crowned hats of black varnished straw. They looked moldy, from a long sojourn in the bilges, but, nothing daunted, they leaned forward drunkenly, leering, as if hanging on Ochiltree's slightest word, eager to catch the faintest accent of his defense of a course of action that had brought them step by step into this predicament.

He slapped the nearest viciously in the small of the back.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, my bold townies," he muttered.

And then Bangs Biddle had him by the arm, leading him aft. Ben Sherrod's leather face confronted him; just behind the little man was Marthe—the lost Marthe Sherrod. But Ochiltree did not dare look in her direction. The knock of those cursed fishtails had got inside his head, was bursting out his eardrums.

"Well?" snapped Ben Sherrod.

"Failure," Ochiltree rasped. "The ship is ruined."

"Ruined? She still floats."

"The cargo is out of her. Bar iron, bolt calico, glassware, cutlery—everything but the cursed coal," James Ochiltree said steadily.

"What's been the obstacle?" Ben Sherrod asked.

Ochiltree, on the point of shouting insanely that Arad Whitney had snapped the masts out of her on purpose to discredit steam, was just able to swallow the fatal words unuttered. He could not bring himself, under Marthe Sherrod's eye, to cast that shadow over Arad's heroic labors. But neither could he say that his friend Ericsson had got up a blind alley with his fishtails.

"The obstacle?" he repeated. And dropped out "*Che jin*," whimsically.

"*Che jin?*"

"The devils that have been using these marines of yours for hiding places. Have we ever tried to conciliate them or even discipline them? We have not. We've just let them lie flat on their faces, thinking God knows what, and then we bring them up and expect them to fight our battles for us. How do you know what they are thinking now?" Ochiltree whispered, half delirious, with a furtive look over his shoulder. "Suppose steam had succeeded, wouldn't they be out of a job? Where would be the need of giving these marines board and lodging if steam could shove us through these straits at a uniform nine knots? They are a pack of damned reactionaries!" Ochiltree shouted, glaring at their resolute red-shirted backs. Pointing a thin finger, he added: "Here's work for them at last."

The black body of a proa shot out of the shadow of the arroon trees on the sunken island. Another—another.

Sherrod's marines stared without the least change of countenance from under the rims of their varnished hats, but they had the advantage of a ground-cork constitution.

"I guess the beggars are coming for us," Bangs Biddle said. "Mr. Lovegreen,

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No. 756 With its soft tufted back and luxuriously comfortable cushions, this Kroehler Davenport is decidedly new. Covered in smart damask, as illustrated $137

Of the same design as the davenport, High Back Chair No. 756 is especially attractive in mohair. The price, as illustrated, $76

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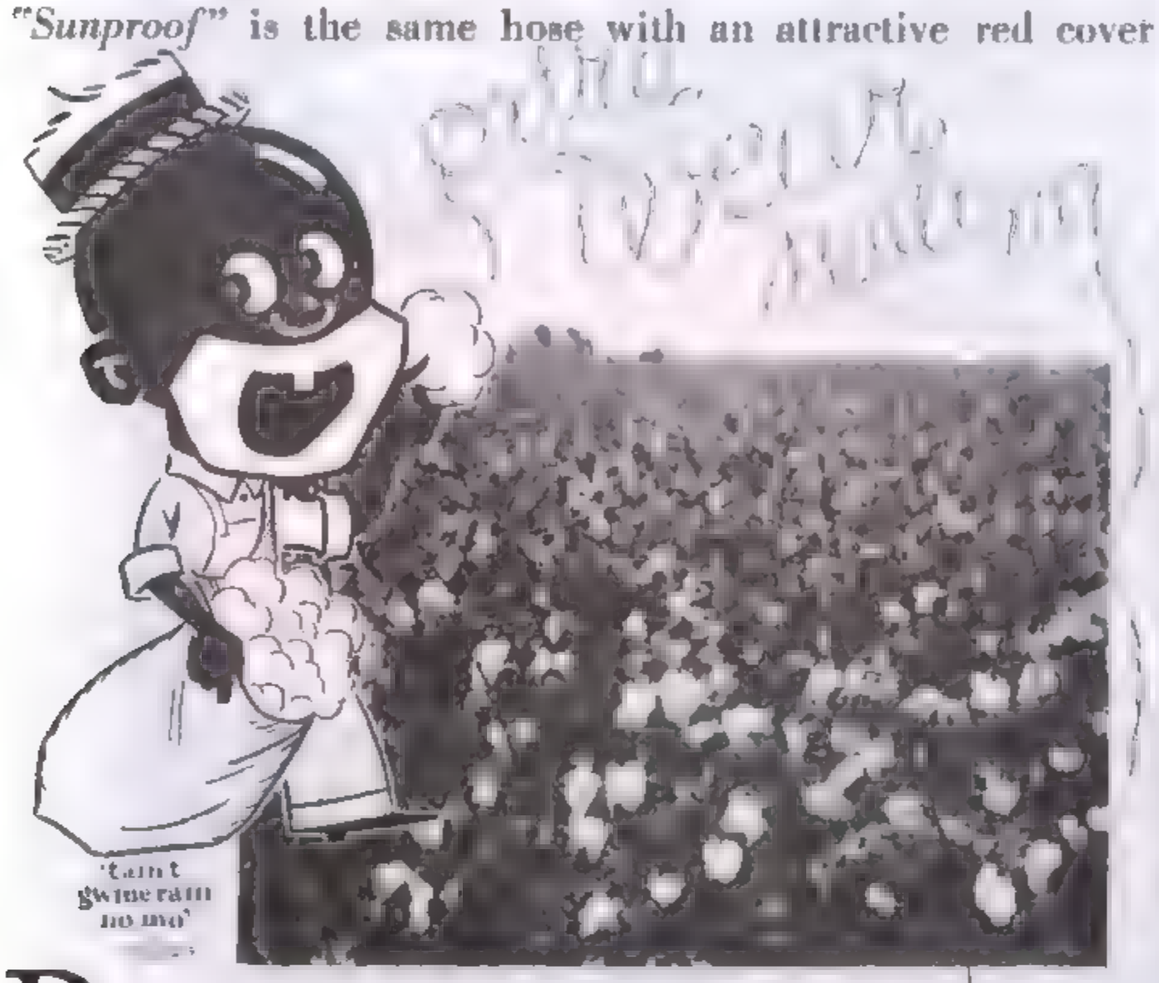

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Showing how unusual strength is built into Pioneer Crackproof Hose

(Continued from Page 144)

sway up the boarding nettings and get the small-arm chest into the fore crosstrees."

Captain Arad, on the Spitfire's quarter-deck, had his telescope leveled at that outpouring of proas.

"Boil the kettle," he said shortly to old Del.

"She's boiling, captain."

"Turn over those fishtails."

"These boilers are getting pretty weepy. I can't guarantee anything. They'll blow off before they'll start those propellers, the way the shafts are out of line again."

"Sit on the safety valve, then."

Captain Arad, turning his head, saw that Loo Seng had come out of the cookroom, garbed as a Chinese gentleman, in a brown silk gown, short breeches tied at the knee, and white cotton blue-gartered stockings. A silk purse embroidered with seed pearls was pinned to his right breast, and his very fine blue-black pigtail, uncoiled from under the brown felt hat with turned-up brim, dropped to his very heels, actually trailed the deck. In his right hand he carried his lark in a crude wooden cage.

This unlucky business of being caught in the strait, Loo Seng attributed to the unlucky position of his father's grave. He had not had money enough to hire priests to hunt for the one favorable site; which, no doubt, was just as well, since as long as they were paid to hunt, it would be nothing short of idiocy to find what they were looking for. With his left hand, Loo Seng held an oiled-paper fan over his shaven head, and under his right arm was nipped that paper umbrella of his dignity.

"What says the fifth son of your father now?" Arad asked sternly. "All coiled for running clear?"

"Alla finishee," Loo Seng answered, drawing in his breath with a courteous hiss.

"You see?" Arad said to old Del. "In his best bib and tucker. He has let his pigtail down because he is expecting to be snatched up any minute into the Chinaman's heaven."

"I can boot him up, if you say the word," old Del said threateningly, his chin on a level with the engine-room hatch coaming.

"Keep her in the wake!" Arad cried.

"Now, gallows, save your own," old Del answered prayerfully.

He disappeared, and Arad, after putting the men at their stations, called out, with a flourish of his arm toward the cabin companionway:

"Loo Seng, bring me up that *che jin* of yours."

Loo Seng's hiss was more polite than ever. He said in effect that he was an old man, a candle in the wind; such a burden would be more than his shoulders could support. He smiled sheepishly, and there was a note of lark music.

"No hab got belly stlong arm," he explained.

"It's not heavy!" Arad cried impatiently.

"To the unwilling, a grasshopper's wing is heavy," Loo Seng muttered to himself in the Canton dialect. A moment later, he saw his captain rushing past, arm in arm with that fantastic marine. They went through the engine-room hatch together, still in that affectionate embrace.

Loo Seng, holding his fan against the sun, saw a white puff of smoke from the proa nearest the Witch. Yes, assuredly, long before this they should have put on the moon and covered themselves with stars, in place of shadow dancing with that ship devil in the steam chest. Yet even now, evidently, Captain Arad was going to consult him. Loo Seng sighed. He was very intent, rapt, entirely useless, etiquette itself. He counted forty proas and then looked covertly into the sky. Though his yellow head, smoke-dried and hung by its resplendent queue, should be thumbed and fondled at last by the snub-nosed bride of a Dyak oarsman, it was comforting to this connoisseur in lark music to reflect that, even in that dire event, the heavens would not fall. For they were cast in one piece.

Ochiltree and Captain Bangs Biddle stood in the shadow of the Witch's after sun screen with drawn swords. The men, under Lovegreen, were going up and down smashing empty gunpowder bottles on the decks. Broken glass was the answer to a pirate's bare feet. The proas were close aboard now. The split-bamboo decks were alive with Malays in their tight scarlet fighting clothes; betel-nut juice drooled from their huge mouths. On the fore part of the foremost proa was a brass swivel gun masked by a heap of bark, and served apparently by a chief in a crimson sash and black crêpe trousers turned up to the knee. An outboard platform of stout bamboo stakes sharpened at their outer ends was fitted like a collar round the proa's snakish hull. Men with grappling irons and with yellow spears tipped with black obsidian points stood there, massed behind bamboo shields.

Ochiltree heard the creaking of the benches under the strokes of the Dyak pullers, the yielding of the bamboo decks under the impatient feet of the fighting men, with a kind of unbelief still in the reality of the predicament. Even the flight of spears that came through the nettings and rattled on the decks failed to carry conviction. It was all too brilliantly hideous, the work of *che jin*, of scene shifters at the beck of infernal artists. The mountain, the purple cliffs of that fantastic island, the sand spit with its regularly planted shapes of arroons, the glassy sea, the windless sky, had not been tampered with; but the impression of immobility was contradicted by the advance of the proas, as swift and fatal as darts out of the Dyak blow pipes—thorns tipped with the poison of the upas tree, whose very shade was death to the sleeper.

"Now, let 'em have that grape!" Bangs Biddle cried.

Short-arm Torrey, an immense man with a spade beard, was captain of the nine-pounder. The muzzle of the gun was depressed for the grape with which its throat was jammed to take effect at short range, and the gun captain was retired to the full extent of the trigger line. Mr. Lovegreen, sighting, raised his hand, Torrey pulled the trigger line, a flash, puff and bang followed, and a wilting and crippling of the oars on the nearest proa resulted. But the nine-pounder made a contorted acrobatic leap off its gun carriage and landed on its back on deck.

"I knew it!" Bangs Biddle roared. "Well, stand by to repel boarders!"

Malay hooks bit into the Witch's rails, clashed with Yankee axes, the air was filled with the clangs of gong music, and a rain of black men threw themselves against the nettings. Naked limbed, fantastic in carefully piled, colored turbans, with knives in their crimson mouths and stabbing swords in both hands, they cut through the nettings and swarmed aloft, thick as devil's needles.

The sun burned on those powerful short Dyak swords, whose temper was such that they could cut a musket barrel in two with one stroke. A spear, driven down vertically from the main crosstrees, pierced the hat rim and shoulder of one of Sherrod's marines, not a handspike's breadth away from the bedeviled supercargo.

Ochiltree saw the creature wince and topple; and stepped back of him barely in time to escape another spear, driven through his belly; but only to be confronted by a Dyak crouching on the rail, bare-legged, in a fighting jacket of shot silk, and with a silver soup-tureen cover laced against his midriff. That devil's bloodshot eyes were half closed, he held his nasty yellow blowpipe like a flute, his cheeks puffed, his lips pouted at the end of it. The thing was so fatally close that Ochiltree could see the very knots in a lashing by which a knife was fixed, bayonetwise, at its tip; could all but see the flight of the deadly sago thorn from that narrow mouth.

He felt a dart of fire through his shoulder; but then, in the very hour and article of

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SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"Ah, if my words but had the sparkle of these Bubbling Beverages!"... sighed Shakespeare

"This headache of mine was made for a horse!" moaned Will Shakespeare, as he reached for a recently endorsed cigarette. "I've been stewing around all morning trying to get Hamlet out of this scene, and here I am stuck on the first line of the soliloquy . . . I'll tell the world this writing business is a lot of baloney. I wish I'd taken that correspondence course in plain and fancy bank robbing. I've a good notion to chuck the whole thing. I . . ."

Came a knock . . . and in glided Hulda, the attractive serving maid, with a tray. "Your carbonated beverage, Sir; it's eleven o'clock."

(Curtain indicates lapse of half an hour)

"Really I must dash off a sonnet to these beverages some day. I'll call it 'New Pep for Lagging Poets.' Well, back to the mines for me. As the boys said last night when we were bringing home Bacon, 'Writing plays is better than *working* for a living.' Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, 'To be or not to be, that is the question . . .'"

And thus was Hamlet's soliloquy saved for posterity and the Fifth Reader. Which reminds us to remind you to check up on your household stock of bottled carbonated beverages.

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death, as he supposed, he felt all the accumulated savagery of defeated hopes arming him back and breast. He set his foot against the soup-tureen cover and shoved with all his might. The Dyak vanished, but at once there were two in place of him, and Ochiltree thought he could see already the glint of consecrating gold dust in their hair. Then, with the speed of thought, the rail was clear of them; the crackle of musketry in the fore crosstrees might be responsible, but the assortment of missiles now in the air was too varied to trace effects to causes. Ochiltree found himself whirling, dodging, stabbing. Proas had collected round the ship like vultures round a dying deer. The crew, under Bangs Biddle, had formed a sort of lion's mouth near the mizzenmast; and Ochiltree fought his way toward this, past that line of straw-hatted, red-shirted marines that still clung to the rail. Some were doubled over it, playing dead; and all had spears through them. Somebody on the admiral's proa began to pound a gong; those thin-shanked fighting men in tight scarlet began to drip out of the rigging. Bangs Biddle, in rags, with a cut across his cheek and the sole of one shoe flopping, took Ochiltree's arm.

"It's old Walk in the Water," he gasped. "They see her coming. That's what's the matter with Hannah."

The Spitfire was coming head down like an infuriated bull, and the charge of that dismasted hulk had already cleared the Witch's decks. Suddenly she vanished in a cloud of steam round as a plum, from the middle of which came a heartbreaking, timber-splintering report.

"Done for," Bangs Biddle breathed, with cold horror.

Not quite. The black clipper bow nosed its way out of the steam. Only one barrel of that double-barreled shotgun of old Del's had gone. She set her forefoot against a straggling proa; the craft rolled under, shot out of water with a caressing, serpent-like motion, an ungainly flap of her mat sail. The crew were emptied into the water "like hairs blown out of a cap," Loo Seng affirmed.

This fifth son of his father, his eyes black as shoe buttons, had suddenly glimpsed in the sky the goddess of heaven gazing wistfully at the peach of immortality, which she held at arm's length, and quite out of Loo Seng's reach. He clung to his lark, expecting now to be seized up out of his captivity by his pigtail and submitted to the interrogations of the examining angels.

There was no need, as it turned out. The spectacle of a ship with neither sails, masts nor oars coming on a hundred legs across a flat calm was too much for the seamanship of those unlucky pirates. They were in full retreat; proud fighting men tugging at the same oars with Dyak slaves. The admiral himself—that Panglima Besar in black crêpe trousers—had sounded the recall, beating on a gong a double note with his silver-mounted spear. But the Spitfire was already on top of him. The shadow of her jib boom whirled across his decks; Ochiltree saw him lift an arm all but paralyzed with fear, and shatter his spear against the ox-eyed mermaid at the Spitfire's prow. Her kiss was lethal. He slipped to his knees, howled terribly, and was blotted out in a hot waft of escaping steam, through which Ochiltree could descry a flapping of monstrous wings, or perhaps the contortions of that long-necked, fire-breathing ship devil—the scrambling dragon of Loo Seng's speech—who had freed himself at last, and saved two ships' companies in doing so.

Actually the commotion aloft was nothing but an offshore squall from the Sumatra shore that had got into the Witch's sails, and very likely not too soon, because the Spitfire, already going down gracefully by the head, had got her stern out far enough to show those brass fishtails at her stern; and in sinking would be more or less stripped of her power to inspire terror.

Ochiltree, lying in his bunk, with the blue curtains drawn back, looked past Marthe Sherrod's elbow—which was against his cheek—to the conference around the cabin table.

"What casualties?" Ben Sherrod snapped.

"Six wounded. No dead. Ochiltree, here, is lucky. It couldn't have been fresh poison on that thorn," Bangs Biddle said.

"The Spitfire's on bottom now?"

"Five minutes ago, I could just see her smoke pipe sticking out."

Ben Sherrod looked into his red memorandum book and noted something down.

"I made a mistake and I acknowledge it!" he shouted briskly. "She was a losing venture from the start!"

"She has just saved you a cargo of opium, to say nothing of the hides," Ochiltree muttered.

"Hides? What hides?"

"Our own hides."

"Pah. It so fell out, and that's all. The Witch has saved our lives, you may as well argue, by catching a breeze. This won't justify me in building another Spitfire, I don't care what the profits are on opium—and I look for them to be considerable. No. It's a God's providence, Arad, if everybody on board wasn't killed when that boiler let go. Wasn't the safety valve operating?"

Loo Seng passed between them, holding gingerly in his arms one of the marines which he had untied from the rail. He was putting these dummies away under the bunks, instead of in the bilges, since they might be called upon again.

"That valve? I had a man sitting on it," Arad said.

"A man? Where is he?"

"You will have to ask Loo Seng. I don't know the haunts of his *che jin*. It was just one of these marines. I hung him onto the safety valve by that hook at the end of his arm, and there he volunteered to stay. He was just as important as the steam in turning those fishtails over. The rest of us didn't linger in the engine room, did we, Mr. Delamater? No. We simply lacked the ground-cork inwards for it. Steam is just made for these marines of yours, Mr. Sherrod. It's a catastrophe to flesh and blood."

Ochiltree cried, "You will never convince me that John Ericsson is up a blind alley! The ship's at fault, not the engine. She's too limber. You might as well try to have wooden cylinders as a wooden ship for steam. It'll come to iron. Iron all the way through. An iron ship, rigged on the fore and main so that the yards will swing together, and that'll mean a smaller crew and more engineers."

"He's right," Arad said sadly. "I'd like to tell you that we've seen the last of fishtails, but we haven't."

"Father, let him try iron!" Marthe Sherrod cried.

"So be it. Iron. Iron from truck to keel. Iron to the gizzard," Ben Sherrod yielded. "But I won't sell my wooden ships yet."

Loo Seng shuffled aft with the last of the marines, and just before stuffing him under Bangs Biddle's bunk, drew out of him with a polite hiss a Dyak thorn.

"You hear missee cap'n say catchee iron ship?" Loo Seng said to this *che jin*. "Allee time changee, changee, changee. Changee into littu cloud. Allee same, you and I Number One olo flen; you belong honest man, only no got chance now. No can make handsome face on iron ship fish. All light. You come catchee one piecee joss house Canton side with me. All things same there. All things no have changee."

Loo Seng's "old friend," twin to that *che jin* who had gone off arm in arm with the ship devil, leered at him without notable change of expression, and rolled under the bunk at the end of Loo Seng's courteous toe.

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In your town or city, there is a man of rare foresight and sound judgment.

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UP TO NOW

(Continued from Page 23)

day, as the calendar of bills reported favorably sometimes would not reach him before three o'clock in the morning and had to be on the desks of the members by ten. During the long session of 1913 I never missed a single day.

That session of 1913 was the longest and stormiest in the history of the legislature. They were still in session in the month of December. They did everything the constitution gave them the power to do. They put a Supreme Court judge on trial, jailed a newspaperman for contempt of the assembly, and impeached the governor of the state.

The Supreme Court justice was exonerated, but the newspaperman went to the Albany County Jail. He had written an article in a newspaper making the bold statement that money had been paid for votes to bring about the impeachment of the governor. He was subpœnaed before the House Committee on Judiciary, repeated his charges and defied the committee. The committee thereupon recommended that he be brought before the Bar of the House and charged with contempt. He had a family of children and I was unwilling that anything be done to punish him, but his open defiance of the assembly itself, while in session, so incensed both Republican and Democratic members that I was powerless to be of any assistance to him or his family, and he found himself one fall morning in the Albany County penitentiary. The state interposed no objection when he was released just before Christmas on a writ of habeas corpus.

Yet, in spite of all the turmoil, it is strange that during that year some of the most comprehensive reform legislation in the history of the state was enacted. The Workmen's Compensation Act, the reform of the ballot, and the ratification of the amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the direct election of United States senators were all put on the statute books while I was Speaker.

Somewhere in the East River

Among other things that year, the resolution to amend the constitution to permit the granting of suffrage to women was passed. I have often been asked what my attitude to women's suffrage was and I have stated it frankly several times. I opposed the suffrage amendment as an assemblyman representing a single assembly district and my opposition was in thorough keeping with the sentiment of my district. Very few women in the old Second Assembly District were anxious to vote. I remember being called upon once by some of the suffrage leaders, and I told them that I would be for suffrage when I should become convinced that the majority of women in my district were in favor of it. They then began to petition me, and I was greatly amused by the petition. Half of the people on it had no existence at all and some of the addresses indicated numbers that would require the city to build out into the East River.

When my party as a whole declared in favor of the submission of the amendment, I led the fight for its passage in the assembly, as, in that instance, I believed that my own constituency had to bow to the will of the majority as expressed in the platform adopted by the party at the state convention.

While I was Speaker recommendations of the Factory Investigating Commission were practically completed. This gave to New York State probably the most enlightened labor code in the country.

An honest direct-primary act based on recommendations originally made six years earlier by Governor Hughes, but which he had been unable to convince the legislature should then pass, became law.

A water-power bill setting up a hydroelectric commission for the capital district to take advantage of the surplus waters of the Erie Canal for hydroelectric purposes at places called Crescent Dam and Vischer Ferry, was passed, but vetoed by Governor Sulzer. It was not until some years later that power plants were built by the state for the generation of electrical energy at these two points.

Governor Sulzer called the legislature into extraordinary session in an effort to force through the enactment of a direct-primary measure. Under our state constitution no measures may be proposed and nothing is in order in an extraordinary session except on recommendation from the governor by special message.

A Governor Impeached

Governor Sulzer sent a message to the legislature relating to an amendment to the Corrupt Practices Act, whereupon a Republican senator arose in his place and offered a resolution to investigate the governor's own campaign funds. Certainly, the Democratic members of the senate should not and could not be expected to oppose any such proposal without leaving themselves open to the charge of being willing to cover up some of the things alleged by the introducer of the resolution.

A committee was appointed to conduct an investigation. New York State has a Corrupt Practices Act with severe regulations, requiring an accounting for campaign funds. Within twenty days after election every candidate for office is required to file, under oath, a statement of all moneys received and expended by him. This provision of law also applies to political parties, state committees or individual committees created for the purpose of assisting in the election of any candidate for public office.

The facts disclosed concerning the Sulzer campaign fund brought about the impeachment of the governor by the assembly.

His trial before the Court of Impeachment, which is made up of the judges of the Court of Appeals and the members of the state senate, clearly established the accusations as true. The governor himself did not take the stand and made no defense. He was found guilty by the Court of Impeachment, and his removal from office automatically followed. In accordance with the constitution, he was succeeded by the lieutenant governor, Martin H. Glynn, of Albany County.

The impeachment of the governor caused widespread comment and ill feeling throughout the whole state. The Republican Party sought in every way to capitalize the impeachment of the Democratic governor by the members of his own party.

The session of 1914 was not productive of much beneficial legislation. It really resolved itself into a political quarrel between the Democratic senate and the Republican assembly. Disagreement between them on the appropriation bills resulted in adjournment without making provision for the support of government. Governor Glynn thereupon called them back into extraordinary session immediately, and the appropriation bill as finally passed represented a compromise between two contending political factions.

In the fall of 1914, Martin Glynn, who had become governor after Sulzer's impeachment, became the Democratic candidate. He was defeated and Charles S. Whitman was elected.

Determined efforts were made in both houses of the legislature to break down and weaken the factory laws in 1915, when the Republicans were in full control in both houses, with a Republican governor in the Executive Chamber. Even the New York Tribune severely criticized the Republican leaders in an editorial. Governor Whitman attempted to effect some consolidations of departments, but was balked by the members of his own party. The state comptroller at the time was going to lose some patronage by the proposed changes, so he rallied the Republicans in the legislature and defeated the bill

While I was Speaker in 1913, Sophie Irene Loeb, Mrs. William Einstein and several other progressive people came to the legislature with a proposal that the children of widowed mothers should no longer be objects of charity. They proposed a pension for widowed mothers so that children might remain at home under the care of the mother, instead of being sent to institutions. It was not possible to put through such an important reform at once, especially as it was even opposed by some of the charitable relief organizations. Instead, a commission was named, consisting of five assemblymen, three senators and five persons to be named by the governor, to inquire into the question of pensions for widowed mothers. As a result of the labors of this commission the present Child Welfare Act in its original form came before the legislature of 1914. It passed the assembly, but met defeat in the senate

In 1915 it was again introduced, but after four or five years of progressive forward-looking social legislation the pendulum began to swing in the other direction and reactionary influences gripped the session of 1915. Though the bill passed the senate unanimously, the reactionary spirit of that year was shown on the floor of the assembly. The Republican leader and a number of his companions showed vigorous opposition and, strange to say, the arguments put forth by them in opposition were identical with the language used by William Barnes, Jr., later that same year as leader of the Republican Party at the Constitutional Convention. So it was easy to see the source of the inspiration.

Incidentally, the Republican leader of the assembly also came from Albany, which was then regarded politically as a principality within a republic ruled by William Barnes, Jr. It fell to my lot, as minority leader, to urge the passage of that measure. I was interested in the subject from the time I appointed the members of the assembly who served on the commission.

On a Different Plane

In the course of my speech in the debate on this bill I put it on a plane on which it had not before that time been considered. I pointed out the catastrophe to the young family when the provider is taken from them by death and drew the picture of the widowed mother in the police court watching the judge sign the commitment which took her children away from her for no other reason than her inability to support them. I said:

"What must be her idea of the state's policy when she sees these children separated from her by due process of law, particularly when she must remember that for every one of them she went down into the valley of death that a new pair of eyes might look out upon the world? What can be the feelings in the hearts of the children themselves, separated from their mother by what they must learn in after years was due process of law, when they must in after years learn to know what was the state's policy with respect to their unfortunate condition?"

I then indicated what the new policy would be if the bill passed and how the state recognized in the children a resource to be taken care of "not as a matter of charity, but as a matter of government and public duty."

I concluded: "We have been in a great hurry to legislate for the interests. We have been in a great hurry to conserve that which means to the state dollars and cents. We have been slow to legislate along the direction that means thanksgiving to the poorest man recorded in history—to Him who was born in the stable at Bethlehem.

(Continued on Page 153)

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(Continued from Page 151)

"We have been especially blessed by divine Providence in this state. He has seen fit to make it the great financial and the great commercial center of the western world. I believe it will in time be demonstrated that He intends to make it the market place of all the world; and by this legislation, by the adoption of this policy, we are sending up to Him a prayer of thanksgiving for the innumerable blessings that He has showered upon us, particularly in the light of the words of the Saviour Himself, who said: 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

Viewed in that light, sufficient Republican assemblymen rallied to the support of the bill to pass it.

Having lived all my life in the poorer section of New York City, I was able to know at first hand and had personal knowledge of the hardships of the mother and the disappointment of the children when, at the death of the father, they are taken to court to be separated from the mother and committed to an institution. I cannot help thinking how close I came to that experience myself. Had my mother not been in the enjoyment of good physical health, I would probably have found myself in the same difficulty.

When I was governor I signed many bills extending the benefits of the original act. I regretted that I left Albany without securing legislative approval to a proposal which would encourage backward counties to establish boards of child welfare. I wanted the state to subsidize such localities.

Though many men and women took a keen interest in the progress of this legislation, one figure stands out above all. Sophie Irene Loeb, who died recently, was the great driving force behind the Widows' Pension and Child Welfare Bills and kept the group together, including myself, until child-welfare laws similar to our own in this state were enacted in all but four states.

A Ripper Session

Out of power for four years, the Republican Party came into full and complete control of all the machinery of the state government on the first of January, 1915. At a victory dinner in December, 1914, after Whitman had been elected, a prominent member of the Republican Party referred to the fact that the party which gave the people not what they wanted but what the party thought they ought to get had been returned to power. The reactionary tone and character of that speech were reflected in the operations of the legislature of 1915. That session was noted for the number of ripper bills appearing upon the calendars of both houses.

PHOTO SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL

Downtown Tammany Club, on Madison Street, Where Al Smith Started His Political Career

Special interests seeking governmental favor were busy. The lobby was revived and active against water-power developments and against all amendments to the labor laws. They successfully blocked progress and succeeded in writing into the statute books many of their reactionary measures.

Under the guise of reorganization, the Conservation Commission, charged with control and development of water power, was legislated out of office and a single commissioner substituted. He was to hold office with the unique provision that he could not be removed by the governor without the consent of two-thirds of the members of both houses of the legislature. There was also a provision written into the law that no plan for the comprehensive development of the water powers of the state under state ownership could be effective without the approval of the attorney-general and the state engineer and surveyor. The water-power interests of the state admitted that these provisions were intended to curb any repetition of the attempts made between 1911 and 1914 to give legislative approval to any plan of state development.

A concerted attempt was made to break down the labor laws. Bills were introduced to lengthen the hours of labor of women and children employed in the canneries of the state.

The most outstanding piece of reactionary legislation was the weakening of the Workmen's Compensation Act under the guise of reorganizing the Labor Department. This legislation, as written into the law of 1915, did away with the supervision by the state of settlements for injuries and deprived workers of the protection given by a settlement under state supervision. This amendment provided for private settlements between the injured persons and the insurance companies.

No living person today, employer or worker, would have the hardihood to suggest that we go back to the old method of compensation after injury—with the long-drawn-out lawsuit, a large part of the recovery being paid to the lawyer, the injured people dying before the case reached the Court of Appeals, and all the old legal arguments of "assumption of risk," the "fellow servant rule" and "contributory negligence" set up as defenses. The Democrats in both houses vigorously opposed and fought these proposals for direct compensation settlements.

Senator Wagner and myself, leaders of the minority, succeeded in defeating the first attempt to put through this legislation when it was put into the appropriation bill as a rider, but the Republican leaders marshaled their forces and then put in a bill providing for a reorganization of the Workmen's Compensation Commission and wrote direct settlements into the law itself. During the debate on the bill a telegram was received from the president of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers, calling the attempt to change the law in this way "reactionary and detrimental to the interest of the workers of the state." The production of the telegram created quite a scene in the assembly, as it had been stated in debate in defense of the measure that it met with the favor of the president of the American Federation of Labor. The Republican legislators disliked to favor this particular bill, but they obeyed the whip of party leadership. The same sharp leadership produced executive approval by the governor.

In my contest for the governorship in 1918 the abolition of direct settlements between insurance companies and injured workers became an issue, and I asserted that I would do everything in my power to remove the direct-settlement clause of the Workmen's Compensation Act.

Obstacles in the Way

I did not dream at the time that this year of 1915 would be the end of my legislative service. In 1914 I had been elected a member of the Constitutional Convention representing my senatorial district. The convention met in the Assembly Chamber in Albany in April, 1915. It was overwhelmingly Republican, although the leading men of both political parties were elected to it. Senator Elihu Root was selected for chairman. Judge Morgan J. O'Brien was selected to lead the Democrats, and George W. Wickersham, former Attorney-General of the United States, was selected to lead the Republicans. I looked forward eagerly to the sessions.

The convention began its duties after an opening speech by Senator Root wherein he stated that the constitution contained considerable obsolete matter and should be brought up to date. He found fault, in the first instance, with the size of the constitution and with the number of words employed in it, and suggested that with proper revision it could be reduced to a small-size book that could be carried in your vest pocket.

LeRoy Austin, a young lawyer of Greene County, was appointed chairman of the Committee on Revision and ambitiously set his committee to work at once studying the older provisions of the constitution to see how much of these could be left out. The first section the committee lit upon occurred in Article I, which had to do with the abolition of feudal tenures, alodial tenures and leases of agricultural lands. These provisions were put into the constitution in the early days of the state because of the practices of the holders of large tracts of land in the capital district known as the Rensselaer-Wyck estates. After considerable study the committee came before the convention with a proposal to eliminate these passages from the constitution.

In the body was a lawyer from Brooklyn who specialized in title searching. He started to speak against striking out these sections of the constitution after recess on Tuesday. He talked until adjournment and started in again upon reconvening on Wednesday morning, talked all day Wednesday, and on Thursday the convention voted on the proposal. They voted to leave the sections in. The lawyer had created sufficient doubt in the minds of the members as to whether or not their removal might not, in some way or another, affect title to property. You can imagine, after that performance, how difficult it became to take anything out of the constitution.

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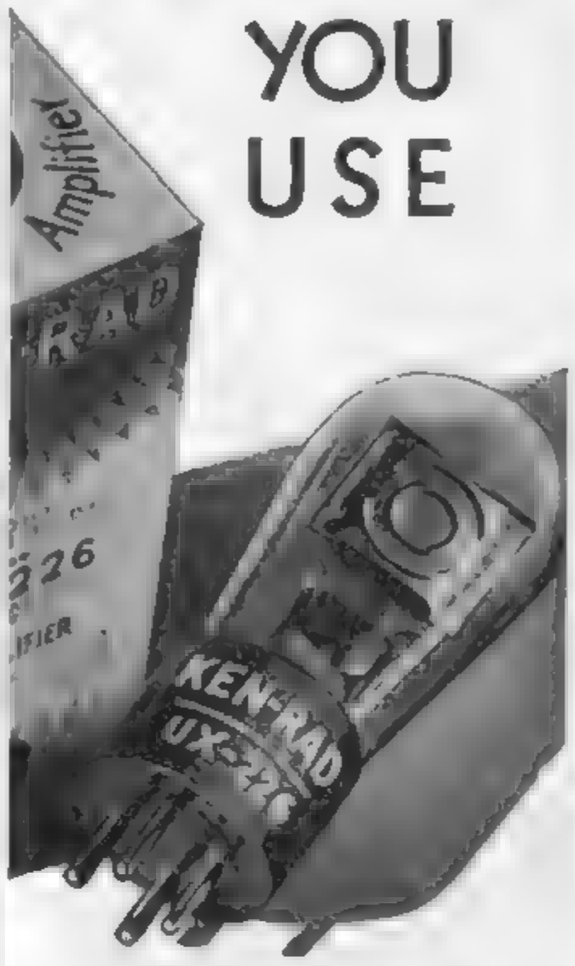

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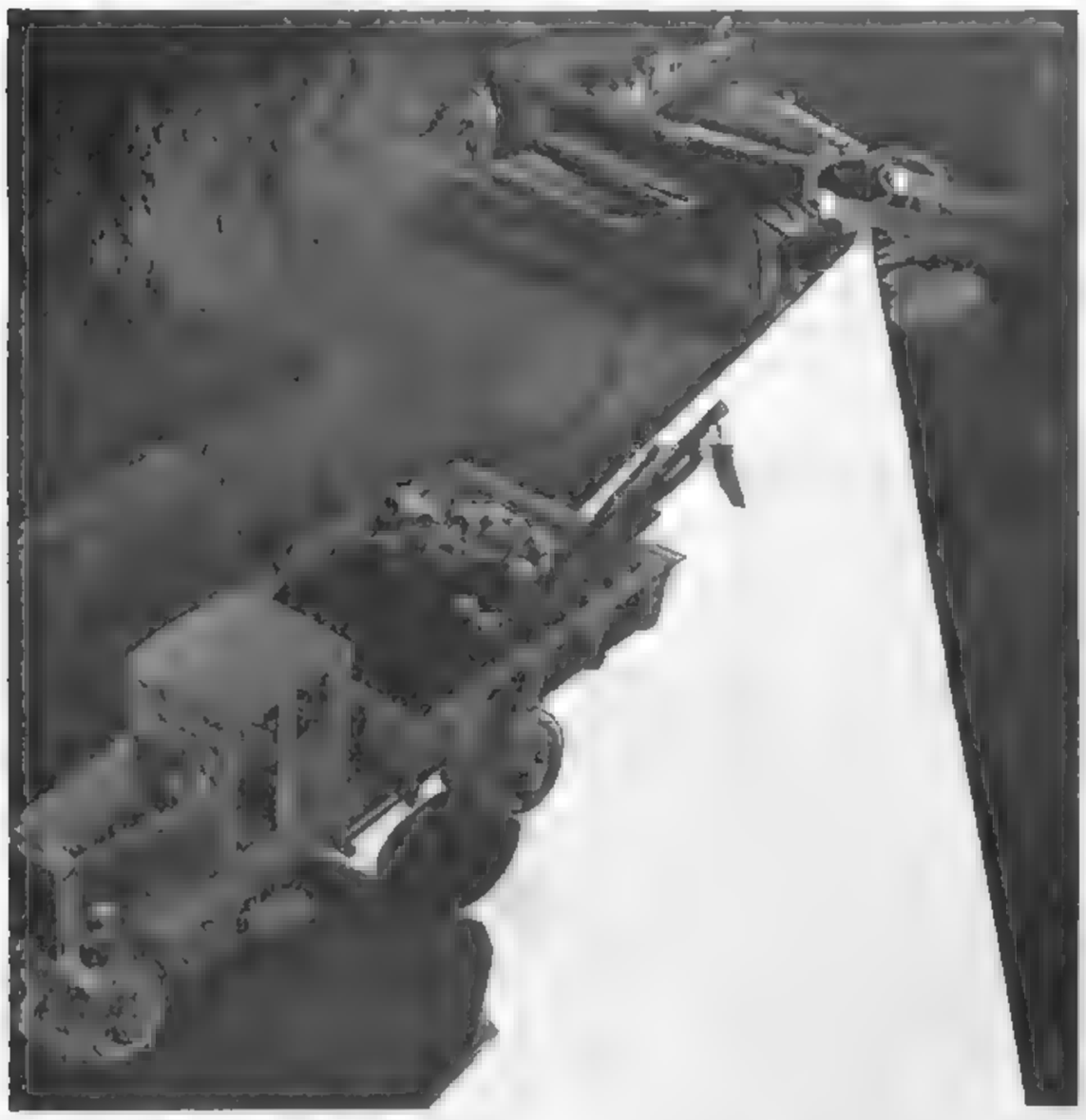

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In spite of the speech of the presiding officer and the endeavor on the part of the Committee on Revision to reduce the size of the constitution, the final document emanating from the convention assumed the proportions of the New York City Telephone Directory.

During 1914 and 1915 a decidedly reactionary element in the Republican Party had been actively bent upon attempting to stop what they called socialistic legislation. They included workmen's compensation and many of the factory laws and the provision for pensions for widowed mothers in that grouping. By a cleverly worded amendment to the constitution introduced by William Barnes, Jr., then leader of the Republican Party, they sought to prohibit the legislature from passing any more measures of a similar nature. The full purport of the proposed resolution was not understood for some time because of the subtle wording. To the best of my recollection, it ran as follows: "The legislature shall not pass any bill granting hereafter to any class of individuals any privilege or immunity not granted equally to all members of the state." I was a member of the committee to which this resolution was referred, and I fought it in the committee as vigorously as I knew how. I was beaten on the question of reporting it to the convention, by the strong support Mr. Barnes was able to hold under his leadership.

Too Clever With the Pen

The resolution came on the calendar of the convention for debate at a night session. We were debating under a rule that limited the members to ten minutes, with a half hour for the majority and minority leaders. The danger of such an amendment to the constitution was fully realized by the more liberal-minded delegates on the Republican side, and Mr. Wickersham, the Republican leader, gave me twenty minutes of his half hour, using only ten minutes himself, and permitted me to devote a half hour to opposition to its adoption. The call of the roll showed the Democratic minority solidly against it. With them in the same voting column were the liberal Republicans, including their leader, and the resolution was defeated; but it indicated the trend of the times, as far as active Republican leaders were concerned, to the whole question of social legislation.

Barnes himself was a man of unusual ability, a good talker with a broad mind, but he was probably as reactionary a man as I ever met. He came by his convictions honestly. In the course of his speech in favor of his unique proposal to stifle all social legislation, he blamed the war on the socialistic tendencies of the German Empire. He said that socialistic bills and socialistic proposals had so gripped the people of Germany that they ceased to consider that the government existed for them and were forced to the belief that they existed for the government.

He referred to a speech made by Prince Bismarck before the Reichstag in 1873, when he quoted Bismarck as having said: "Take care of the widowed mother; provide insurance against sickness and old age, and they"—meaning the Socialists—"will have sung their swan song."

Though I disagreed with him on his political theories as bitterly as I could, I always had a regard for him and for his ability, and I am reasonably certain that it was reciprocated. He was a powerful leader of men and intellectually convinced of the soundness of his position.

The chief debates in the convention occurred upon the proposals to amend the constitution to bring about the shortening of the ballot and the reorganization of state government, the adoption of an executive budget, the adoption of a proposal to amend the constitution to require a literacy test for voting, and upon the proposal to set up a Conservation Commission of twelve members, one from each judicial district. I favored the reorganization of the government and the short ballot, but I wanted a modification calling for the election of the attorney-general, and not for his appointment, as the amendment submitted proposed. I felt that the state's chief law officer in advisory capacity to the legislature as well as to the executive departments should be elected in order to preserve the absolute independence of the two branches of the government.

Because of the wording of the resolution, I opposed the adoption of the executive budget. In the form in which it was submitted in the convention it did not cover the whole field of appropriation of public moneys, as I believed it should. In underlying theory, I declared that I believed it to be right. I believed then, as now, that the responsibility for recommending the appropriation of public money should rest upon the governor in the first instance, while in no way depriving the legislature of its power to make the actual appropriation. Although I opposed it in the Constitutional Convention in 1915, I accepted it in 1926 in the form in which it was offered in the convention. But in 1920, in my first term as governor, I urged it in the way that I believed it should have been worded.

In the convention I opposed the literacy test for voters upon the theory that men and women who come to this country, work hard, send their children to school, take an oath of allegiance to our Constitution and to our flag, and obey our laws, are good citizens and, because of the handicaps of early life, should not be deprived of having a voice in the government under which they live. This amendment was defeated in the Constitutional Convention, but was afterward adopted by the legislature as a proposal and put to a state referendum. It was in the course of the debate on the literacy test that I said that the ability of a man to write was no indication of his character. I referred to the number of sojourners at Sing Sing prison who were not only able to write their own names but found their way in there because of their ability to write somebody else's name.

The proposal to set up by judicial districts a large, cumbersome, irresponsible, constitutional body for the conservation of our natural resources looked to me like an attempt on the part of the power interests of the state to prevent any state development or state ownership of our great water powers.

Another measure which provoked considerable debate was offered by Seth Low, former mayor of Greater New York, who was chairman of the Committee on Affairs of Cities. It was the home-rule-for-cities provision. This proposed amendment was afterward adopted during my governorship and is now part of our constitution.

Crowded Sessions

The various sessions of the convention were crowded with people on vacation and traveling through the state, stopping off at Albany. The debates were interesting and the night sessions were pretty well attended. Mrs. Smith and the children spent some time in Albany during the sessions of the convention and, as a matter of fact, my eldest son, Alfred, acted as volunteer page boy.

I sought to write into the constitution a provision permitting the creation by law of a minimum wage board with power to fix minimum wages for women and children in industry in accordance with local conditions and necessities. On roll call it failed of adoption. I debated it with one of our foremost constitutional lawyers, Louis Marshall. Though we disagreed sharply, I have to this writing enjoyed the pleasure and benefit of his friendship. In my later years as governor I often found myself working hand in hand with him against the forces we both were against in the Constitutional Convention. Together we have resisted encroachments by the power interests on the Adirondack preserve, developed the State College of Forestry, and protected minority rights.

(Continued on Page 157)

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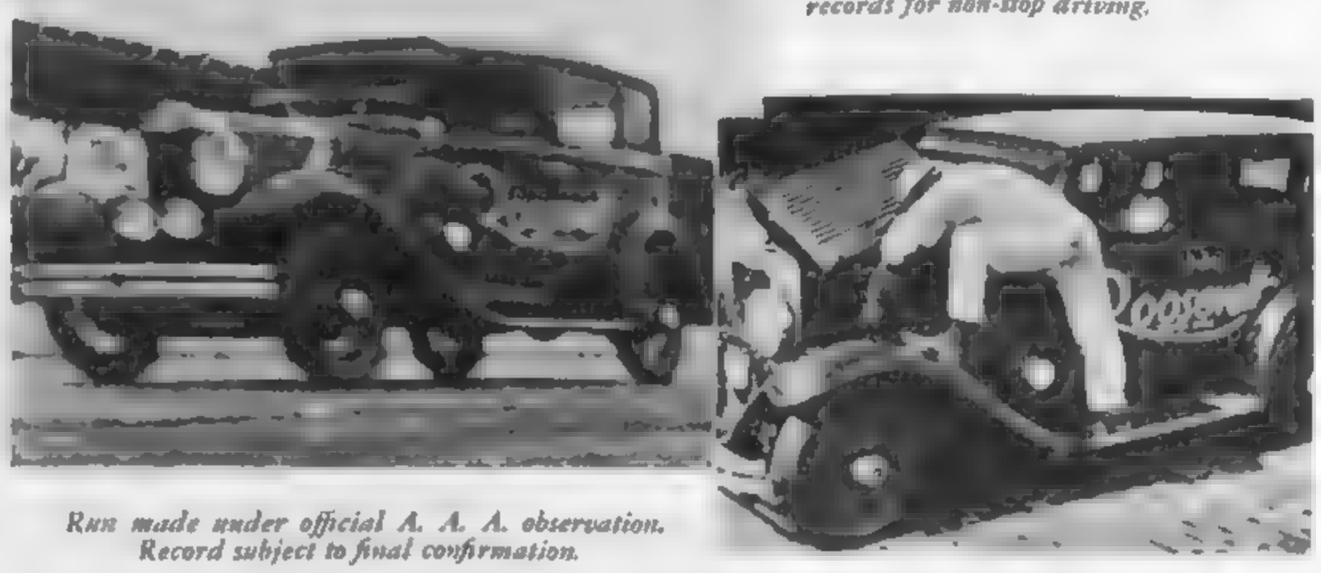

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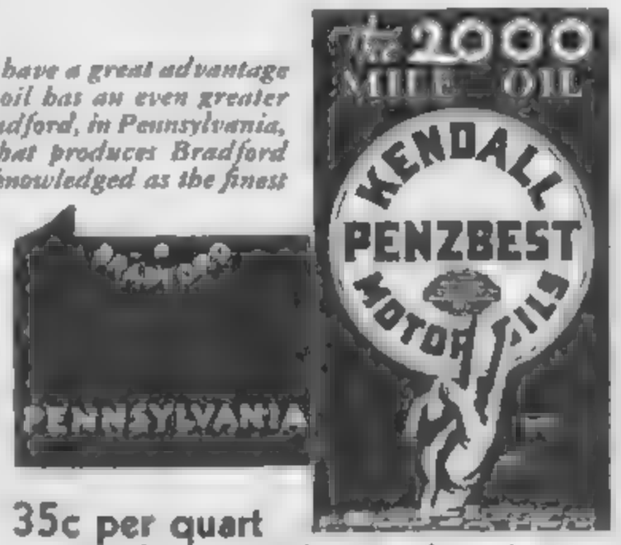

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(Continued from Page 154)

During all the debates in which I engaged I am unable to remember that I took as personal anything urged against me, and I trained myself to give every adversary the benefit of believing that he was conscientious and came by his opinions honestly. I never opposed men. I opposed principles.

Coming to the close of the convention, which had lasted until well into September, I had a long talk with Senator Root. He asked me my opinion of the constitution as completed, and what chances there were of its adoption by the people. I told him, frankly, I did not think it could be adopted for various reasons.

First, it had taken the best lawyers in the state nearly four months to put it together, and now it was proposed to give the people of the state only six weeks to digest it. I further told him that I thought it was a mistake to submit it in a single document. If its submission had been delayed one year and it had been submitted in sections so that the people of the state could vote for the sections they liked and against the ones they disliked, the larger part of the revisions might have been adopted.

Compromise From the Start

I explained to him that the big underlying difficulty was that the proposed constitution was a compromise. I said, "There is too much in it that tries to please everybody. From the moment it was completed it was bound to make more enemies than friends, because we must bear in mind that constructive reforms are often bitterly opposed by the very people who may be beneficiaries of the reform which is sought."

Further indicating the spirit of compromise that permeated the whole body, at the opening of the session a man from the central part of the state offered a resolution to the effect that the clerk be instructed to buy for the members drinking water bottled in his section of the state. Quite unexpectedly it provoked a strenuous argument. Senator Brackett sprang to his feet and said, "The state of New York is owner and entitled to the waters of the Saratoga Springs, and they are the best drinking waters in the world. I regret and deplore the passing of a resolution declaring it to be the purpose of the convention to use privately bottled waters." Whereupon compromise started and the resolution was amended to buy both waters and let the members of the convention take their choice. They even compromised on the drinking water.

Employes of the cities of the state were opposed to the new constitution because of the home-rule amendment. Had it been adopted at that time, it would have taken from large groups of employes the protection they were enjoying by having their salaries fixed by state law.

The conservation article had roused the opposition of students of conservation and organizations for the protection and preservation of the Adirondacks.

The same reactionary influences, particularly in the small upstate counties, which had for political reasons voted against the submission of the executive budget and the reorganization of the government, lined themselves up with the ranks of those opposed to the constitution for other reasons.

The article of the constitution apportioning the senators and assemblymen to the various counties met with vigorous opposition in New York City. Largely because of that article, I voted against the adoption of the constitution myself. I held it to be, at that time, and I assert today, that that constitutional provision is a denial of the theory of representative democratic government. Under its provision, if you live in the city of New York you are one of 125,000 or 150,000 people entitled to representation in the assembly, but if you live in Putnam County you are only one of 10,000 entitled to representation. It is this particular provision of the constitution that has given the Republican organization such a grip upon the assembly that, in 1922, when I was elected governor by a plurality of 387,000, the assembly still remained Republican.

The debates on the apportionment article were very bitter. Senator Brackett of Saratoga Springs arose in his seat and said, "Let's have an end to this bickering back and forth between the Democrats and Republicans, and let us Republicans frankly say that we propose to keep control of the legislature upstate and we are not going to let one little corner of the state of New York control the whole state."

Probably the worst blow dealt to the new constitution came from the ranks of organized labor because of a proposed amendment to the Bill of Rights. The European War was going on in 1915. The amendment to the Bill of Rights brought forth a storm when Judge Cullen, former chief justice of our Court of Appeals, in speaking about the proposed constitution, said that "there should be no drumhead courts in times of peace." Probably no man in the public life of this state commanded any more widespread respect than did Judge Cullen, and countless thousands of people, without inquiring into the matter at all, proceeded on the theory that the amendment to the Bill of Rights was so revolutionary as to give military control in time of peace. The trade-unions led the opposition to the new constitution and succeeded in defeating it by a majority of half a million.

Just at the close of the convention William Barnes, Jr., who was the most consistent foe of the direct nominating system you probably could find in the length and breadth of the state of New York, gave the delegates a laugh. When the Tammany Hall executive committee made its designation of me to participate in the primary for the office of sheriff, Mark Eisner, then a delegate to the Constitutional Convention and a great friend of mine, received that word by telephone. He rushed into the assembly chamber and asked for recognition by the chairman. In his excitement he failed to say that the Tammany executive committee had "designated" me to run in the primaries for sheriff. He stated that the Tammany executive committee had "nominated" me. After the applause died down, William Barnes, Jr., arose in his place and said, "Mr. President, I thought we had direct nominations in this state."

Where Much May be Learned

The intimate associations of the five months in Albany made for me a large number of what afterward became personal friends, and they have since been, at different times, in communication with me on all kinds of subjects affecting the state government. From that time up to the present day I have enjoyed the personal friendship of many whom I met there.

The adjournment of the Constitutional Convention resembled the graduating class of a university bidding one another good-by at the close of their labors together. Nineteen fifteen probably presented me with what was, up to that time, the hardest year's work I had ever done. And when I left Albany I plunged right into the campaign for sheriff without rest or vacation of any kind.

As I close the period dealing with my legislative career, looking back over the years, I am prepared to say that the legislature is a great university of learning for the young man who is willing to give it his full time, his full attention and close study. In no other place in the world can you make firmer or warmer friends. There is a comradeship between members of the legislature certainly not equaled in business and maybe not in schools or in colleges. To the young lawyer, service in the legislature is most valuable. They say that no man knows the engine the way the man does who works in the plant where it was built. No man knows law and the reasons for it, what permitted it and the forces opposing it, better than the member of the legislature who gives his work study and proper attention. I loved the assembly. It was an institution to me. It made me acquainted with people all over the state and gave me a broad vision that I could obtain in no other way.

Above everything, I still like to think of the opportunity it gave me to do something to help large numbers of people which I would be unable to do in any other way. When the session of 1916 convened I had a deep regret that I found myself sheriff of New York, because I realized that in that position, outside of giving advice, I would be helpless to raise my voice on the floor of the legislature for the protection as well as the advancement of the beneficent laws whose enactment I had aided.

I deem it needless for me to say that the experience of my twelve years in the legislature was of inestimable benefit to me when I became governor, particularly the knowledge I had acquired of the state's fiscal system and the appropriation and handling of state funds. Equally helpful in other constructive measures I later advocated was my knowledge of what had happened to bills in other years and my memory of the forces that had previously brought about their defeat.

Old-Home Night

There was regret expressed at my leaving Albany, and it was certainly gratifying to have Republican newspapers express it editorially, as The Tribune did, and also to have a non-partisan organization like The Citizens' Union support me for the new office.

The fall of 1915 found me for the first time engaged in a campaign that appealed to the county and not just to my home district. I was running for sheriff.

It was a unique campaign.

Probably I made more speeches than any candidate for that office who had ever preceded me, and the joy and satisfaction over my nomination was at so high a point in the old neighborhood that Old-Home Night was celebrated on Oliver Street with bands of music and a display of fireworks. The windows were illumined with Chinese lanterns, and it seems to me that in the course of four hours I shook hands with every man and woman in the old district. My district had more nationalities than any other in the city. Large delegations from every civilized country in the world passed in front of the old house during the party. Chinamen, although not voters, were enthusiastic rooters, and the gay colors and lighting effects from Mott Street, in Chinatown, were moved over for the night into Oliver Street.

The early election returns indicated an overwhelming victory, and with the prospect of a large income ahead of me, I proceeded the day after election to build an extension on the Oliver Street house, although the property did not belong to me. It was difficult to house a family the size of mine on Oliver Street.

The extension was ready by the first of January, and the new sheriff of New York held forth in the old homestead after the inauguration, and I suppose I was visited by the whole neighborhood. At the sheriff's office, when I was inaugurated on the first of January, I was surrounded by my wife and children, my mother, my sister, her husband and all her children. There was no room in the big reception hall for anybody else. I was presented with a handsome revolver with an ivory handle. I thought at the time that it must have been given to me upon the theory that all sheriffs carried a pistol. During my term of office I carried it once, and that was the night I went to shoot a blank cartridge to start the bicycle race in Madison Square Garden.

When I entered the sheriff's office the salary was twelve thousand dollars a year and one-half of the fees collected by him during his term of office. The other half went into the county treasury. My fees for the two years I was sheriff amounted approximately to $105,000. While I was in office the legislature amended the law and did away with the fee system, so that today the sheriff receives only his salary.

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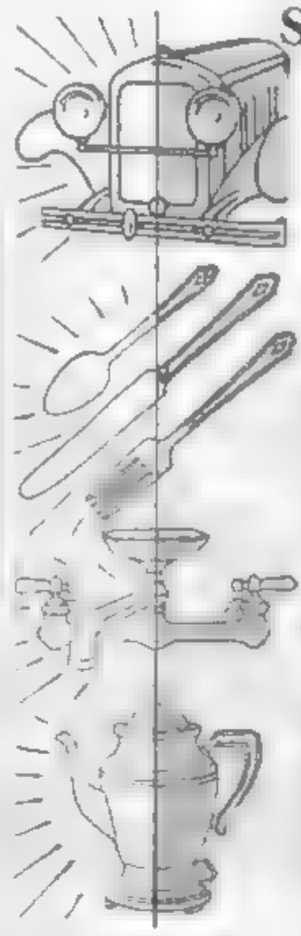

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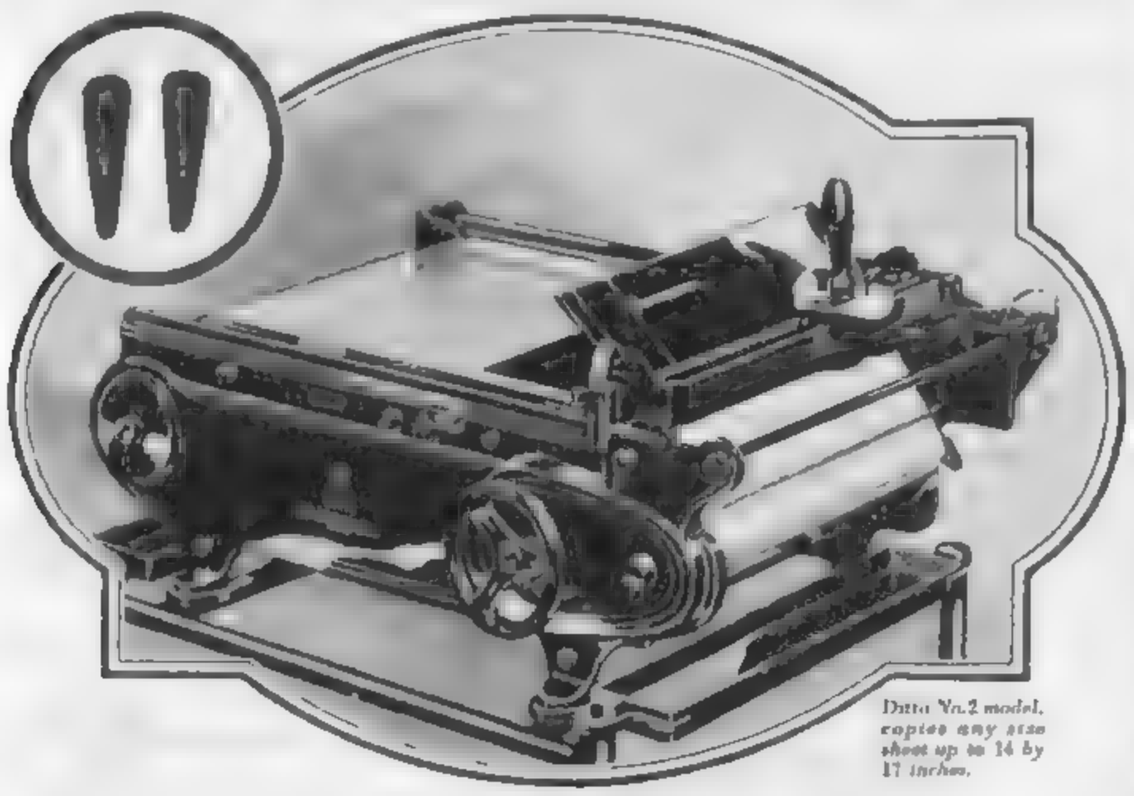

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I was well recompensed as sheriff and probably it made up for the financial sacrifices I was compelled to make during my long service in the assembly. It gave me an opportunity to bring to the family, then fairly grown, the luxury of an automobile and a better summer home. More than all, it relieved my mind of the constant anxiety about what might happen in the event of sickness and the many other troubles which come to a man at the head of a big family.

Compared to the twelve years in Albany, the sheriff's office was calm and tame. It offered strictly routine work not so much to my taste as my legislative career had been. I gave much time to outside public activities, and in 1917, after the United States entered the war, I gave considerable time to the sale of Liberty Bonds and to public speaking on behalf of the government loans. I invested more than 80 per cent of my income from the sheriff's office in Liberty Bonds.

A Three-Cornered Fight

The summer of 1917 started the struggle for the mayoralty election in the fall of that year. I spent much time that summer at Delmonico's conferring with the leaders of the party over the outcome and the nominations to be made for the various city offices. By men not included in these conferences, it has often been said that I was a candidate that year for the nomination for mayor. There is no truth in that statement, because before anybody was selected or before any names were mentioned, it was definitely settled as a matter of political strategy that the nomination was to go to Brooklyn, the nominee to be selected later.

The occasion for the large number of conferences as well as for the large number of people called into them was the desire upon the part of the leaders to ascertain as closely as possible just what chance there was of defeating Mayor Mitchel for re-election. Besides, there was great anxiety as to what the Republican Party would do. There was widespread dissatisfaction with the administration of Mayor Mitchel among the rank and file of the Republicans. They felt that he had overlooked them in the distribution of patronage and many of the small fry were incensed because he had supported me for sheriff.

The outcome of the primary elections, when a straight Republican was nominated, making it a three-cornered fight, with John Purroy Mitchel running as an Independent, justified the apprehension of the Democratic leaders. Mitchel had a large and powerful independent following. He was a man of unquestioned ability. He brought about many desirable reforms in the administration of city business, but the loose cog in the wheel happened to be the fact that he held a political position and was a thousand miles away from being a politician. He did not know how to handle people and did not know how to deal with them or how to get along with them. He had a hot temper and he vented it too often for his own political good.

Not being a politician, he was lacking in knowledge of the human element. That was illustrated by one of his earliest actions in office when he attempted to have the legislature amend the city charter so as to take away from police officers the right to the writ of review which would deprive policemen removed from office of the right of review of their cases by the courts. He was defeated in that move by a Republican legislature, at least the New York members of which had vigorously supported him in his contest for the mayoralty.

There was uncertainty in the minds of the Democratic organization leaders about the result of the impending election occasioned by the fact that the so-called Independent, or Wilson, Democrats were behind Mitchel. He had been honored before his nomination for mayor by appointment at the hands of the President to the collectorship of the Port of New York. The leaders feared a house divided against itself. Another factor taken into consideration was the tremendous growth of the vote in Brooklyn.

Practically all political selections are finally made up and decided by a process of elimination. The leaders hit upon John F. Hylan, then county judge of Kings County. As in all other political campaigns, some outside organization took a hand. To offset the Mitchel Business Men's League, another Business Men's League was formed under the chairmanship of Preston P. Lynn, then general manager of Wanamaker's store, and that league under the leadership of Lynn first mentioned the name of Judge Hylan.

After my overwhelming victory in the county of New York two years prior, the leaders were anxious that I accept the nomination to the office of the president of the Board of Aldermen. It had certain attractions for me in that it was not an executive but rather a legislative position. My Albany experience made that much more to my liking.

Many estimates have been made of the influences affecting the 1917 city campaign. We were in the midst of the World War. That caused a natural uneasiness and apprehension which perhaps is best evinced by the large vote cast for the Socialist candidate, Morris Hillquit. He received 142,178 votes, the largest ever cast for a Socialist candidate for mayor in the history of the city. Probably this large Socialist vote was a protest against the war.

The Voters' Reprimand

Another thing which roused the ire of the rank and file of the people of New York during the Mitchel administration was the importation of men from other parts of the country who were called municipal experts. New York City has great and perhaps rather provincial pride. It believed that it had within its own families the ability to manage the affairs of the city. It resented also the attempt to convey the impression that ordinary men were unfitted for minor positions in the city government and that a corps of experts was what was required.

The condition in the public schools was a cause of dissatisfaction. Due to the scarcity of labor, even before we entered the war and just after it, it was impossible to erect enough school buildings to keep pace with the growing school population. Children were getting only a few hours a day in school.

In the last analysis, the defeat of Mitchel was nothing more or less than history repeating itself. After all, Tammany Hall for a century has been the dominating political party in the city of New York. No fusion administration of the city ever succeeded itself. No fusion administration, to my knowledge, was ever elected in the first instance on the merits of its candidates. Most of them were unknown. A fusion administration usually came into power when the people were so minded as to desire to rebuke Tammany Hall for grievances, real or imaginary.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Governor Smith. The fifth will appear next week

To People Who Want TODAY'S CAR to Run Like NEW NEXT YEAR

PUROLATOR cartridges for replacement are self-contained. They are made without removable parts, and so have no gaskets or other points of possible pressure leakage—therefore they withstand *with certainty* the high oil pressure necessary for efficient operation. They require no attention except replacement every 8000 miles.

HAVE YOUR PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

RE-CARTRIDGED every 8,000 Miles

TO keep your new car running *like new* there's one thing to watch that is more important than anything else—be sure it has *clean oil*—all the time. That is a very simple matter if you will take just one precaution.

Under the hood you probably will find a Purolator Oil Filter. (Purolator is standard equipment on most fine American cars.) The maker of your car put it there because the Purolator removes from the lubricating oil, *as it is used*, all the harmful grit, road dust, metal particles and hard carbon. Notice the tremendous amount of such matter in the split-open Purolator cartridge in the mechanic's hands above. This cut-open cartridge was removed from a car after about 8000 miles of normal driving.

This foreign matter, if allowed to circulate through the lubricating system, would turn the oil into a harsh abrasive instead of a lubricant; would cause untold wear to pistons, cylinder walls, bearings and gears; would cause your motor to become loose and noisy after a few thousand miles of driving. Even frequent oil changes cannot prevent this.

After the Purolator has been filtering the oil for about 8000 miles it will have caught too much foreign matter to be certain of continued efficient operation. So, when you have driven 8000 miles, have your garage or service station recartridge your Purolator. That's all you have to do to be sure of a constant supply of filtered, *clean* oil and a quiet, sweet-running motor.

One more thing: *be sure you get a genuine PUROLATOR cartridge every time, for no substitute filter is as efficient in operation.* That is why most of the leading manufacturers equip their cars with the Purolator. Motor Improvements, Inc., 363 Frelinghuysen Ave., Newark, N. J.

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Scott

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You *think* Curled Hair is costly—a very good sign that you know it is considered *best* for mattresses and upholstered furniture. But though the advantages of Curled Hair are priceless, they may be obtained today in very moderately priced mattresses and furniture, featured by makers and stores anxious to give you utmost value.

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Genuine Curled Hair is universal in hotels—their greatest asset is restfulness. Genuine Curled Hair is universal in hospitals—they must have utmost healthfulness. Genuine Curled Hair is a characteristic of the best-built motor cars. Nothing else so thoroughly combines comfort and hygiene. Nothing else *lastingly stays* so comfortable and hygienic Mattresses and furniture built around Curled Hair are clearly better. Yet they are moderately priced, as you will note in progressive stores featuring the use of genuine Curled Hair, with the tag to identify it.

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Chicago Curled Hair Company, Chicago
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F. P. Woll & Company, Frankford, Philadelphia

LULU WAS A LADY

(Continued from Page 15)

All around them were vehicles filled with beautiful ladies and dashing gentlemen—gay groups who drank champagne iced in hampers, and chattered from carriage to carriage. The isolated motor car came in for much polite banter and, when it was recognized as the duke's, for a few remarks at once witty and unkind.

Bouron blew Lulu's horn and raced her motor until clouds of smoke enveloped the merrymakers. It was shameful of those people to chide monsieur when he had dropped almost a million. And of course he himself was minus the savings of many months!

The traffic crawled a few meters and stopped again. Bouron muttered, pushed back his cap, and shrugged in exasperation. From within the car came a sound—not loud, but somewhat as though the duke had struck the cushions with his cane.

"Well," thought Bouron, glancing over his shoulder through the window, "who can blame him for feeling petulant?"

Bouron's glance became a protracted stare—a stare at the Duke de Lavarne. Monsieur was lying on his side upon the seat, with his mouth half open. From it emerged a trickle of blood and a lazy wisp of gray smoke. On the floor was a small gold-plated automatic pistol.

Bouron's first impulse was to cry out, to leap from his seat. But then he remembered the duke's last orders: "Back to town, Bouron, if you please." With sudden inspiration he placed his ear against the speaking tube and nodded his head as though receiving orders from within. Then he stepped to the road, opened the door, touched his cap and leaned into the car. Apparently he was being reprimanded by the duke. Actually he was propping a dead body into the angle of the seat and placing upon its head the pearl-gray top hat d'Ascot.

After many frightful minutes the traffic unlocked. Speeding through it, they rounded the Étoile and headed down the Champs Élysées. Turning northward into the Rue la Boëtie, Bouron swung Lulu into the courtyard and stopped with a jerk beneath the porte-cochère. A servant came forward to open the door.

"Wait!" said Bouron, grasping his arm.

The man peered into the car. Then with a cry he recoiled; for in the abrupt stop the duke's hat had fallen off.

They carried the body into the foyer and laid it upon a marble bench. Bouron went back to Lulu for the pistol and the hat. On the floor of the car was something else—a page torn from the little green notebook. Anstruther's name caught his eye—then Benguiat's—then his own. He saw that it was a hastily scribbled will by which the duke bestowed his lesser belongings upon his servants.

To "*Bouron, chauffeur estimable,*" he had left the "*voiture Herbaux, Series 7, dite Lulu.*"

Bouron was weeping when he reëntered the house.

III

FOR weeks and months after the Duc de Lavarne's death, Bouron drank more than was good for him. The unwitnessed supplementary will had been disputed by a ravaging pack of creditors, and the motor car was impounded in the garage by judicial order. Bouron had time on his hands, a thirst in his soul, and grief for his excuse. It was a day in the late fall when he found himself in the streets of Paris *sans* all worldly goods except a pocketful of small change and the glittering Lulu—who, by due legal process, had at last been released from custody and turned over to him. He was still rather drunk, and therefore sentimental; so he likened the ceremony to a wedding.

"You are mine—mine at last, little Lulu!" he sighed, as swinging from the curb they ripped the patent-leather mudguard from a passing *fiacre* and drove a panic-stricken cyclist sprawling across the sidewalk among scattering dozens of *brioches*. "By rights"—shifting to high—"we should tour the south; a glorious honeymoon beneath the azure skies. But alas, we have little money, so—what's that, monsieur? But I did blow my horn—blew it twice! Ta-da! And so, as I was saying, we'll have to get a job. But first we will drive out to Bougival and get old Lezard to sew in a new panel of upholstery, to hide those stains."

It was a sentimental journey. At a certain spot in the Avenue du Bois—leafless, now, and barren of crowds—Bouron crossed himself and looked at Saint Christopher. Farther on, when they were passing the Longchamps race course, he stepped on the accelerator and held his breath to keep out the breeze from turf and stables which he knew would bring vivid memories of Mistinguett, Maisons-Laffitte, and all the pleasant life which was now so definitely ended.

Out at the Usine Herbaux, Lezard was glad to do a favor for his old friend. In half an hour he'd have one of the women stitch in a job which nobody could tell from new. In the interval, Bouron went upstairs to Monsieur Herbaux's office.

The humpbacked secretary was overjoyed at seeing him. Monsieur Herbaux, though, was far from cordial.

"Oh, so it's you," he said, lolling back in his great chair behind his great desk, and crossing his great hands upon his great stomach. "What do you want, Bouron?"

Bouron was dismayed. "Nothing, monsieur. Only Lulu is now mine and I thought ——"

"You thought I'd buy the old wreck back, eh? Not much, Bouron—not much! Nobody wants a rattletrap in which a scoundrel has blown out his brains."

Suddenly Bouron realized that two men were tugging at his shoulders, and the humpback was prying open ten fingers which were sunk satisfyingly into Monsieur Herbaux's fat throat. Through a scarlet fog he saw that the fingers were his.

"Quick, quick—the stairs—get out," whispered the humpback. "When he comes to and starts to rave, I'll phone a wrong description of you to the police. Here, take this letter; he hasn't seen it yet. Go there at once." With cut-out open, Lulu sped across the courtyard at even greater speed than on the morning of her birth.

It was snowing now—the first moist flurry of the season. Bouron wished that he had an overcoat or a drink. He wanted to turn up his collar, but was afraid he would look a fugitive from justice. His chief concern, now, was to keep out of jail. He knew he hadn't killed the *sale bête*, but just the same he'd tried to.

They were halfway down the Boulevard Haussmann before he dared to stop. He pulled over to the curb and examined the letter. It was written on pink stationery and addressed to Herbaux. In veiled yet endearing terms, it reminded monsieur of a certain supper party and a certain promise, and suggested that perhaps he would pity the writer in her poverty, and sell her a *voiture* Herbaux on "a friendly arrangement" which she would remain at home that afternoon to discuss.

"Ho!" said Bouron. "Come, Lulu—we will call upon this Madame Romande, on Rue de Monceau, without delay."

There were satin bows on the curtains of the house on Rue de Monceau which so perfectly matched the pink and perfumed stationery that Bouron, obeying his instinct instead of his training, disdained the servants' entrance and boldly presented himself at the front door. It was opened by a little black Senegalese in purple turban, canary jacket and baggy red trousers.

"Inform madame that the Herbaux car is here," he ordered gruffly, trying not to shiver with cold and nervousness.

In a moment a hatchet-faced maid appeared. "Madame will see you at once."

"So!" laughed madame when he had been ushered in. "That old skinflint of a Herbaux has come through at last, eh, chauffeur?"

Bouron did some quick thinking. Somehow, aside from her blond prettiness, he liked this woman's looks. She was of his own class. He trusted her.

"I am owner of the car of the late Duc de Lavarne. An hour ago I tried to strangle Monsieur Herbaux."

"Oh, la, la!" exclaimed madame. "Tell me, were you fortunate enough to kill him?"

"Not quite," said Bouron, "but near enough for the police."

"Hard times since the poor *duc*'s death, eh? He was a charming fellow—ah, yes, I knew him! Well, how soon can you leave for the Riviera?"

"It cannot be too soon, madame."

"Then we'll leave as soon as I can get ready. How's that?"

"*C'est rien bât!*" shouted Bouron, forgetting his chauffeurial dignity. "Twenty minutes are all we need for the *ravitaillement*, and then pfuit!"

"Good!" said madame. "Only, poor chap, you'll need an overcoat. . . . Germaine! Fetch the fur coat which that drunken monsieur left in the hall, if you haven't already sold it. And my purse. . . . Now, chauffeur ——"

"My name is Bouron, madame."

"Well, Bouron, here are a thousand francs for coal or kerosene or whatever it is your automobile burns. We'll arrange the terms of rental later on. You see, I must be in Nice by Thursday."

In twenty minutes Bouron returned with Lulu gassed, oiled, and firing prettily on four new spark plugs. It was dark now, and from the house on Rue de Monceau poured floods of light and sounds of great confusion. The little Senegalese was shedding tears into his turban, and the left cheek of the maid's hatchet face was bleeding from four parallel scratches. The maid stowed bags and dressing cases in the cabriolet. Bouron was assisting her when madame appeared—serene, beautiful, queenly! He was a bit confused to observe that her hair was now a raven black.

"Go in and help Joseph with my trunk," she ordered. Then, stepping from the curb, she made a deliberate and admiring circuit of Lulu. "Ah!" she exclaimed. "What a lovely, lovely little car!"

"Lulu is the finest car in the world, madame," agreed Bouron, hastening across the sidewalk and deftly arranging the robes.

"Lulu?" laughed madame. "*Quelle bonne blague!* And now, let's get going, my good—strangler!"

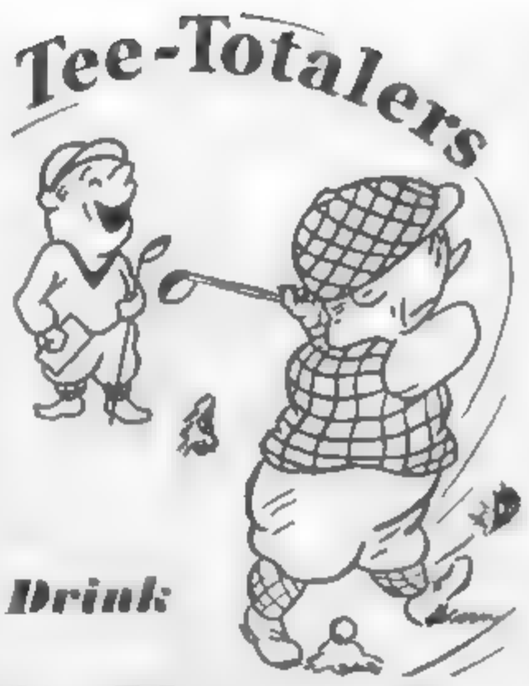
"Strangler!" As they headed through the side streets toward the boulevard, he wished that she hadn't thus brutally reminded him of the police vigilance which, by now, was undoubtedly being exerted toward his apprehension. He quailed when at the Porte d'Ivry the usual quota of gendarmes was augmented by a slim-waisted man in plain clothes, who played an inquisitive flash light upon madame and frowningly considered Lulu's license plate. Once or twice he referred to a notebook which he shielded from the snow with his hand. Never, strangely enough, did he so much as glance at Bouron.

Madame, in a temper, flung open the door. "Let us pass!" she ordered. "My time is too valuable to be wasted by the stupidity of mere policemen!"

"Without a doubt, madame," he replied in a shrill, cold voice. "However—and madame may remember this when we meet again—I am not a 'mere policeman.'"

At his gesture, the gendarmes stood away. As Lulu moved under the ancient stone arch, Bouron saw him standing on the sidewalk studying his notebook in the beam of his flash light and perplexedly shaking his head.

An hour later, on the long black road which leads through the forest of Fontainebleau, Bouron halted to adjust the acetylene



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headlights and the kerosene tail-light. The latter shone directly on the license number, which should have read "*R.F. E-7751.*" Instead of the familiar legend, however, he beheld a strange "*R.F. L-115.*" Bewildered, he struck a match and saw that parts of certain numbers and letters had been covered with paper pasters. These pasters, inspected closely, proved to be neatly scissored bits of paper—envelope flaps, in fact. In the red glow of the tail-light they had been wholly invisible, but in the whiter illumination of the match, they were distinctly pink!

"It would be safer to leave them on until tomorrow," called madame, rapping on the window. "Wait—my cigarettes—oh, here they are. Please hold the match, strangler."

"Madame," said Bouron tonelessly, leaning into the car, "'strangler' I may be, but I noticed that the detective at the gate was more interested in finding a blonde."

In the flickering light she raised her eyes to his. There was a pause while she puffed at the flame.

"You are keenly observant and impudent," she said. But just the same, it was the last time she called him "strangler."

He had forgotten about such things, however, as early on the fourth day they wound down the mountains into a fair land where the breeze, sea-sweetened, blew softly from Africa—a land of palm trees, roulette, pretty ladies, leisure and liquor. They lunched at Cannes, and ended their journey at the portals of the Negresco, in Nice, that afternoon.

"Well," sighed Bouron happily, as he drove Lulu around to the garage, "we're having our honeymoon after all, eh? And madame says we'll be here for two months."

The time passed delightfully, what with drives to Monte Carlo and Cannes or back into the hills to Grasse and Coursegoules. He knew that she gambled, but, to his surprise, she gave no particular encouragement to any of the numerous messieurs who paid her court. Young Lieutenant Maginot seemed deeply in love with her. He was a pleasant fellow who took a friendly and expert interest in Lulu. Bouron approved of him thoroughly. Late one afternoon madame ordered Lulu around, and shortly appeared in an evening gown.

"To Monte Carlo," she directed, "but first stop at the naval landing and pick up the lieutenant."

The lieutenant was waiting near the tram station beyond the bend of the Promenade des Anglais. He was in civilian dinner clothes and bore a bouquet of white flowers. In the mirror, Bouron saw them embrace.

"Ah-ha," he chuckled, "romance at last!"

They drove on to Monaco, where madame and the lieutenant descended at the Hotel de l'Europe. Bouron repaired to a restaurant and tucked away two dozen snails, an omelet, *pommes frites*, and sundry comforting liquids. It was well after midnight when the hotel *chasseur* whistled Bouron's call number. As he drove Lulu around the great circular flower bed, madame was beckoning to him from the head of the steps, and he saw that she needed assistance with the lieutenant. The young chap was quite drunk, and madame herself seemed rather merrier than usual.

"Ha!" roared the lieutenant. "Good old Bouron! I can make it, Bouron! You watch me, Bouron! . . . Tell you what, Amélie, good old Bouron and I are the two greatest 'nternal c'mbustion motor exchperts in France today!"

Once in the car, the lieutenant went to sleep with his head on madame's shoulder. Forty minutes later they reached the naval landing. It was with the greatest difficulty that they aroused him.

Madame, now, was tense, worried. "Quick, Bouron—quick. Get him out," she whispered.

A sentinel ambled over, his bayonet and white cap showing in the darkness. "Here," came madame's voice. "Give him this!" And Bouron slipped the bank note into the sailor's hand.

"Give me a lift, comrade," he said. "It's one of your officers."

"I've been putting them to bed all evening," chuckled the sentinel. "Come, come, *mon lieutenant*—to walk, one must use one's feet."

Two other figures moved in the gloom. "Quick!" gasped madame, stark terror in her voice. "Drive like the devil, Bouron!"

Lulu leaped down the road as lithely as Mistinguett. Madame slid open the glass, knelt upon the floor, and screamed in Bouron's ear.

"Quick! They're following! Oh, faster, faster! Not to the hotel—drive through side streets, turn corners!"

He heard sounds of pursuit. There was the roar of an open cut-out, hoarse shouts. He pressed the accelerator to the floor and laughed. The laugh turned to a scream as a white-hot something tore through his shoulder and shattered the windshield in front of him.

Lulu swerved to the right, struck the curb, and rolled over on her side. Bouron, thrown clear, lay dazed upon the sidewalk. He saw the other car stop. From it jumped three men with pistols.

"Don't mind him!" shouted one. "Get the woman—the woman! Here, shine the headlights on their car!"

Suddenly, the scene became brilliant with the twin beams. "Now, Amélie," ordered a cold voice, "if you're alive, come out, with your hands up."

Slowly, from Lulu's shattered window came the head of madame. Her forehead was bleeding.

"Oh, heaven pity me! Oh, mercy, mercy, mercy!" she wailed.

The man said nothing. Instead, he raised his pistol, took steady aim, and shot madame squarely between the eyes.

As Bouron lost consciousness, he remembered. He remembered the night they left Paris, the Porte d'Ivry, and the slim-waisted one who had said, "I am not a 'mere policeman.'"

IV

WHEN Bouron was awakened by the throbbing of his shoulder, he found himself in a cell.

"So!" said the guard. "You are just in time. At nine o'clock the chief will see you. Get up."

The chief, though present, was a minor figure in the proceedings. As soon as Bouron entered the gloomy office he saw the man with the slim waist. And he saw that this man was very much in charge.

"Bouron," said the cold voice, "it was I who shot you. Also, I believe that you saw me—er—execute Amélie Rommeyer last night?"

"Yes," said Bouron, covering his eyes and swaying.

"Good! . . . Now, look at me, Bouron! See, I point that very same pistol at you. Do you doubt that I will kill you without compunction if you don't tell the truth?"

"No!" moaned Bouron. "Don't shoot, monsieur; I will tell the truth."

"Very well, Bouron, expert mechanician, drunkard, strangler and chauffeur of spies."

He stalked over to the table and picked up a blood-stained card.

"Did you ever see this before?" he asked

"Yes," said Bouron. "Or at least I have seen many like it. It is madame's visiting card."

"Hold it up to the light."

Bouron raised the card to the window and started. There, showing plainly beneath the engraving, was a water-marked coat of arms—an eagle, and the number 61.

"Why," he exclaimed in genuine surprise, "it's—it's the German arms!"

"You're right, Bouron," said his inquisitor in a more kindly tone. Then, tucking his pistol into the waistband of his trousers: "You were only her dupe, of course, but it's a serious thing to mix with the enemies of France. Let this be a lesson to choose better company."

Bouron's shoulder took the better part of five weeks to heal. Lulu, meanwhile,

(Continued on Page 165)

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"The Father of Radio"

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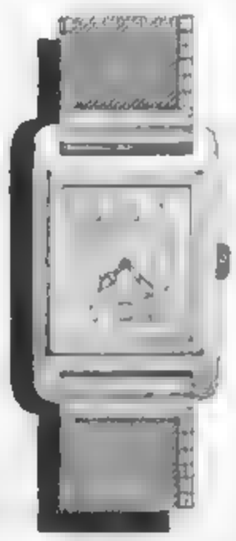

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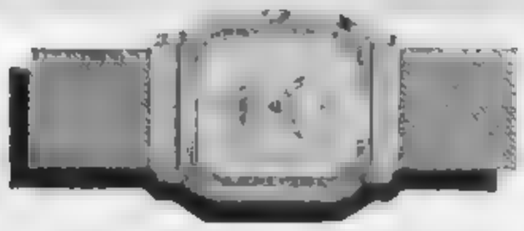
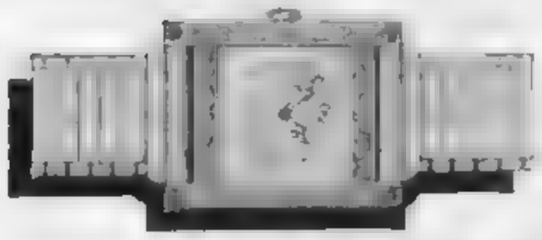
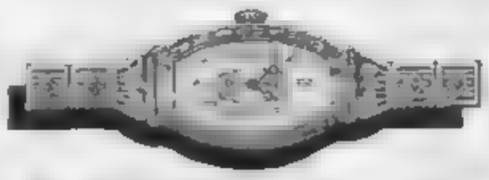


"JACK MULHALL" *Helbros*
No. 49391M. 15 Jewels. With mesh bracelet $50.00



"MARATHON" *Helbros*
No. 49231A. 15 Jewels. With jointed wrist band. $29.75



"PRISCILLA" *Helbros Fontain*
No. 10351E. With flexible link bracelet $19.50

"DOROTHY MACKAILL" *Helbros*
No. 74131E. 15 Jewels. With flexible link bracelet. $29.75

HELBROS
WATCHES

Capt. McNeil, Commander of the Cunarder Mauretania, Holder of All Transatlantic Speed Records wears a Helbros

(Continued from Page 162)

had been recuperating in a garage. The repairs consumed all of Bouron's money, and even so, she was far from looking her old sleek self. What she really needed was a brand-new body. The dents upon her right side, though skillfully hammered out, left sundry savage scars. She didn't run smoothly, either; squeaks and rattles had developed, and even Bouron's skill could not remedy what a complete factory overhauling was needed to cure.

Well, he promised her, when they earned the money she would go to the shop. Meanwhile, they hired out by the day to tourists making trips along the Riviera.

This was uncertain work, and scantily profitable. Each morning they parked in the rank with the other rent cars, opposite the hotel, to await a call. Bouron was seldom chosen. He was pale, thin, nervous. His livery was distinctly seedy, and he always smelled of cognac.

With the waning of spring, the tourist trade fell away. There came three lean weeks with no fares at all. The season was over. Bouron was actually hungry as, one lovely June morning, he headed Lulu down the coast toward Cannes and started the long trip home to Paris. It had been a tragic honeymoon!

They went by way of Avignon, Lyon and Dijon, halting at nightfall by the roadside, while Bouron ate whatever frugal fare he had been able to steal from field or barnyard during the day. His money—every sparse sou of it—he hoarded against the impending moment when Lulu's right rear tire would blow out. Ten times a day he would get out and look at it. That vulcanized patch! That cut! Those sand blisters! Whenever they went over a bump he would hold his breath and gaze pleadingly at Saint Christopher.

At last, one evening, just as the street lights were blinking and the scent of many millions of suppers hung sweetly upon the air, they came to Paris—*Paname!*—the city of a Frenchman's heart! Here, again, was the Porte d'Ivry; here, again, the gendarme and the *octroi* guard.

"Well, *chérie,*" he said with a wan smile, "we've won through!" And though gently he applied the brakes, the rear tire blew out with a whistling wail.

"Ha-ha!" chuckled a voice. "Your pretty horse has cast a shoe, *mon vieux!* Get her out of the way, won't you? You're blocking the portals of Paris!"

"Yes, sir!" replied Bouron weakly. "I say, *Sergot,* is there a garage near by where I can have it repaired?"

"Chevilliard's over there, if he's still open."

They had bumped across the Boulevard Masséna and into the garage when the crank shaft snapped. Here, indeed, was calamity! Bouron sagged forward on the wheel and wept.

Monsieur Chevilliard, though sympathetic, was first of all a business man. He agreed to supply crank shaft, tires and other necessary parts. He would permit Bouron to work on Lulu and sleep in the garage. He would even arrange a small credit at a neighboring restaurant. His only stipulation was that when repairs were done, a taximeter be installed upon Lulu, and that half her earnings be paid to him until the debt was discharged.

"No, monsieur, no!" shuddered Bouron, clenching his fists. "I will not have my Lulu cruising the streets of Paris! Your proposition is foul, degrading!" But then came a realization of the practicalities—most important of which was his own need for cognac.

"Very well," he whispered so Lulu could not hear, "I—I acquiesce."

Lulu bore up bravely under her humiliation. Her fortitude was an inspiration to Bouron, to whom the ticking mechanism at his shoulder was at first an incubus. Undoubtedly, she was the most desirable taxi upon the Paris streets. Who wanted to ride in a horse-drawn *fiacre,* or even a Series 6 Herbaux, when here was a Series 7—albeit slightly *déclossé*—hawking her charms at the standard rate of seventy-five centimes the first twelve hundred meters? By cutting down on his liquor allowance, Bouron was able to pay Monsieur Chevilliard within six weeks.

But he couldn't remove the hated taximeter just yet. Lulu was in no condition for genteel service. At least fifteen hundred francs were needed to restore her to visual and mechanical respectability.

And so for months he drove her night and day, fair weather and foul. Somehow, though, the harder he worked, the more minor repairs she needed and the farther away became the fifteen hundred francs and the thorough overhauling. It was all most discouraging—so discouraging that he took once more to alcoholic solace. He found that cognac was cheaper in the less-respectable parts of town, and so, more and more frequently, he headed through the foggy silent boulevards to the Glacière or to Ménilmontant. There, he could leave Lulu in the street and save garage hire. Night after night he slept in her. The *Sergots,* knowing what was good for them, didn't dare patrol those murky, sinister alleys!

Little by little Bouron became a pretty hard case. Even the Clichy bus drivers would sit in respectful silence when he unleashed his torrents of profane sarcasm, and the gendarmes around the Place de l'Opéra would retreat to the sidewalk and turn their backs when they saw the battered maroon Herbaux approaching from afar. That dirty Apache of an unshaved Bouron could insult a man's entire genealogical tree without so much as slowing down!

Bouron had never thought of himself as an Apache. Of course he knew a lot of people who never came out in the daytime, but he considered them merely as figures who passed in an interlude. . . . Only three hundred francs more, and he and Lulu would be out of it all and back where they belonged!

One night—a thin rain was falling—he drove Lulu into the black shadows beneath a railway arch and drunkenly prepared for slumber. He turned off her lights, whispered a few words to Saint Christopher, and tucked his wallet under the cushion of the rear seat. A train thundered over the stone viaduct—the Rome Rapide, probably. In the morning it would be in the south, where the sun was warm and the sea smiling.

Two young men slid out of the shadows, jumped upon him, beat him with sand bags, and stole his wallet.

When he came out of the hospital—where, incidentally, he was booked as an alcoholic—he spent his earnings of the first three days upon a nickel-plated .30-caliber revolver. It was a rather bad revolver, but it boasted several formidable features. When you pulled the trigger halfway back, a knife blade sprang from under the barrel. When you reversed the weapon in your hand, your fingers were accommodated by certain grooves in the butt, which thereupon became a most admirable set of what the French call "American knuckles."

Bouron, tucking this weapon into his sock, suddenly felt extremely tough. Very ownership of the lethal medium gave him a new and swaggering conception of himself. Now, he was an Apache—a dangerous fellow to fool with! You could see it, even, in the angle of his cap.

And simultaneously Lulu became an Apache's *gosse.* Her shabby respectability gave place to a flaunted squalor. Her original lustrous maroon was covered by a coat of red in which were the marks of a hasty and unskilled brush. Where once she had purred patricianly along the boulevards, now she chattered raucously beneath her rouge. She was rusty, dusty, battered. Even poor Saint Christopher was tarnished and forgotten.

In the daytime, people would look at her, laugh, and hail some other car. But after dusk her defects were not so obvious, and in consequence she became a night hawk. Bouron took to cruising in furtive neighborhoods, and conspiring with porters and guides.

Certain establishments in the Rue St.-Augustin, the Rue Brey, and the Rue Chabanais paid him commissions for delivering well-wined guests at their portals. It was a pretty sordid business. But he needed those fifteen hundred francs.

Actually, now, he needed rather more than fifteen hundred. There were some who laughed at the very idea of his ever restoring Lulu to private service. *C'te vieille bagnolle!* The advent of the Series 10 Herbaux, too, definitely dated her as an antique! Still, little by little, franc by franc, Bouron's savings grew again. Seven hundred francs, nine-fifty, a thousand.

The weather was extremely warm for May, and so, one evening, a fare insisted upon removing his dinner jacket, sticking his feet out the window, and singing Rule Britannia. Arrived at the Rue Brey, the monsieur could not find his wallet. He accused Bouron of theft and raised loud outcry.

Bouron was groping in Lulu's shadowy interior when a gendarme arrived, swift and silent on his rubber heels. He spotted the nickel-plated revolver in Bouron's sock and forthwith cleared for action.

Bouron emerged, wallet in hand, and bowingly restored it to the monsieur. As he did so, the *Sergot* announced his presence with the *deuxieme coup du talon*—which is to say, he kicked Bouron in the stomach with that force and accuracy which are to be acquired only through years of diligent application.

Bouron went down like an empty sack; whereupon the *Sergot* set in to beating him lustily with the flat of his yataghan sword bayonet.

He would—teach—this—*sal espèce d'un Apache*—to carry nickel-plated *tue-tues*—with which—to shoot gendarmes who were—respectable fathers of families! He was administering the lesson so thoroughly that the English monsieur, suddenly sober, begged him to desist before the sight and sound of it made him ill.

Three days later Bouron opened his eyes and asked where he was.

"St.-Lazare Prison," said a voice from the cot on the right. "And now that you know, stop jawing about your Lulu."

Discharged from the prison infirmary, he found that he had two months more to go—two months in St.-Lazare. He was a broken man when, one sultry summer morning, they gave him back his clothes, handed him five francs and a receipt for Lulu, and jeered him from the gates. His thousand francs were not accounted for. The receipt said something about "Held in custody at the Mairie of the Eighteenth Arrondissement"—the district of Bouron's official residence.

The Eighteenth Arrondissement lay many warm and weary blocks from St.-Lazare, but in the interests of economy, he decided to walk. Then, too, he hungered for the city—for his dear *Paname*—the sights and sounds and smells of it. He wished that he could lie on the warm sidewalks, rest and become strong again. But he knew that if he tried it, they would put him back in jail.

It was so long since he had seen the city that everything seemed strange. There was so much hustle and bustle—so many crowds—such shouting. He had always felt himself in tune with Paris, but today he was an outcast. The city throbbed to an emotion which he did not share. He crossed over toward a group which stood in the roadway. Perhaps, he thought, if he mingled with people, he could get into the spirit of things and shake off this aching loneliness.

They were reading a notice on the side of the kiosk. Wet paste was running down the green-painted iron.

"*Ordre de la Mobilisation,*" he read. "To the Armies of the Land, the Sea and the Air"

"*Vive la France! Vive la guerre!*" shouted the man next to him. "*Mort aux Allemandes!*"

"*Mort au Guillaume!*" came the surging echo from the crowd; and Bouron,

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FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

cowering, licked his lips and hunched his shoulders.

War!

Bouron was no coward, but—well, if France wanted to go to war, it wasn't any of his business! He'd had the patriotism beaten out of him. He wanted to start life anew—just he and Lulu.

With blare of trumpets and snarl of drum a regiment came down the avenue.

"*V'là les biffins!*" screamed a woman in an upper window, and in an instant the shops and houses poured forth a wildly cheering mob. Bouron turned the corner and scurried down the steps of the Métro.

A sentinel of the Garde Nationale stood at the door of the Mairie of the Eighteenth Arrondissement. Bouron wasn't afraid of soldiers. He flashed his receipt and hurried importantly past. In the hallway, a white-haired sergeant of gendarmes sat at a table. Gendarmes, of course, were different.

"Monsieur," said Bouron, saluting respectfully, "please direct me to one in authority. I ——"

"But surely!" beamed the ancient one, arising and hobbling down the corridor. "Follow me, my boy; Monsieur le Maire has just arrived and the commandant is with him." He bowed Bouron through a doorway. "Monsieur le Maire, here is the first!" he announced, in the voice of a herald proclaiming a king.

The mayor—a thin little man with gold-rimmed glasses and a trim imperial—arose, walked from behind his desk and kissed Bouron upon both cheeks. The commandant came to attention and saluted.

"My son—my dear son," said the mayor, "France is proud of you!"

Bouron gulped twice and fingered his receipt. "My name is Bouron," he began awkwardly. "I have come here because ——"

"*Attendez!*" said the commandant, leafing through a huge ledger-like book. "B—Barraille — Bernard — Boncour — Bouron — Achille Jean Baptiste Bouron, Military Class of 1899. It is you, my son?"

"*Oui, mon commandant*—only now, I am a chauffeur. I ——"

"Not another word!" interrupted the commandant, raising his hand. "Men like you are blood in the veins of France! Return at noon, Soldat Bouron. I'll have you transferred to a motor-transport regiment and you'll be in uniform by sundown!"

Bouron saluted as one stunned. "*Quelle jolie pacson, ça!*" he muttered as he staggered to the door.

The white-haired *Sergot* on the hall told him that all motor vehicles in municipal custody had been commandeered by the government. And so, though his soul ached for Lulu, all he had was another receipt.

This one was stamped *L'Armeé de la République Française.*

V

CORPORAL BOURON! They had made him a corporal when they found that he knew a monkey wrench from a screwdriver—a knowledge almost unique among the twelve hundred men comprising the Nth Motor Transport Regiment. They understood that they were to be equipped with a train of five-ton camions: meanwhile they were quartered in an old red brick *caserne* on the outskirts of Nogent. They already had a machine-shop truck which they gave to Bouron. It was an elephantine affair, complete with lathe, drill press and work bench, and for a week, there being nothing else to do, he stayed in it, and made himself a cigarette lighter in the exquisite and minutely detailed likeness of Lulu, and got drunk. On his brief excursions to the canteen for a fresh bottle he heard talk of the war—of the boches breaking through, of Uhlans seen in the Bois de Vincennes, of the bombing of Paris by German aviators. But he paid scant attention to it. He had troubles of his own. The war left him cold. He resolved to stay comfortably drunk until they settled it. Then he would hand them back their impudent, piratical receipt and make them give him his Lulu!

At three o'clock one morning, he was aroused from his sodden slumbers by the blare of a bugle and the ring of hobnails on the courtyard pavement. Peering from the window of his truck, he saw that the officers were turning out the regiment. Growling to himself, he pulled on his uniform, quitted his homy shelter, and fell in with his company. With much ado, the undrilled regiment was formed into columns of squads and put on the march.

Bouron stumbled along in a black, headachy rage. He wasn't a marathon runner, he protested loudly. A sergeant dropped back, and they asked him where they were going. He wasn't sure, but he thought they were bound for Paris to get their equipment of trucks. And soon, sure enough, they reached a Route Nationale and turned westward. In the distance, ahead of them, a score of searchlights patrolled the sky like the restless ghosts of giants.

The broad road was seething with traffic with wagons, trucks, artillery, ambulances, infantry. It was strange, out here in the country and before dawn, to see a road as crowded as the Rue Royale at noon. The mighty stream was divided in halves, one flowing to Paris and the other toward the front. Every few minutes, in the open space in the middle, staff cars flashed by, horns roaring throatily. Once the Nth Motor Transport Regiment was crowded off the road by a battery of heavy artillery, and for endless kilometers it stumbled through cabbage fields which stunk as the ripening heads were crushed beneath hobnailed feet

Just as dawn was breaking they passed through the fortifications of Paris and under the Porte de Vincennes. Footsore, cigaretteless and surly, they marched through the echoing streets to the Place de la Nation. There, halting, they beheld a strange sight. Thousands and thousands of red-trousered soldiers were sitting and sprawling on the pavement of the square, their rifles stacked in long neat lines, broken here and there with pyramids of drums on which were draped guidons and the tricolor. In the streets which led to the square like wheel spokes to their hub, Bouron saw endless lines of motorbuses—nothing but hated motorbuses—hundreds of them.

"There will be two men to each bus," the captain was saying—"a chauffeur and a mechanician. Corporals will lead the sections. The lieutenant and sergeants will now assign their men to the busses."

So, crowning ignominy, Bouron had fallen to the lowest of all estates—a bus driver! As Sergeant Darche waved him to his bus and chalked a number on the side of it, he spat thrice upon the vehicle and savagely kicked its solid rubber tire. The direction sign read "Bastille-Madeleine," and the interior was filled with newspapers of home-going workers of the evening before. It was simply a motorized pigpen!

The soldiers piled in—forty to the bus. They behaved like children going to a picnic. They sang, they shouted, they threw kisses to the girls, and they said things so funny that despite himself, Bouron's shoulders shook. Then they turned their attention to him—gave him ham and bread and cheese, cigarettes and wine. They slapped him on the back and called him "Papa." He chuckled. Without definitely thinking of his age, he had always felt himself to be a very young buck indeed.

But looking at the gay faces within, he asked, "What class are you, comrades?"

"Nineteen eleven," said several.

"Nineteen eleven!" he repeated, shaking his head. "Well, well, well. I served my time in '99."

A whistle blew, and dropping in his clutch, Bouron led his section into place in the long, rumbling line. When the cheers had subsided, and as in a fog of dust they left Paris behind them and entered the Bois de Vincennes, the soldiers were calling him "Grandpapa."

"*B'en!*" he chuckled good-humoredly. "One ages fast! Grandpapa I am, then! But who'll give the old one a drink of cognac

(Continued on Page 169)

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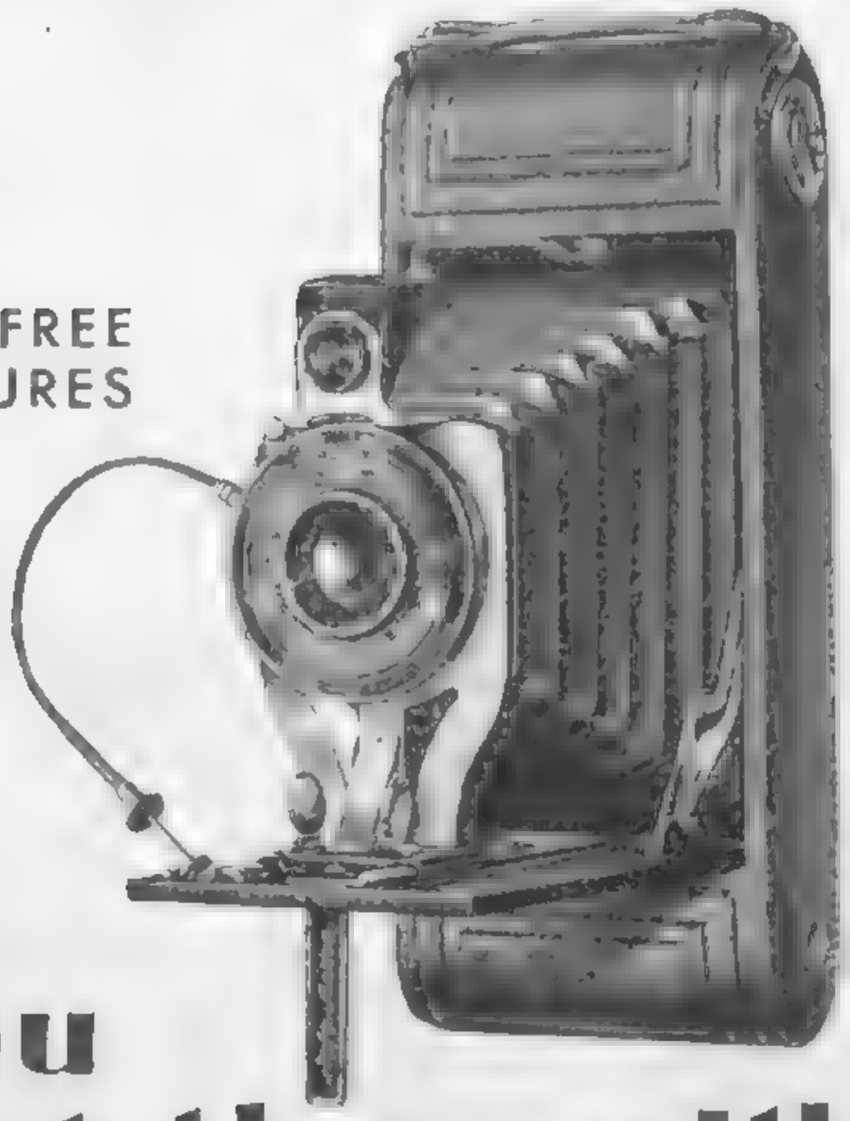

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

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"PRODUCTION SPEED" is what keeps the price *down*.

Among the most important production tools in the Aircraft Industry are Portable Electric Tools—such as Electric Drills, Electric Screw and Nut Drivers, Electric Glue Pots, Electric Sanders, Electric Grinders, Electric Valve Refacers, etc.

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NOTE:—*The planes illustrated represent only a few of the airplane manufacturers who use Black & Decker Electric Tools.*

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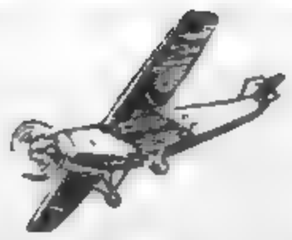

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
Shaving Cream

(Continued from Page 170)

in true fiction style and used my drawing board for a table.

After nine months of Fifty-fifth Street I moved into a regular studio, where I had a place all to myself. There I was happy until the World War.

When that popped in my face I shifted from an artist's smock into O. D. I enlisted in the 107th Regiment of the Twenty-seventh Division. Eight months later I was overseas and in the thick of it. All very jolly if you like your life with a kick in it.

The day the war ended I lit in Paris with a three weeks' pass throbbing in the pocket of my muddy O. D. shirt. I had been detailed with Richard Connell, the well-known writer, to get out a Paris edition of our division's little camp magazine. With our stuff all ready to slap into the forms, we landed in Paris on that greatest of all days—the Armistice. You may recall that I dropped around early that morning and touched the photo-news editor of A. E. F. pictures in Vincennes for five hundred francs to see me through a temporary emergency. I guess you won't forget that day any sooner than I will. You might add here that while in Paris I went to Julian Academy and the Beaux Arts.

April of 1919 saw me back in New York, mustered out. The United States Government showered down sixty dollars in cash on me. With this embarrassment of riches I started out again to be an artist. For all I knew at that time, my business had gone completely hay-wire. But as luck would have it, I found I had not been forgotten by most of my editor friends. Soon I had about all the work I could handle.

You know what's coming next. A year later I married the girl back home, of whom you might say she's a model wife. Anyhow she often posed for me as a model in the days when she first came to New York.

The next occasion for handsprings was in 1924, when, after a two-year bombardment of sample proofs and after edging into nearly every other illustrated magazine in the country, one after another, I finally broke into THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—reviving my old belief in Santa Claus.

We bought a country home in Great Neck, Long Island, on the strength of it, and soon after we moved out there Richard was born. Say he is not the finest boy south of the North Pole and see what happens. You might add that I have a studio over my garage and that I spend most of my spare time on the tennis courts.

You may recall how hard I used to struggle with a picture in the old days. Well, every picture now comes just as hard. I wonder if I ever will be able to draw even a simple picture without effort. So it's fair to add that I'm still "a struggling artist."

Hastily, VAN.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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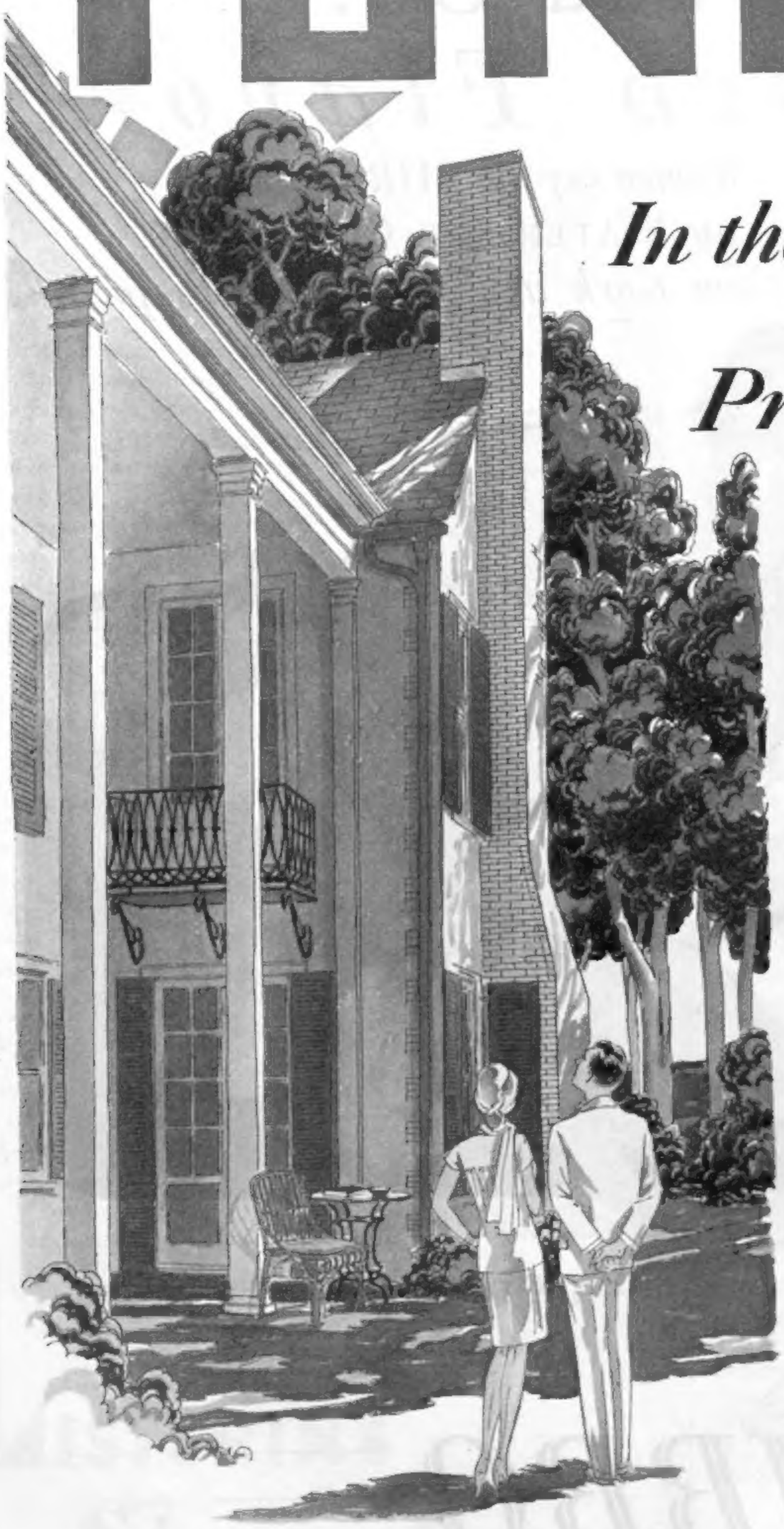

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